

DECEMBER 8, 1916.—[PART 1]

The Cigar Dept.

—Ready with everything for the smoker's gift — pipes, holders, humidores, novelties, cigar and tobacco.

(Main Floor)

063



SATURDAY MORNING.

DECEMBER 9, 1916.

Liberty Under Law—Equal Rights—True Industrial Freedom
PRICE 2½ CENTS

[Delivered to All Hotels and on Railway Trains. At All Stores and News Stands. 25 cents]

kerchiefs!

ties of
ected by

considered bits of
for every day.
expensive—all

novelties—silk
ed designs will

at 25¢ to 56.

BOX, \$1.50

pure linen, hand-
woven, 50c

at 25c

for 19c

10c

with 14-inch hem;

forly arranged for easy selection
problem.

AMERICA PROTESTS DEPORTATION OF THE BELGIANS.

Disguised German Raider in Atlantic—Halifax Warns Shipping.

NEW DEAL PROPOSED

Garden on France is Too Heavy.

Ratio of Fighting Men is to Exceed that of Britain and Russia.

Changes in Army and Ministry Forecast by Paris Papers.

BY FRED R. PITNEY,
ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.

Dec. 8.—Complete reorganization of the French government, possible changes in the concentration of the command of the war in a council of four, the new ministry will be the result of the election of the assembly almost without a contest today in the Chamber of Deputies.

The election, it is expected, will lead to a prompt and effective prosecution of the war, and it will also reinforce the power of a part of the heavy industry who has been carrying. It is believed that one Frenchman out of every six of the population is now engaged in the war, as compared with one Englishman in ten. Ten million in twenty.

(Continued on Third Page.)

WORLD'S NEWS IN TODAY'S TIMES.

THE Foremost Events of Yesterday: (1) Appearance of a German Raider in the North Atlantic. (2) American Note on Belgium. (3) The Submarine Controversy. (4) Mexico. (5) The German Advance in Romania. (6) The Paris Cabinet Crisis. (8) Congress.

INDEX.

1. **Recent Belgian Deportation.** To Bring Greece to Terms. New Ships for the Navy. War Ships Along Pacific Slope. French Foreign "Loans." French Beats Pasadena. Mexican Bucks Wilson. Mexican News: Sermon Topic. Mexican Report: City in Brief.

2. **GENERAL EASTERN.** House in which Gen. Grant smoked his last cigar-burn. Lack of adequate naval stations shows grave peril to American security.

3. **WASHINGTON.** Over \$1,000,000 in radium has been manufactured in this country, the last year, says the Bureau of Mines.

Japan building larger, more powerful and swifter battleship than any built or planned for American navy.

4. **MEXICO.** Five hundred Carranza troops slain in Villa bandits.

Villa forces Chihuahua foreigners to "loan" him \$40,000.

5. **THE GREAT WAR.** The Situation to Date: Heavy fighting around Strasburg in Macedonia.

Serb attacks near Tarnova repulsed by the Germans.

6. **SUMMARY.**

7. **WIND.** Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., velocity, 5 miles. Temperature 62 deg.; lowest, 45 deg. Fair and continued cold weather. Frost in the morning. Weather report see last page.

8. **WINE.** A police patrolman conjectured that the man who robbed a bank was the murderer of about 100 persons. Investigation of his theory was started.

9. **RECORDS.** The records of the Public Utilities Commission were cleared to a large extent by the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company, and a policy was announced.

10. **WATER.** In the Millet case it was testified that H. H. Holmes, after taking part in a "dry" parade, was arrested as a result of the validity of the divorce.

11. **CALIFORNIA.** Mayor of Ontario drops dead at a meeting of the Ontario Chamber of Commerce.

12. **WINE.** One man was fatally injured in a motorcycle accident on the street at Pasadena.

13. **LODGE.** Los Angeles Lodge No. 2256, Masonic Lodge, held its annual meeting yesterday evening.

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Minister Grey.

**LE BY CHRISTMAS
ED FOR IRELAND**

expected to Grant it Unconditionally
to Get Sons of Erin into Army—An
His Leadership of the Liberal Party.
ment.

ARTHUR S. DRAFER,
AND DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCHES

or tonight council. On these two points the
will be strong and clear.

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ARE
PERSPECTIVE

SUNDAY MORNING.
Washington.

BIGGER SHIPS FOR THE NAVY.

Naval Defense Programme
Now Forward a Step.

Said to be Planning a
Gigantic Vessel.

Grand Military Service is
Favored by Scott.

IN PACIFIC OCEAN.

Passing on coming in the Pa-
cific Ocean, Prof. Cattell said that
Guam and Hawaii should be our
Malta and Gibraltar against any en-
emy sailing from the Far East.

The next morning he found
the need of dry docks and chan-
nels in both the naval and mil-
itary yards, he said, was im-
perative.

Admiral Badger and Fletcher
and the navy's General Board be-
lieved and Quartermaster-
general sharp before the latter.

The two admirals told of the
recommendation for an
increase in size and pow-
er, a smaller increase in speed
and battleships to be provided
of this nation. Both were ap-
pealed to remain in the United
States, and Lord High Chancellor
said he believed, believed
could serve the new govern-
ment to best advantage outside the
United States.

GREY'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

Vicent Grey made an
announcement that Mr. Balfour
member of Parliament, and Lord
Cecil would remain. Parliamentary
Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs.

It is also stated that Sir Edward
Finley, former Attorney-General
of Scotland, and St. Andrews University
will be Lord High Chancellor
soon. Captain.

The Standard says it had been
the following Cabinet ap-
pointments: Mr. Balfour, Secre-
tary of State for War; Mr. M. G. A. P.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs;

Mr. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty;

Mr. J. E. Grey, Secretary for War—Hari of
Secretary for Labor—Arthur

Greyson.

The Home Office ap-
pointed to the newspaper
and to Sir Frederick E. Smith
as Minister of Defense in the coalition
but he preferred to remain
Attorney-General.

THE FIGURES ON GERMAN
STEEL PRODUCTS.

BY WIRELESS AND A. P.

BERLIN, Dec. 8 (via Ray-
mond).—The report of the German
government concerning the shipping for the fiscal year 1915-16
that of the total shipments
cent were for home consumption
against 81 per cent, the previous
year.

The total steel production of
many for the same period is
14,766,000 tons as compared
13,799,000 tons the previous
year.

Cure that Cough.

When you have a trou-
ble, do not seek the
go to have consumption, or that
is going to have it, but it does
that your lungs are threatening
it is just as well to have a
medicine and a Chamberlain
before it is too late.

They have already served practically
three months and the Presi-
dent had their punishment had
been sufficient.

PANAMA CANAL TOLL
INCREASE POSSIBLE.

BY A. P. DAY WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—President
Wilson has committed to ex-
amine at once the contempt sentences
against Frederick Ledwinka, James Oats,
Hiram Johnson, and Fannie Sul-
livan, who at Philippo, Vt., April
25, 1915, were given six months in
jail for not obeying an injunc-
tion of court entered into the coal
strike of seven years ago.

ARTY FAR BEHIND.

Washington brought out the fact
they still far behind in
the 1915 campaign.

He stated that three battalions
had been sent to Panama.

They have already served practically
three months and the Presi-
dent had their punishment had
been sufficient.

CHANGES HIS MIND.

“Because of these facts, which
were available to me at that time my
report was written, I feel compelled
to write you this letter and state
that while I still adhere to the recom-
mendations on this subject contained
in my former report, I now
feel that most serious consideration
should be given to these representations
of these publishers. If conditions
are such as you mentioned, it might
be well to consider whether the in-
crease in rates of postage on second-
class matter, seriously threaten the finan-
cial stability of these periodicals and
publications.

REPRESENTATIVE MADDEN.

Representative Madden induced
the committee to recommend the
promotion of all instead of 75 per
cent of the postal clerks and car-
riers to second-class mail.

These representatives claim
that the higher and other unusual
conditions are such that the
normal increase in the price of pa-
pers and such increases, coming as
they did and the contracts had
been entered into the previous
matter, seriously threaten the finan-
cial stability of these periodicals and
publications.

EXCITING TIME.

There still remained an exciting
time before the vote was taken, as
at least a dozen motions were
offered to amend the bill.

There were many views in pub-
lic, and the purpose of most of them
was to attack the government, and
often Briand directly. A few, how-
ever, among whom were ex-Ministers
of Finance, Millerand, defended
the government.

The reorganization of the army
was the main point of contention.
The result would be Paul Deschanel,
president of the chamber, read
twenty orders of the day, whereupon
Premier Briand, speaking from his
seat, said: “The ministry will
accept the fourth on the list,
which called for a reorganization of
the high command and expressed
confidence in the government.

RUMORS RIFE AS
TO CABINET POSTS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Great
Britain's recognition of the agree-
ment between Russia and Sweden
for regulation of imports into the
former through the latter, was said
at the British embassy today, to be
the main design to impose fresh
restrictions on American or other
neutral trade with Russia. Recognition
of the agreement, it was said, was
the sole purpose of the issue of
the British circular, agreeing to
the recognition of the agreement
as the basis of such trade through
the blockade line. Moreover the limitation
upon the importations as a
Swedish imposed was actually by the
British, and it was declared.

This is explained by the fact that
the Swedish government has limited
to a certain kind and amount the
goods permitted to pass through
Sweden to Russia. The limitation
imposed by the Swedes, being in
some cases rather general, the Russian
government was allowed to name the commodities which it
should be allowed to pass through
Sweden, and the British government
had the right of transit through Sweden.

It was this list which the trade
department of the British embassy
adopted as an accommodation to
the Russian government and promulgated in its circular
as the basis of letters of assurance.

INCREASED AMERICAN
RAILROAD DEATHS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—In-
creased fatalities on American rail-
roads, total twenty-nine killed
and 467 injured in 252 accidents, caused
during the last year by locomotive
boiler defects, are recorded in the
annual report today of Frank Mc-
Kim, chief inspector of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The
report said unprecedeted traffic
conditions existed, and every avail-
able locomotive was in service.

RIVERS-HARBORS CONGRESS.

BY A. P. DAY WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—With
the re-election of Senator Randal of
Louisiana as president, the rivers
and harbors congress today ad-

vised that the mechanical en-
gineers to their fel-
low country must do
what could be done.

Allen & Co.
BROADWAY

MODEL C. 8000.

DECEMBER 9, 1916.

SATURDAY MORNING

Railroad Record.

UNION ALLIANCE BUCKS WILSON

Compulsory Arbitration Stimulates Agitators.

Railroad Brotherhoods Gompers in a Confab.

Hope to Draft Satisfaction Scheme to Workers.

Fumbling and High Tides Mar Play.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—A congressional action on President Wilson's railway legislation program probably will await the result of efforts of union labor leaders to secure a substitute for all forms of compulsory arbitration a plan for dealing with strikes, actual and threatened, which will be agreeable to both sides.

The determination of the President to make such a change in the railroad legislation probably will be the result of the efforts of union labor leaders to secure a substitute for all forms of compulsory arbitration a plan for dealing with strikes, actual and threatened, which will be agreeable to both sides.

CAL'S SCHEME.

J. Cal Evans' pet scheme to force each city to hire four rookie players who have never been above Class B—went through. Whether or not all the owners really favored the move is a question. Some of them may have done so, but others got the vote of J. Cal and his following on other matters. The immediate tendency of the measure will be to lower the standard of Coast League baseball, but the wire becomes more apparent as the young men increase in skill and knowledge.

Everybody agreed that the league should encourage the development of young players, the method by which this is accomplished.

Then early in December, Walter McCord generally hands some other city in the circuit a hot roast, and the game is as a burn burl or a water tank truck.

Whereupon, four or five other directors stand up on their hind legs and declare that Portland should be given a chance to do the same thing the Davis. They refer to it as a come-horse community badly waterlogged, and which only comes to the surface for air two or three times a day.

THE WAR CRY.

By the date of the meeting most of the owners have wounded themselves into a lather and prepared hate one another to beat the hand.

The public is keyed up to a high pitch of excitement, and it is feared that the city in which the meeting is held will give the Bostonians a carnage, with nothing but mangled remains to tell the tale.

The magnates at the appointed hour enter the room prepared to shoot each other whether they will use brass knuckles, or simply swing on each other with the hotel furniture.

Sorrier linger in the lobby, and the spectators on which of the directors will first be carried out on a stretcher.

Three hours later, the Schedule Committee emerges and announces that the meeting has been adjourned in such or such a city on such or such a date. Whereupon the directors adjourn and accept an invitation to dinner. A year later the various owners who will again be found eating out of the same plate and the drams of getting together is staled all over again.

SOME RESULTS.

The Salt Lake session produced some results which should serve to benefit the game, and others which will be definitely judged only after placed to the test of actual operation.

JOHNSON POWERS AND FRANK CHANCE.

Johnson Powers and Frank Chance would appear to have carried off the bulk of the honors in getting really good baseball. The two coaches were the champions of a longer training season, and regarded last year's arrangement, in which the club was allowed only three weeks vacation, as a definite improvement.

Powers and Chance, however, did not permit them to get a line on the athletes.

The fines on the Boston Americans came as the result of a game played at New Haven, Ct., in violation of the rule against members of the Boston Americans playing in games after the close of the season.

JOHN POWERS.

Davis was fined as the manager of a team which played in various eastern cities, but the fines of the remainder of the team were paid.

Trotter's home run.

CHURCHES PLAN CHARITY WORK.

Will Distribute Food Among City's Destitute.

Membership Canvasses to be Carried Out.

General News of Local Flocks and Shepherds.

With the approach of Christmas week and the accompanying extensive charity work which is carried on by the churches during that period many extensive methods for a membership canvass among the Church South, tomorrow. He will

churches of the city are being planned. More than twenty of the smaller churches and several of the more important denominational institutions are considering methods for the feeding of the hungry of the city on Christmas Day.

Several benevolent and charitable organizations have co-operated with the preparations are being made for the distribution of food among the destitute of the city. Churches will take up a special collection.

The members of the Committee have been appointed in many of the churches for the handling of clothing which will be called for, and for the distribution of the supplies.

The success of the two weeks promise to be full of effort on the part of the churches generally in response to the demand from those in want.

AT TRINITY.

A MODERN PARABLE.

The Conversion of the Automobiles will be the subject of the evening sermon by Dr. C. H. Marsh, Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, for the morning services will be given by Mrs. Esther Stephens Fred-

erick, Miss Geneva L. Ryerson and Everett W. Sweeney. At the evening services Mr. Frederick and Mr. Sweeney will sing two solo.

DR. EBY'S SERMONS.

NEW SERIES TO START.

Dr. John Albert Eby, pastor of the First United Brethren Church, will begin a new series of services tomorrow evening, religious care of the body and what religion can accomplish for the physical nature of man. The topic of the sermon will be "The Truth About Death." Prof. Carl Bronson will preach tomorrow morning on "The Doubter and His Church," which is the last of a series on the topic of the spiritual world and the immortality of the soul.

DR. LOCKE.

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

"The Crime of the Coal Storage Kilometer" will be the subject of the evening sermon at the First Methodist Church tomorrow evening by Dr. Edwin Harvey Hadlock. The lecture will be illustrated by five stereopticons which were furnished by Andrew Lang. In the morning the pastor, Rev. W. L. Y. Davis, will preach on "The Love of Jesus." Pastor Knowlton, Music for the morning services will be given by Mrs. Esther Stephens Fred-

erick, Miss Geneva L. Ryerson and Everett W. Sweeney. At the evening services Mr. Frederick and Mr. Sweeney will sing two solo.

THE PASSION PLAY.

WEST ADAMS M. E. CHURCH.

will be the subject of a special lecture at the West Adams Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow evening by Dr. Edwin Harvey Hadlock. The lecture will be illustrated by five stereopticons which were furnished by Andrew Lang. In the morning the pastor, Rev. W. L. Y. Davis, will preach on "The Love of Jesus." Pastor Knowlton, Music for the morning services will be given by Mrs. Esther Stephens Fred-

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"The Crime of the Coal Storage Kilometer" will be the subject of the evening sermon at the First Methodist Church tomorrow evening by Dr. Charles Edward Locke. He will preach on the storage of coal and the present boyhood of Los Angeles. His sermon topic will be, "Give Her a

Chance." There will be special music at the evening service by the visiting choir, under the direction of Prof. Carl Bronson.

WOMEN'S DAY.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday will be "Women's Day" at the First Christian Church and they will have entire charge of the meeting. They will read the Epistles of Paul, offer prayer, deliver the sermon and receive the offering. Mrs. Anna Paul Casen, State president of the National Women's Christian Association, will preach. In the evening the pastor, Rev. Russell F. Thrapp, will preach on "The River of Jordan" and the fifth of a series on "Voices from the Dead."

A foreign missionary rally will be held Monday in the church and will be unique among church services.

The walls of the building will be covered with maps and charts showing what the missionaries have accomplished and other details of their work. The programme will be given under the direction of Rev. Dr. Doane, secretary of the foreign society of the church. He will be assisted by Dr. E. F. Jaggar, who served ten years in Africa and by David Rieoch, who has recently been in India. In the evening stereo lectures the foreign work will be exhibited.

BIBLE INSTITUTE.

DR. TORREY'S SUBJECTS.

At the Church of the Open Door, in the Bible Institute, tomorrow morning, Dr. R. A. Torrey will

preach on "How God's People Help Themselves." Women's Day.

"Los Angeles Unmasked" will be the subject of his evening sermon. Musical numbers will be given by a ladies' double quartet, and a solo will be sung by A. L. Dodelan.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL.

FELLOWSHIP WEEK.

Next week will be a period of unusual activity in the First Congregational Church. On Monday night there will be a social meeting, annual election of officers, etc., the meeting will also be the last of the year. The event will be an old-fashioned dinner, which will be followed by an address by Dr. J. Whitcomb Brouther.

The members of the committee of 200 to make a membership canvass have been appointed. Dr. A. R. Kelsey, secretary of the American board at San Francisco, has been invited to come to Los Angeles next Saturday evening for a canvass at the church next Friday night, in order to give them a scientific idea of how the work should be done.

Horace Day will preach tomorrow morning on "When is Judgment?" based on the book by H. G. Wells, "The Last Trump." Dr. Will speak on "The Menace of Jesus" in the evening services.

A special programme of music by G. Hadyn Jones, Dean Walter F. Sheets and Miss Grace James will mark the evening services.

PASTOR STAYS.

WESTLAKE PRESBYTERIAN.

Dr. Robert Francis Coyle of the Westlake Presbyterian Church, who has been here about a month, has been elected to the Board of Directors of the Church of Christ at St. Louis next week, as Pacific Coast delegate, had to reconsider his purpose at the eleventh hour, however, he has decided to remain here until next summer morning, when his sermon topic will be "Things Done Without Hands." What Jesus would do in Congress will be the subject of his evening sermon.

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Dr. Robert Francis Coyle of the Westlake Presbyterian Church, who has been here about a month, has been elected to the Board of Directors of the Church of Christ at St. Louis next week, as Pacific Coast delegate, had to reconsider his purpose at the eleventh hour, however, he has decided to remain here until next summer morning, when his sermon topic will be "Things Done Without Hands." What Jesus would do in Congress will be the subject of his evening sermon.

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THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

In Patriotic Hall.

Chaplain Willis M. Sapp will hold religious services in Patriotic Hall, No. 1616 South Figueroa street, at 12:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

At South Dakota Meeting.

A surprise program has been planned for the meeting of the South Dakota Society, Monday evening in The Times Assembly Hall.

To Elect Officers.

Stanton Camp, Sons of Veterans, will meet in Patriotic Hall Monday evening for the annual election of officers.

At Athletic Club.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club's regular monthly dinner and dance will be held Wednesday evening under the direction of the entertainment commissioners.

Missionaries to Meet.

A programme of readings and music has been arranged for the meeting of the Los Angeles Missionary Society Tuesday evening in The Times Assembly Hall.

Exhibit of Paintings.

An exhibit of sketches made in Mexico City by Armando Nunes will be open to the public at the Los Angeles Easel Club next week from 10 to 4 o'clock daily. Francisco Cornejo is in charge.

On Your Topics.

Illustrated with views in California, a pretty "Winter Town" booklet has been issued by the Chinese and Northwest Railroad. Los Angeles, as might be expected, is given detailed attention.

Brotherhood to Meet.

Officers for the new year will be elected at a meeting of the Brotherhood of the First Conversations Club, Monday evening, in the church building. Dr. J. Whitcomb Brothman will speak on "Keys and Keyholes."

For New Year.

The Young People's Society of Our Savior's Lutheran Church will conduct an invitational meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Tryk, No. 2601 West Jefferson street, tomorrow afternoon. Plans for the work of the society for the coming year will be discussed and officers elected.

To Conduct Banquet.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the No. 1 Corps, Salvation Army, will conduct a banquet in the parlor of the young women's boarding home, 1125½ North Spring street, Friday. There will be an assortment of fancy work and many useful articles, including children's garments.

Chief Rangers Coming.

C. P. Rendon, Supreme Chief Ranger of the Order of America, will arrive in this city Monday morning on his official tour of the country. He will be given a banquet Monday evening in the New Meadow Cafeteria, local founders, and will attend Tuesday in connection with the State exposition. When at home in Stockton Mr. Rendon is Assistant District Attorney of San Joaquin county.

To Arrange Transfer.

C. E. Miller, B. C. Bellows, R. W. Burnham, Dell A. Schwader and Walter F. Story, accompanied by Mr. D. D. Johnson, will inspect the State Exposition Building, Exposition Park, will leave today on a tour of inspection of the San Diego exposition, for the purpose of arranging for the removal of exhibits from that exposition to the State Building.

At University.

J. H. McMeth, principal of Santa Ana Polytechnic High School, has resigned his position there to accept a place as associate professor of education in the University of Southern California, and announced yesterday by the university authorities. Mr. McMeth will assist Dr. Thomas B. Stowell, head of the department, and make of the department one of the institutions. He will take up his new duties February 1 of next year.

Landscape Club Meeting.

A bill for the purchase of the site and the rebuilding by the State of the old Cabazon club house, which was destroyed by fire, was introduced in the California History and Landmarks Club which will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon in the Black Building, by Assembliesman Harry Chamberlin, a prominent address on the first Americans in California will be conducted by Mrs. Anna L. Dempsey, Mrs. William McLaughlin, Mr. W. J. Saunders and Mrs. E. B. Bullock, Mrs. A. B. C. Forbes, president of the club, will preside.

Preparedness Talks.

The society Sons of the Revolution held its monthly luncheon at the Alexandria yesterday noon. All of the members were present. The speakers were Congressmen-elect.

and the Worst is Yet to Come

The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

Myer Siegel & Co.
443-445-447 South Broadway

Dainty Blouses of Georgette Crepe Special at \$500

Just the sort of dainty, sheer blouses that women like to receive at Xmas time. Flesh or white Georgette delicately embroidered and beaded. Enclosed in attractive Xmas boxes—they are irresistible.

Italian Silk Bloomers

Extra heavy quality Italian silk fashions those bloomers priced at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00. Also complete assortments of fancy knickers, trimmed in Val, flit and real cluny laces.

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel

AUCTION

We have absolutely the best furniture auction, MONDAY, DEC. 11, ever conducted in Los Angeles. A \$100,000.00 sale. See Sunday paper for particulars.

FRIDAY, 1 P.M., Real Estate, Whole lot of houses, lots, rooms, etc., residence, 1882 W. Temple, 1872 STRIKE & HULL, Auctioneers, 345-347 and 529-527½.

AUCTION

J. J. SUGARMAN

AUCTION & COMMISSION HOUSE

General Auctioneer, Furniture, Ma-chandise, Fixtures, 1812½ W. Temple, 1872-1874 South Broadway, M. S. 3114.

AUCTION & HAMMOND

General Auctioneers, 1805-8½ W. Main, Room 13th. Oldest and largest auction house in the Southwest. Experts in every branch of auctioneering, and advanced training in all the big cities. For all information call me, 212-213.

AUCTION SALE DAILY

DAMASCUS FINE GIFT SHOP

First collection of Persian and Turkish rugs, hand-made lace, antique brass, jewelry, oil and glassware, etc. From the Pacific International Exposition, S. F. Cal.

SOUTH BROADWAY

Rhoades & Rhoades

REAL ESTATE, LIVE STOCK, AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS

Guaranteed estimates on household furniture or bought outright for cash. Salesroom 1501-32 South Main. Both phones—Main 1259; Home 2247.

HOUSE WINE.

House defeated Woodward in three-cushion billiards at the Brunswick parlor last night, 200 to 165, in fifty-nine innings. House's high run was 19 and Woodward's 21.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.

(Advertisement.)

Finest photographs. Steckel Studio. Importer of a big assortment all kinds of fine Chinese goods, gold, silver, ivory, porcelain, etc., and art objects. 510 W. Main, Los Angeles, corner Ninth and Hill sts. 44-44 S. Raymond ave, Pasadena.

Branch offices for the convenience of the Times patrons are located at No. 1619 South Spring street and No. 723-25 South Hill street, Los Angeles. Advertisements and subscriptions.

Lighting Fixture Sale

About 1/2 Price!

Hundreds of wonderful values

must be turned into cash.

McCURDY-MILLER CO., 209 Van Nuys Building.

Automobile News

In The Times is gathered and

compiled by a corps of expert

writers, and it is always com-

prehensive and reliable.

The Pink Section of the

Sunday Times, comprising

from 12 to 16 pages of au-

thentic, dependable text and

business announcements rela-

tive to motoring, roads, ma-

chines, accessories, and ath-

letic and sporting events, is of

wide interest to dealers and

readers. Its advertising col-

umns are regularly used by

every reputable automobile

and accessory dealer in Los

Angeles.

ALWAYS SPECIAL

MISTLETOE WINES

SOLE OWNERS

C. H. Bass Co.

129-131 N. Main St.

Established 1886

T. YOUNG

Chinese Heraldist,

has returned from his

trip to see all his old

friends and make new

ones. You will find him

daily invited to call.

Woo Wing Herb Co.

900 Main, Oliver St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Blacker Crimes.

Amazing Story of Policeman-robber.

(Continued from First Page.)

money, excepting that which he had paid to creditors, was recovered.

A SENTIMENTALIST.

Griffith is a sentimental man, a large-eyed, delicate-featured man, with wavy black hair and a ready smile. He was known as one of the handsomest men of the police department, which he joined December, 1911, and after six months of probation, became a regular policeman in July, 1912. He was third in a class of 159 men. His physical development has been unusual. In school days he had been a star athlete at the Polytechnic High School. Shortly before his romantic marriage to Miss Ruth Fitzgerald, who was then a girl in the University Hospital, he was seriously injured while riding a motorcycle. Since then he has not been as strong.

He volunteered for the Receiving Hospital for accident patients, and the ambulance, then worked in Boyle

Height and later at the University.

He joined the Los Angeles Police Department in April, 1912.

Fifty-second street. When he was in the hospital, awaiting calls, he often used to comment about luxuries and say, "Well, boys, just wait until my ship comes in." It was a favorite expression.

IN DEPT.

For the past ten weeks he has worked but five days in the department, being absent on sick leave.

He was in debt. More than four months ago began telling members of the department about an expected legacy. On November 14 he went to the Lord Motor Car Company's office and ordered an automobile. He said he was expected to receive some money in December from an estate in the East.

To other members of the department he talked about big robberies.

He then went to the Detective McMahons. Now came it would be to steal thousands of dollars. One day, a month ago, a special officer found him hanging around the lobby. He told the special officer he was going to draw out a big sum of money and someone might rob him. Constantly he visited the bank and express offices, the banks and other places where money in volume circulated.

Three days ago he told his wife he was going to work as a jailor in the Union jail. He also advised her to call him there. Daily he kissed her at the door and pretended to go to work.

Instead, he followed for three days the two express wagons of the Wells-Fargo company, which carried with them, on their delivery rounds, always watching for his chance. On Monday he thought he had come. He was in the San Fran. One of the "money wagons" of the Wells-Fargo company, he learned, traveled about with the money box unlocked. He saw a quantity of gold in sacks and in individual packages in the wagon. At the time he had his leather bag for the loot. He started to make the attempt, but was interrupted. The robbery was but disrupted.

After he ordered his motor car he induced the company to loan him an old car until he secured the new one. They obliged. With this machine he followed the express wagon around the city. He sold it. Then he had the machine to sell.

Thursday he followed the wagon block after block around the downtown district. Then he went to the Pacific Electric Building on Los Angeles street.

HIS STORY.

"There was a newsboy watching me," he said in his confession, "and I thought I was going to be scared again, but the newsboy went on and I jumped up. It was then I knew that the guard was scared worse than I was. And I was so scared I couldn't get my hand into the paper sack to get a good handful to throw over his head. So I had been carrying that pepper for five days, waiting for my chance."

His activities then were: "I ran to Sixth street up Sixth to Main. Then I took a trolley and stood standing on the steps on the left side. The conductor let me in. I got off at Eighth and Main streets and went to the Huntington Hotel, where I remained for a room, staying I wanted it for my wife's friend, Mrs. H. F. Jackson.

"I went up to room 200, emptied the pepper from my pocket, washed my hands, and started to run home with much swag I had. I was afraid there was only a thousand or two. I counted \$6500 in gold. Then I

went to the hotel bar and had a

drink and a cigarette.

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**Peculiar
TEST CASE OF
DIVORCE LAW.**

**Rewedded Man is Arrested
as a Bigamist.**

**First Wife Says His Wyoming
Decree's Void.**

**Lawyer Says Hundreds Here
are in Same Fix.**

"Carl Ray is guilty of bigamy there are hundreds of other men and women in Los Angeles who can be charged with the same offense," declared Attorney Joseph Ford yesterday when Ray was arrested, taken before Justice Forbes for arraignment and the date of his preliminary hearing set to December 27, and he was released on his own recognizance.

Ray, whose real name is said to be Mervin Avon Barringer, but who has adopted his stage name as his regular one, resides with his present wife at No. 931 South New Hampshire. The complaining witness is Mrs. Anna E. Ray, who has been a resident of San Bernardino for several months past.

Ray declares he was legally divorced from her at Cheyenne, Wyo., on August 18, 1915, and that she deserted him. She, on the other hand, declares that after years of wandering they settled down in Los Angeles in 1915, buying a home at No. 48 South Harvard boulevard, where they resided until May 15, 1916.

Another woman, Mrs. Nora Lowell, the present wife of Ray, appears to have been married and finally left after being promised \$50 a month and a divorce, she says.

She filed suit for divorce in San Bernardino on August 15, 1915. Lowell claims that her husband had filed a similar suit in Cheyenne on June 8 of the same year, under the name of Mervin A. Barringer, and so she dropped her own action. Ray, however, denies this. He moved to California and married Mrs. Lowell, the ceremony taking place at Santa Barbara.

Now the first Mrs. Ray alleges in her suit that her husband never held a legal residence in Wyoming and on the basis of a recent New York Supreme Court decision the bigamy action will stand. This decision, handed down in the case of Burdette vs. Brown, attacked the legality of all marriages where permanent residence in a State was not had, such as the residence established for the purpose of securing a divorce. The Supreme Court held that subsequent marriages entered into in good faith after such a divorce would not protect from prosecution, inasmuch as the divorce was not valid.

Waists at \$3.75



Why Not Waists?

Among a selection so choice and so varied as this one can easily choose wisely for some grateful recipient.

Waists at \$3.75

Many in this group that sold for \$5 and \$6.50; including crepes de chine, in white, flesh, maize, black or navy; and a few in nets or dark chiffon.

Waists at \$5.00

Of Georgette crepe in white, flesh, navy, black and numerous other colors; these waists are regularly \$5.95 to \$7.50.

Waists at \$9.00

And higher—in lovely laces, cream and black; or beaded Georgette in the suit shades.

(Waists: Second Floor)

SYRIA NEEDS AID.

Programme of National Music and Dancing to be Given Saturday Under Auspices of Relief Committee to Help the Starving People.

With the purpose of aiding the people of Syria and Mt. Lebanon a programme of Syrian and Greek music and dances will be given this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Greek Orthodox Church, No. 12 North El Molino Avenue, by Mrs. John Marano of New York, under the auspices of the Syrian-Armenian Relief Committee. The programme will be preceded by a discussion of the condition of his country by Phares Be-Henneyah of Syria.

Syria and Mt. Lebanon have been practically under siege since the outbreak of the war in 1914. The coast of Syria has been mined and its ports blockaded by the contending nations until there is little possibility of communication with the outside world. All able-bodied men have been drafted by the government and cattle, horses and poultry have been taken also for purposes of war. Added to this, the leading plantations have been destroyed.

The need of the people is very great as it is said that more than 60,000 persons have died of starvation in the last six months. The people are reduced to eating roots and herbs, as they are allowed but four kilograms of oats every twenty-four days by the Turkish government.

To help the people, a programme Saturday afternoon will be given by Mrs. Sidney Sprague, Misses Radcliffe and Marie Badabdy, Clarence Gerdes, Rosaline Hawes, Gwendolyn Darrow, Mary Thompson, Dorothy Wright and Esther Stalling.

Doubtless, RATHER THAN CHARITY.

Too Proud to Beg, III and Starving, Eldest Russian Ends His Life with Ancients Weapon, which Makes Wound so Big It Amazes Surgeons.

An old musk-loading revolver, which he had used for shooting wild boars in his native Russia, was the weapon which Andrias Dobrowski employed to end his life. It made a wound so big it did not bleed except that the police thought first he had died from heart failure when about to end his life.

He was a tall, elderly Russian, wanted with disease and occupying a small room at No. 11 North San Pedro street. Sustained work was impossible because of his illness, and he could conceive no way by which he might live without appealing to charity.

He had known the terrible places, for he had known them in Russia, and would never live in one again.

The last crust of bread was eaten, and the last drop of vodka was drunk, when Dobrowski rammed the powder into the old gun, packed some rough chunk of lead that was the best advice he could get with the implement of a generation gone, shot himself in the breast. The wretched was fatal and amanuensis.

The police found when he died there was not a drop of blood came to the surface. Surgeons who inspected the wound said they had never seen one so great, inflicted with a gun.

His body was taken to the J. D. Mortuary.

Boudoir Caps, Special, Each 50c

In the Neckwear Section, on the main floor, will be found some of the newest concocts in these pretty caps, which have just been put in stock.

Flesh, sky, lavender, white shades, daintily trimmed with pleated ribbons or Valenciennes lace; finished with rosettes; and made of fine quality net; many of them are lined throughout with delicate colorings; choice 50c.

(Boudoir Caps: Main Floor)

ShopbyPhone



Or, if you are too far away to telephone, use the mails.

We will fill orders promptly and carefully, with privilege of exchange if our selections are not satisfactory.

Fifty-Cent Luncheon

Chicken Gumbo, Creole, Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce or Broiled Club Steak or Minced Chicken à la King, Mashed or Baked Potatoes Combination Salad English Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce, or Pitted Cherry Pie Demi Tasse (Cafe: Fourth Floor)



—Home of New—
McCall Patterns—
Cocoon Goods Co.
FOUNDED IN 1890
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station,
American Express

Two Pages Are Not Nearly Enough Space in Which to Tell of the Good

White Ivory Toilet Ware Makes a Sure-to-be-Appreciated Gift

So many women have an incomplete set of this pretty ivory ware and so many others are desirous of owning at least a few articles, that no gift is more certain to find genuine favor. We have all of the following articles, and many others not mentioned; all in good qualities and patterns:

We engrave initials without charge upon purchases of five dollars or more.

Perfume Bottles, 25c to \$3.50.
Hair Brushes, \$1.75 to \$7.00.
Dresser Trays, 25c to \$3.25.
Hair Receivers, 50c to \$2.75.
Candlesticks, 85c to \$1.50.
Nail Buffers 50c to \$2.00.

Hat and Bonnet Brushes, \$1.00 to \$1.75.
Mirrors, \$2.25 to \$5.00.
Jewel Boxes, \$1.15 to \$3.25.
Rouge and Cream Boxes, 25c to \$1.15.

Whisk Broom Holders, \$1.50.
Clothes Brushes, \$3.00 to \$3.75.
Military Brushes, \$3 to \$5.
Clocks, \$2.50 to \$10.00.
Tooth Brush Holders, 65c.

Dressing Combs, 25c to \$1.00.
Manicure Articles, 25c to \$5.
Powder Boxes, 50c to \$2.00.
Photograph Frames, 50c to \$5.00.
And many other articles.

There Isn't a Woman Who Would Not Love the Present of a Beautiful Robe

Waist or Dress Pattern of Black Silk, Velvet or Dress Goods

Sensible—your choice of a waist or dress pattern, for almost any woman friend, or relative. And a latitude for selection that makes choice a pleasure for a garment that is no problem:

Black Silks and Velvets

Specially priced, too.

Black Chiffon Velvets

41 inches wide; were \$5, \$6 and \$7, now \$4.50, \$5 and \$6 a yard.

Black Silks

35-inch black faille; regularly \$2.50.

35-inch black satin; regularly \$1.50.

The \$1.75 grade . . . \$1.50

35-inch chiffon taffeta; regularly \$2.00.

Black Velvet Cords

30-inch width; \$1.50, \$1.25

26-inch width; reg. \$2.25, \$1.75

Black Jersey Coatings

In black; 54 inches wide; regularly \$4, special, yard . . . \$3.60

Novelty Stripe

Suitings; in black; 58 inches wide; our regular \$3 values at \$2.50

Black Costume Velvet

Full 42 inches wide; a wonderful

ly soft and lustrous five-dollar vel-

vet, special, yard . . . \$4.00

Clack Dress Goods

They, too, are reduced.

Black Broadcloth

50 inches wide; regularly \$2, spe-

cial . . . \$1.50

54-inch width; reg. \$3.50 . . . \$3

Wool Blankets

All-wool, full size plaid

robes of the finest character;

we sell them every day at

\$7.50 each; special for today,

each \$5.75

St. Mary's Blankets

In plaids; assorted colors;

full size; regularly \$6.50; spe-

cial today \$5

Pillows

Reg. \$5 pr. \$3.50

(Blankets: Rear South Aisle)

Give Your Friend With a Mar One of These

Another Suggestion

Here is a gift that will be appreciated by your friends who take it.

A black enamel duvet with straps; brass trimming; case has an inside tray and sizes; if purchased in the \$10 and \$10 for them; \$10 and \$10, each.

Handkerchiefs

Children's handkerchiefs are sharply marked as do the adults; both the children who receive them are delighted.

Cash Registers

With floral designs; painted with Paints—a box

and designs for following, Peter Rabbit, etc.; in a neat box with one

quality; in a tiny case with a handkerchief \$20

Flossie Fisher Handkerchiefs

Characters from the children's stories; Peter Rabbit, etc., in a neat box with one

cunning Dutch baby \$25

Colored borders

done in colors on the corners, with neat embossed borders, at two prices.

Handkerchiefs

Children's handkerchiefs are sharply marked as do the adults; both the children who receive them are delighted.

Selecting now for holiday gifts

Exceptionally Good Plain and Fanciful Offered

Scintillant warp prints, stripes and plaids—for fancy bags, cushions and pillows; or the smart hairpins and fancy stripes—all sorts of colors and weaves. And best of all, half on a great many of the

Hair Bows—tied and encased in dainty holiday boxes if you request.

Free Paint Books to All Little People

Every child who visits this Toy Section today, accompanied by a parent, receives a free paint book, which will amuse and instruct the little people.

Character Dolls

Kestner's German dolls with angora wigs; perfect darlings, these are, and longing for new homes.

Household and decorative linens in a wonderful profusion; whether you have in mind an inexpensive piece of linen or the finest we carry, you will find it very good policy to buy it at Coulter's.

Table Linen, \$1.50 a Yard

—every thread Irish linen; guaranteed not to roughen in laundering;

in handsome, exclusive designs of great beauty and character.

Napkins, \$5 Dozen

—of pure Irish linen; 2½ inches square; such a quality (the Shamrock) would be inexpensive nowadays at \$6.50 dozen.

Linenens: Rear South Aisle

Dolls at \$1.00

**All-Wool Sweaters, \$2.50**

Just a good, practical sweater for ordinary wear, or for roughing it on "hikes"; all-wool, made with Byron collar and pockets; shown in gray, white, navy or red; we bought it just to give service, at \$2.50

(Sweaters: Second Floor)

13 days yet
Not a bit unlucky
if you start
at once

New Shipments of French Gloves Just Arrived

We have just received a very large shipment of real kid gloves from France, in black, white and champagne shades, with fancy embroidered backs, to sell from \$2 to \$2.75.

Five different assortments at \$2.25; six different assortments at \$2.50; three different assortments at \$2.00—from which we can fit you!

(Gloves: Main Floor)

h to Tell of the Good Reasons for Doing Christmas Shopping at Coulter's**ciated Gift**

few articles, that no gift
lities and patterns:

Comb, 25c to \$1.00.
Articles, 25c to 85c.
Boxes, 50c to \$2.00.
raph Frames, 50c to
ny other articles.

sent of a Beautiful Dress Goods

that makes choice a pleasure, in a garment that is so necessary as a bathrobe, there are few

end With a Motor One of These Fine Robes

for gift, or one less likely to suffice—for few motorists have all the robes they want:

Other Robes
are, domestic and imported,
as high as \$35 each; in rich,
arm colors or the plain robes
lighter weight, for limousines.

St. Mary's Blankets
In plaids; assorted colors;
1 size; regularly \$8.50; spec
today \$5
Pillows—Reg. 85 pr., \$3.90
(Bedding: Rear South Aisle)

Plain and Famous, Offered Special at**25c**

for fancy bags, cushions and
and weaves. And best of all,
on a great many of the ribbons concerned.

Gifts to school girls; any desired weave.

(Ribbons: Main Floor)

Another Suggestion for Motorists

Here is a gift that will win for you the sincere thanks of any of your friends who take long motor trips or go upon picnics.

A black enamel duck suitcase; leather corners and outside straps; brass trimmings; riveted corners; assorted linings; each case has an inside tray and pockets. Here in 24, 26 and 28-inch sizes; if purchased in the regular way we should have to ask \$8, \$10 and \$10 for them; fortunate buying brings them to you at \$7.50 each.

(Leather Goods: Main Floor)

Now Handkerchiefs for Children

Children's handkerchiefs are deeply marked as do those for children's mothers. And this year we have purchased liberally of the sort we know both the children who receive them, and the givers, we are sure. Most people are selecting now for holiday gifts.

Cash Registers—with three kerchiefs of neat pattern and quality; in a tiny cash register box 25c

Flossie Fisher Handkerchiefs characters from the children's favorite stories; Peter Rabbit, too, in his cap and coat; about the handkerchief's edge are cunny Dutch babies. Colored borders, at two for

(Handkerchiefs: Main Floor)

**Books to All the People on Saturday**

tion today, accompanied by an offer without charge, or the necessity of any purchase, a Santa Claus Wild

instruct the little people:

Dolls at \$1.00

Madame Hendren boy or girl, 65c; lulus head and composite body; cloth body, 65c; Rabbit, Mrs. Rabbit, Musical Doll, Boy Doll; choice

Aeroplanes 60c

They really fly; and will give a good end of amusement; others at 75c and up.

(Toys: Third Floor)

Toys at 50c Special

Two and 65c toys will be included in our group—such as

Small Maps, Express Wagons,

Cash Registers, Teddy Bears,

Music Boxes, Dishes, Tables and many

(Toys: Third Floor)

nd 2:30

A la Carte Service, 35c and 50c Luncheons

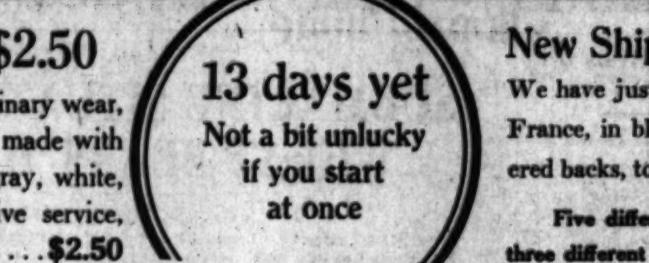
Stick Horses

Pony head mounted on three-foot round stick, with two wheels; can be ridden "almost to death" without harm 15c

Kitchen Ranges

Cook stoves, and a really-truly gas stove—from 65c to \$2.25 each; complete with cooking utensils.

(Toys: Third Floor)

**New Shipments of French Gloves Just Arrived**

We have just received a very large shipment of real kid gloves from France, in black, white and champagne shades, with fancy embroidered backs, to sell from \$2 to \$2.75.

Five different assortments at \$2.25; six different assortments at \$2.50; three different assortments at \$2.00—from which we can fit you!

(Gloves: Main Floor)

Prosperity.
A LLGE SYSTEM IN BIG AUTO THEFTS.

ASSERT FINDING OF FORGED BILLS OF SALE.

It is Said Suspects Intended Entering Motion Picture Game with Money Amassed in Profits and that One has Confessed to Their Depredations.

Stealing automobiles became such a systematic commerce for V. A. Jones and D. W. Burton, the police allege, that they had quantities of fraudulent stationery and bills of sale printed. The business was so profitable they were on the open road to prosperity, with a bank balance that used to be fatuous but a little more when they intended to establish a moving-picture studio according to the police.

Both Jones and Burton, who were arrested yesterday, Detectives Ervin and Nickels of the Police Department and Detectives Lapp and Fosdick of the Automobile Association, were experienced in the construction of moving-picture films. Jones had tried to establish a studio in Los Angeles recently, but had failed because of a lack of sufficient finances. The detective desciptor said he turned to automobile stealing as the quick way of getting a considerable capital to further finance his venture.

The detectives say they found forged bills of sale and lettershead in motion picture studios in the vicinity of the pair yesterday, purporting to have been issued by established and prosperous garages here. They found bills of sale that they would attach a signature to make them like the proprietor of the garage as they could achieve, it is said. The police say Jones has confessed to the theft of more than thirty motion pictures.

Burton is under arrest in Reno and has employed counsel to fight extradition. He is reported to be most expertly qualified. Detective Fosdick, attached to the District Attorney's office, has been detailed to go to Reno and forth Burton. The pair are said to be the most skillful and daring automobile thieves ever arrested here. Their arrest was due to the suspicious of an elderly man who rented a garage to Jones. Although he popularized his shop should have discovered the thievin to the garage almost daily, and notified the police. The arrest of Jones was made at the garage.

Womanlike CHANGES HER MIND.

Apparently Satisfied, Wife of Great Car Conductor Found Guilty on Disobedient Charges Gets Term when Jail Sentence is Pronounced.

Olma Lehman has been sentenced to one year in the County Jail by Judge Reeve for contributing to the delinquency of 18-year-old Ada Haynes. Lehman was a streetcar conductor and the young woman rode frequently in his car. She formed an attachment for him, which was apparently to Lehman, who was so far as he disclosed, as to tell them that the girl was safe in his hands. This was prior to the discovery that he was a married man, and the wife followed him reluctantly, and apparently in a satisfied manner, returned shortly afterwards, and throwing her arms around him, kissed him bitterly at his plight. She was finally condemned and left with a promise to visit Lehman frequently during his sojourns in the county jail.

Municipal Economy.

REPLAT WILL SAVE.

County Tax Collector Welch Declares Reduction of City Map Books and Preparation of New Ones will be of Benefit to County.

The recommendation of County Tax Collector Welch to the Board of Supervisors relative to repainting all the properties in Los Angeles county was copied with the endorsement of the tax collector going to the tax office of approximately \$2500. He also showed there would probably be an equal saving in the office of the County Assessor and of the County Auditor, supervisor, or a total saving to the county of \$7000.

"The County Surveyor, in figuring up the cost of repainting all the properties in Los Angeles city, based his figures upon the retiring of the Assessor's map books for the Los Angeles city properties for the year, and he has since informed me, if more time were given for this work," Mr. Welch declared, "it could be done for a much smaller sum." He said he understood these books are automatically retired about every seven years. However, it would be advisable to make the reduction now, even if it should cost the amount mentioned—\$12,500—as the cost would be saved in two years, and thereafter there would be a cumulative saving of \$7000 a year.

FRIDGES PAILED HIM.

Young Man Offers Excuse for Pawning Worthless Check.

T. E. Kaveney, who pawned a worthless check for \$25 on a local book and shoe store, is a graduate of the University of Tennessee, according to the story he told when arraigned before Justice Forbes. He also is a member of the Pi Kappa Alpha and several other organizations from a small town in Memphis.

"When I gave the check I expected to have the funds to meet it, but my friends failed me," said Kaveney, "I did not run away to San Francisco where I had been offered a good position with a prominent engineering concern. I registered with my own name in the northern city and expected to send down the cash to cover the check in a few days, but this has spoiled all my plans."

Help Us Serve You

Advertisement

Slightly Rubbed Suit Cases and Bags Are to Be Sold at \$5.00

To make a long story short—these bags and suit cases, while in transit to us in their packing cases, became just a trifle rubbed here and there—some of them require a second inspection to find the defects; but the maker gave us a special price on them, rather than to have them returned to him. The result is such values as we, nor you, have not seen in months—and just at Christmas time, too, when you most appreciate them:

Bags and Purses, 50c

If you remember last week's dollar sale, you will know what to expect; out on tables for easy choosing, but be early if you would share—50c

(Tables: South Aisle)

Hair Ornaments, 25c

Just odd lines of styles that ought to bring a great deal more; but we desire to close out the entire lot quickly 25c

**Hand Embroidered Nightgowns**

Brought over from the Philippine Islands; hand-made, every stitch, and wondrously fine in appearance.

Gowns—special, \$2.50, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7.50.

Crepe de Chine Gowns

With shadow lace yoke; specially priced at \$4 and \$5.50.

Lingerie Satin Gowns

Empire style, waist or filet lace and net; special, \$8.00. In crepe de chine; with V-neck; a Paul Poiret model, with yoke of wide Valenciennes lace and embroidery organdie; ribbon and rosebud trimmed; a gift fit for the most fastidious woman, \$7.50.

Petticoats

Lace trimmed, in pink or white taffeta; special, \$9.50.

(Wash Goods: Rear South Aisle)

Practically Every Winter Coat in Stock is Now Reduced

We believe in making sales while the garments so reduced are still high in favor—there will be months of wear-time ahead for these garments; and many a person in search of worth-while remembrances for less fortunate people, perhaps, will find in these coats exactly the thing to give.

Suits, Too, Reduced**Suits at \$17.75**

Values here to \$27.50. In gabardines, poplins, serges and limited number in wool velours and broadcloths; such desirable colors as navy, black, green and brown; some of them trimmed with plush.

Suits at \$26.75

Values here to \$42.50; gabardines, broadcloths, wool velours, in navy, black, Burgundy, green, brown; fur-trimmed in many instances.

There are many other groups, at lower and higher prices, which are every bit as good values as these we mention here; see them!

(Garments: Second Floor)**Coats at \$9.75**

Mixtures, plaids—many of them shower-proof.

Coats at \$12.75

Gray, browns; plaids and mixtures.

Coats at \$15.75

These in fine mixed materials.

Coats at \$21.75

In either plain or mixed goods—browns, grays, plain colors, bouclés, wool velours and wool jerseys.

Coats at \$26.75

Bolivia cloths in wine or gold; wool velours, too.

Coats at \$31.75

Handsome wool velours in navy, greens; Bolivian and imported mixtures in grays.

Coats at \$67.50

Elegant affairs of monkey-skin in black, navy, taupe; handsomely trimmed with fur.

(Garments: Second Floor)

Business Page: Money, Stocks and Bonds—Grain—Mines—Financial Markets Abroad.

Stocks and Bonds.

MARKET IS AFFECTED BY FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Stocks Share Drooping Tendencies on Commodity Exchanges, Although Money Conditions are Easier—Another Large Consignment of Gold Received from Canada—Irregular Rallies in Specialties.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK. Dec. 8.—Foreign relations and other external considerations again accounted in part for today's irregular and occasionally heavy market, which also was affected by the drooping tendency manifested on the commodity exchanges. The money conditions were easier, if anything, than any day thus far this week, but the market was still Monday being freely made at 4 per cent.

Another large consignment of gold was received from Canada, making a total of more than \$50,000,000 from that quarter in the last few days.

Concessions in international bonds included a new low record for the day. Total sales, for instance, were \$4,225,000.

United States bonds were unchanged on call.

COMPARISON OF SALES.

Total sales, December 8, 1916... \$ 4,225,000

Day of issue, Dec. 7, 1916... 4,141,000

Year ended in 1916... 16,046,400

Year ended in 1915... 16,046,300

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES. Dec. 8.—Following is comparison of today's stock and bond sales:

COMPARISON OF BOND SALES.

Total sales, December 8, 1916... \$ 4,225,000

Day of issue, Dec. 7, 1916... 4,141,000

Year ended in 1916... 16,046,400

Year ended in 1915... 16,046,300

BANK CLEARINGS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES. Dec. 8.—Following are the chief bank clearings, market, Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles:

Day of issue, Dec. 8, 1916... \$ 4,225,000

Day of issue, Dec. 7, 1916... 4,141,000

Year ended in 1916... 16,046,400

Year ended in 1915... 16,046,300

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN NEW YORK.

(Published by Lewis & Ryan, Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles.)

Day of issue, Dec. 8, 1916... Following are the chief price, date, and high and low quotations to day:

High, Low, Date.

1,000 All. Cables... 229 12 12/16

1,000 All. Charters... 229 12 12/16

1,000 All. Co. 100%... 229 12 12/16

1,000 Am. Cables... 229 12 12/16

1,000 Am. Charters... 229 12 12/16

1,000 Am. Co. 100%... 229 12 12/16

1,000 Am. Co. 100%

WRITING TEST WINS DIVORCE.

Husband and Two Women Copy Trouble Letter.

Judge Flays Mystery Man for Ruining Home.

He Believes City Fireman is Dismising Truth.

The introduction of a mystery man and a test prescribed by Judge Wood made the trial of the Rose divorce suit yesterday unique in the annals of the court. The suit was brought by Joseph F. Rose against Victoria M. Rose. He named "Jack Cotton" and she introduced the name of Ruth Potter, since married. There was no evidence, however, to show that there had been undue intimacy between Mr. Rose and Miss Potter, although Mrs. Rose related a number of incidents which tended to show that the two were on a familiar footing.

"Jack Cotton" could not be located by that name, but Arthur Korkin, a city fireman, was brought into court and promptly denied that he knew Mrs. Rose, although he admitted he might have seen her, which indicated that his acquaintance was slight.

Mrs. Ruth Ward testified that she and Mrs. Rose, before she was married and while she was living at home, had come to Mr. Rose's house. "Jack Cotton" was present and she declared that Mr. Korkin and "Jack Cotton" were the same man.

The feature that caused the spectators and friends of the ex-wife to wait for the last word was the test. A letter was offered in evidence, which Mrs. Ward testified Mrs. Rose gave her to name Mr. Cotton. After Mr. Rose had been asked who would phone "Jack" at the grocery store across the street from the firehouse. This letter Mrs. Rose denied writing, but admitted it was a copy job that either Mrs. Ward or her husband had written it.

Judge Wood placed the husband and the two women at the lawyers' table and the test was passed and wrote to his dictation. They were more or less embarrassed by the novelty of the test, but the court dismissed the letter, and the case went to the jury.

"Dear Jack, I am simply wearied to death, dear. I wish to heaven I could have you just one night, however, and I can't. Joe is very sick. The doctor said he might be a cripple for life. He has rheumatism in his knee. I want you to come on over night, if you can. Please, for I have got to see you. Please, Jack, for my sake. Dear, I am nearly dead with worry. Please, come over one night. Please, come over. How nice to see you, soon. I am yours, Vick."

The court then had them write the signature "Vick," and he declared that Mrs. Rose had written the letter. The two women were writing using the vertical stroke instead of her usual sloping writing.

As to Mr. Korkin, he told him he must be the most uncomfortable man in the room, and the divorce court having the satisfaction of breaking up the Rose home.

"Why not?" said Korkin.

"Because I know you don't tell the truth," said the attorney to Attorney Cheshnow, who represented Mr. Rose. Judge Wood said he was inclined to have him get corroborative evidence from Mr. Korkin, known as "Jack Cotton." He furnished the District Attorney with a copy of the transcript for proceedings against him. He granted Mr. Rose a divorce and reserved his rulings as to the disposition of their child.

NEW CITIZENS.

Naturalization Examiner and Civic Bodies Plan Mass Meeting.

Frederick Jones, a naturalization examiner, co-operating with the Rossmore Civic Association bodies and the Chamber of Commerce, has arranged a good mass meeting for the near future for the benefit of the newly-made American citizens. It is proposed, in the program, that as far as has been conveniently done, to emphasize the advantages of American citizenship, and instruct the former aliens on what is expected of them in their new country.

Thousands of such citizens who can be reached through the records in the office of Mr. Jones and it is believed that such a meeting will be of much benefit to those who have recently assumed the honors of non-responsibilities of American citizenship.

Extension.

FRANCHISE LIMIT.

Commission for Gas and Electric Corporation Declares Three-Year Period Works Hardship on Company—Construction Never Completed.

Herbert J. Goudreau, counsel for the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation, has informed the Board of Supervisors it was a hardship on the corporation to hold to the three-year limit for construction work under a franchise. The board said party-line laborers would have to be dismissed because of this restriction, and a longer period was urged, since construction work by a large corporation is never completed.

The board was disposed to make no change in the existing ordinance limiting the life of a franchise, but finally referred the matter to the county council to report on the advisability of redrafting the ordinance.

The Southern Gas Company, represented by Attorney Beach, conferred with the board on the question of permits. The people of the sunny slopes are anxious the work connected with the laying of gas mains, so it may have gas. This territory has an area of three and one-half miles. Supervisor Woodley suggested that the necessary work be too large and thought matters would be better if they were reduced in size.

The Public Service.

At the Courthouse.

A SKS BIG DAMAGES A ON SLANDER CHARGE

THEODORE WIESSENDANGER BEFOR FORMER EMPLOYEE.

Check with Name of Former Head of Conservative Investment Company on It is Crux in Suit. Not Indorsed by Me, Says Defendant—Plaintiff Claims It Was.

Theodore Wiesendanger, whose financial troubles led to several sensational suits, was before a jury in Judge Wilbur's court, yesterday, to answer a slander charge made by Marcel Carl, who was connected with Mr. Wiesendanger in a business capacity. The charge revolves around a check which Mr. Wiesendanger admits has his name indorsed on it, but which he claims he did not write.

In support of the charge, Mr. Carl adduced the fact that Wiesendanger stated in the presence of Samuel Hill and William Kilmann: "Mr. Carl is a forger. He forged my name on a check, and I have a photographic copy of the check at my office." Mr. Carl, while in the employ of the Conservative Investment Company, took large sums of money.

Mr. Carl claims these charges are false, and were actuited by malice and vindictiveness. He asks \$10,000 damages.

To this Mr. Wiesendanger enters a general denial, but admits he holds a check with his name indorsed on it, but which was not indorsed by himself. He informs the court he does not know the handwriting in the handwriting of Mr. Carl.

It developed during the trial yesterday that Mr. Carl, as well as the other two men, was a member of the Wiesendanger corporation, which had brought suit against him, in behalf of the corporation, with regard to the control of its affairs, and that the action is pending.

LAST REQUEST.

MONEY TO LIBRARY.

Miss Augusta Schwann, a tutor and governess born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, in 1848, and now residing in Pasadena, has given \$1,000 to the purchase of books or travel history, and biography for the education of the young.

The will directs that her name, date of birth and place of death shall be inscribed on the inside cover of each book so bought. It is further directed that her remains shall be cremated and the ashes strewn upon the sea. The estate is valued at \$600.

CHARGE CRUELTY.

WIFE SUES FIREMAN.

For the long list of alleged cruel acts which Mrs. Carlene Sepulveda, wife of W. F. Sepulveda, a fireman at the harbor, the one which humiliated her the most, and caused the greatest suffering, was to be forced into her home onto a porch in her night-clothes at 2 o'clock in the morning and compelled to stay there until her daughter rescued her.

Mrs. Sepulveda recites these acts in a separate maintenance suit filed yesterday, in which she asks \$50 a month alimony for herself and her daughter, 14 years old. Other acts, she says, are the disturbing cause.

When her husband remained out all night, as she alleges, and she questioned him, he replied, she claims, he had been with another woman.

She also claims that what he claimed was true. He was in the company of other women so much, the complaint states that the schoolmarm of her daughter teased her about it.

ON TRIAL.

EMBEZZLEMENT CASE.

Albert Greenwood, charged with the embezzlement of thousands of dollars from the Kimberling-Wangensteen Company, went to trial yesterday before Judge Craig. A good part of the day was occupied in the selection of the jury by Deputy District Attorney Hogan and Attorney Michael, his co-defendant and accountant for the company over a period of sixteen years. Mr. Wangenstein on the stand admitted that possibly his books had been falsified, but not necessarily, or possibly for years at a time, but that until a few months before his arrest his employers had implicit confidence in the honesty of Green-

wood. He was in the company of other women so much, the complaint states that the schoolmarm of her daughter teased her about it.

IN AND OUT.

ABOUT THE COURTS.

LEAVES LARGE ESTATE. L. F. Lewis, who died last Monday, left an estate valued at \$42,231, consisting of cash, notes and real property. Among his possessions in Pasadena was a half interest in Los Angeles, \$15,000; a half interest in San Bernardino, \$8,000; and an interest in a San Joaquin farm, \$5,000. No will was executed by the deceased. The heirs are the children, Arthur L. and Fred B. Lewis; Cora M. Entler and Estelle Fitch. The petition for letters of administration was filed yesterday by Arthur L. Lewis.

AWARDS DAMAGES.

Kate Morgan, 18, who was in the car in which she was riding collided with an automobile driven by R. Ostronic, was awarded \$700 damages by Judge Taft yesterday. The plaintiff was a widow and John Balovica, the latter driver of the bus.

IN TOPHAM CASE.

Councilman Topham, with the consent of the District Attorney's office, was yesterday granted until January 5 to file an answer to the accusation charging him with wilful misrepresentation of facts in the matter which was taken before Presiding Judge Houser. Mr. Topham being represented by his attorneys.

TELEPHONE FRANCHISE WILL BE TRANSFERRED.

The Public Utilities Commission, after receiving a report to the Council transferring the franchise to the Home Telephone Company, to the Southern California Company.

The City Attorney and the Board of Public Utilities are preparing the necessary ordinances for submission to the Council.

CASE CONTINUED.

After considerable wrangling as to what had or had not been done for Jack Bassell, son of George S. Bassell, local politician, Judge Craig yesterday again sat in judgment on the charge that Mr. Topham had a financial interest in writing plumbers' bonds.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MAGAZINE OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST.

TEN CENTS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1916.

1781—1916.



The Center of the Stage.

*Issued with the Los Angeles Sunday Times and served to its subscribers. The Magazine, complete in itself, is also mailed separately to any address ordered. (For terms, etc., see page 51.)

IN
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GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

Now is the time to make a first sowing of these superb Spring-blooming giant Sweet Peas. They will begin to blossom when three to four feet high and furnish a continuous display of flowers from April to July. The seed we offer has been saved exclusively from the very best selected types of Spencer blooms. It is hand picked, plump, bound to germinate and bound to give you satisfaction.

18 SUPERB NEW VARIETIES

Latest additions to Sweet Peas by way of color, size and length of stem.
AGRICOLA—White, overlaid soft lilac.
AFTERSHOW—Reddish mauve with violet wings.
BLUE JACKET—Rich deep blue. One of the very best.
CONSTANCE HINTON—The best giant pure white.
DECORATOR—Salmon pink.
DUPLICITY PINK—A superb selection, double. Countess of Spencer type. Extra large.
EDITH TAYLOR—Magnificent pale salmon rose.
HERCULES—Beautiful light pink.
ILLUMINATOR—Glowing salmon cerise.
KING MAUVE—Deep rich mauve with darker wings.
LADY EVELYN EYRE—Pale pink, slightly flushed salmon.
MARGARET ATLEE—Warm salmon pink overlying cream ground. Extra large.
NEW MARGARET MADISON—Best pale lavender.
NEW MIRIAM BEAVER—A magnificent novelty. Light creamy pink. Immense flowers.
ROSABELLE—Rich bright rose.
ROYAL PURPLE—Immense flowered deep rich purple.
THE SQUIRE—The best of all bright red Sweet Peas.
WEDGEWOOD—A lovely shade of light blue.
 PRICE—of any of the foregoing new Sweet Peas, liberal packages—Per packet 25c
 All the above varieties in mixture—per packet 25c

SPECIAL OFFER

One package of each of the above superb varieties, eighteen in all, for.....	25c
Any twelve packages	2.25
Any six packages	1.25

20 Superb Standard Varieties of Sweet Peas

AMERICA—Ivory white striped crimson.
ASTA OHN—Soft pinkish lavender.
AURORA-SPENCER—Rose striped pink.
COUNTESS OF SPENCER—Beautiful clear pink.
ELFRIDA PEARSON—Lovely shade of soft pink.
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—Delicate soft lavender.
GAIETY—White flaked crimson.
GLADYS UNWIN—Pale light pink.
HELEN PIERCE—White overlaid with blue.
HELEN LEWIS—Deep orange rose.
JOHN RIDD—Deep rich maroon.
KING EDWARD—Superb crimson and scarlet.
MARIE CORELLI—Cherry red and rosy crimson.
MRS. ROUTZAHN—Straw tinted blush pink.
MRS. HUGH DICKSON—Creamy pink.
MRS. IRELAND—Bright rosy pink with blush shadings.
NUBIAN—Deep chocolate.
O'THELLO—Rich maroon.
STERLING STENT—Deep salmon and orange.
VERMILLION BRILLIANT—Deep rich scarlet.
 PRICE—of any of the foregoing varieties per packet 15c
 All colors mixed, per packet 15c

Special Offer

One each of the above 20 varieties of standard Sweet Peas	\$2.50
One package of any ten of the above varieties for	\$1.25

Special Clearance Sale of Choice Bulbs

The time during which Hyacinths and Tulips may be planted with any degree of success toward bringing them to perfection is drawing to a close. There is still ample time, however, to plant and get good results. The following bulbs are all in prime condition and are offered at greatly reduced prices.

Giant Darwin Tulips

CLARA BUTT—Beautiful shade of soft salmon-pink. Height 2 ft.
EUROPE—Rich salmon scarlet shaded with rose. Height 24 inches.
MAD. KRELAGEN—Bright like rose, margined pale silver. Height 30 inches.
PRIDE OF HAARLEM—Bright rose suffused purple. Height 30 inches.
GLOW—Dazzling vermillion scarlet. Center of blooms white with blue marking. Height 24 inches.
GRETCHEN—Pale silvery rose and blush white. Interior of bloom soft pink marked with blue at center.
 PRICE—of any of the above Darwin Tulips:
 Per dozen, 50c. Per hundred, \$5.75.

Giant Late Flowering Tulips

BOUTON D'OR—Rich golden yellow.
GESNERIANA LUTEA—Clear yellow.
GESNERIANA ALBA OCULATA—Rich crimson scarlet with white eye.
GESNERIANA SPATHULATA—Crimson scarlet with blue-black center.
GESNERIANA BOSEA—Rosy carmine, black center.
ISABELLA—Deep pink. Large flowered.
PARISIAN YELLOW—Rich lemon yellow.
 PRICE—of any of the above late flowering Tulips:
 Per dozen, 40c. Per hundred, \$3.00.

Hyacinths

GERTRUDE—Rich shade of deep rose.
GRAND MAITRE—Beautiful pale porcelain blue.
GRANDEUR A MERVILLE—Exquisitely tinted bluish white.
KING OF THE YELLOWS—Best of all yellow Hyacinths.
LA PETROUSE—Rich porcelain blue.
NORMA—Bright coral pink.
ROBERT STEIGER—Deep rich rose.
CHARLES DICKENS BLUE—Porcelain blue with deeper tints.
 PRICE—of any of the foregoing varieties:
 Per dozen, \$1.25. Six bulbs, 50c.

Howard & Smith
 9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
 NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
 MAIN 1745 - 10957

-make your own 4^{cts} bread and save time out of every day

—that's what you can do if you bake with Besgrade Flour. You can't make this saving with higher-priced flour — and you can't make perfect bread with cheaper flour.

Our newly improved no-trouble bread maker will save you all the inconvenience of home baking. Phone us or mail attached coupon and we'll tell you how you can get this mixer for small cost.

Great Western Mills
 LOS ANGELES Main 2243

10734

Sample copies of the issue for October 14, 1916, will be sent free, upon request, to any address. It contains new and valuable information about Uncle Sam's commercial invasion of Latin America.

Supreme in Cup Quality



NEWMARKS
 PURE
 HIGH GRADE
 COFFEE

Rich, Aromatic, Delicious and it Never Variates

Birds of a Father.

BY RICHARD HOWARD.

Our Expanding Pacific Empire

"Land of the setting sun."

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

(For "Scope, Objects and Aims" see page 31.)

Nineteenth Year. Volume X, No. 24.

Average Circulation in 1916, Gross, 103,600; net, 101,742 Copies Weekly.

LITTLE EDITORIALS.

Ninety Democrats in Orange county recently gave themselves a banquet. It is pretty safe to assume that not one of them wanted anything but pie.

If the United States government is not becoming inspired, it is at least being threatened with intelligence. A proper use of Catalina Island as a submarine base and aviation station is under consideration.

California confesses that Montana did well enough in electing the first woman to Congress, but Los Angeles contributed another brilliant chapter to the history of woman's rights when a number of its beautiful girls were used as sandwich women for street advertising last Monday.

A great crime has been committed in Los Angeles. The body of a baby girl only forty-eight hours old was found in a suitcase on a vacant lot. Some mother has a blot on her soul that need never have been and hundreds of homes that would have welcomed this precious mite and her sunshine have been cheated.

Permission has been secured for planting a double row of walnut trees on each side of the State Highway from Visalia to Goshen. It would be a wonderful idea to line the length of this splendid roadway with beautiful trees. California would then have the longest lane in the world which would be fitting since this road traverses the brightest of all lands.

A gun in the hands of a young fool resulted in the instant death of a peaceful citizen Sunday night. The man with the pistol was a robber, inexperienced and nervous. He probably never contemplated murder, but his project was rash and lawless. In this State a man may be sentenced to life imprisonment for highway robbery and cases like this prove the wisdom of that law.

Those pictures of a trip through China were of prime interest to Los Angeles because when the warring nations of Europe have enough of strife and turn to China as a storehouse of treasure to replenish their wasted substance, they will find that the United States in general and the Pacific Coast in particular also has an eye on the main chance as presented by the Orient and that the intentions of our people are strictly honorable.

A woman in Los Angeles who could not face the high cost of living decided to die. Yet here again she was balked for she could not afford the high cost of poison. Finally she made some lye and drank that. Such ingenuity is a great loss to the world and especially to the moving pictures, so it is most agreeable to note that the lye was not strong and the lady still lives. Not long ago in the making of a ten-reel photoplay the director showed pioneer prospectors testing nuggets in a kettle of lye soap, but there was no ash hopper in the picture.

Infant Fruit Industry.

OLIVE growing in California, although it is more than a hundred years old, is truly an infant industry still. It has been taken up by a great many people, and now the college of agriculture connected with the University of California is taking a hand in studying the industry for the purpose of helping out the growers.

That this help is needed is indicated by a bulletin recently published in connection with the agricultural experiment station of the University of California. After careful examination it is learned that some orchards yield a net annual profit of \$400 per acre, while the average is probably under \$50, and many orchards are cultivated at a net loss. It is said that some of these differences in yield may be due to soil and climate but not all of them. Of course, the most profitable olives are those large enough for pickling, and of these the crop in the State does not yield probably more than 10 or 15 per cent. It is to help the growers in these respects that the university has taken the matter up and proposes to follow it out along the following lines:

(1) Cultural problems: (a) Pruning. (b) Irrigation. (c) Cultivation. (d) Fertilization. (e) New varieties. (f) Grafting stocks. (g) Nursery methods.

(2) Manufacturing problems: (a) Methods of pickling. (b) Methods of oil making. (c) Utilization of by-products.

Pruning seems to be the branch that requires most study. The Italians who are olive growers say: "Prune when the knife is sharp." The Spaniards, who are also olive growers, prune heavily every third or fourth year, and French growers generally prune moderately every winter. Many growers do not prune at all, and all these methods are practised in California. No doubt careful experiments carried on by the university will aid the growers greatly in their industry.

It Is Needed.

UNDER the date of October 30, more than a month ago, there emanated from Atlantic City, N. J., a formal statement said to come from Gen. Carranza's representative that "normal social and industrial conditions throughout Mexico are rapidly being restored."

And as the saying is, "The next day it rained" Villistas and other revolutionists around Chihuahua, and the whole affair was up in the air again. It is a long, weary look back to the driving of Huerta from power in Mexico, the sending of nearly all our navy down to Vera Cruz to exact a salute to the flag that was never made, the recognition of Villa, himself, first as the pet of the American government, then the substitution of Carranza with the sending of every available soldier in the United States into Mexico and nearly all the available militia of all the States to the border, involving the expenditure of \$350,000,000 "to keep us out of war."

Surely a better day is to be desired for Mexico, and it is quite time it should come. But it seems as far off today as it did when our very temperamental President put his foot in it by interfering with the internal affairs of the sister republic. It has been one fiasco after another, and really as we see it the Mexicans diplomatically "put it all over" the administration at Washington and all its various commissioners, special representatives and what not that have been sent to that distracted country to bring about peace.

Every right-minded American is hoping for better days for Mexico, and many women are longing to see "normal social and industrial conditions throughout Mexico" entirely restored.

HAVE you a little extra in your home? Perhaps a pocketful of silver. Put a sack over the pretense of preparing, and that of course there must be a little time to get rid of the burden. That would bring immediate relief to the debts. The nations engaged in the war owe debts greater than \$75,000,000. Of course, no intelligent person would pay more than \$5,000,000. The debts until they have been paid upon is necessary to start with is a few pack-a-dozen eggs.

Greater Boards of Trade have engaged in the of ground fifty feet square and all that part. The nations engaged in the war have done a patch

is given to our shipping now is from the fact that in one or two trips they can earn their cost, and then if after the war they have to be sold to go under foreign flags, that will be so much gain. One thing is certain, if the flag is to remain at the masthead of commerce our shipping laws will have to be radically revised.

Good Advice.

THIS New American Woman is the title of a paper recently started in Los Angeles. Its editor is that brilliant woman, Clara Shortridge Foltz. The Shortridges are all Republicans, and Mrs. Foltz keeps up the tradition of the family. In the first issue of her paper, No. 11, the editor discusses the recent election for President of the United States. Under the head of "The Majority Rule," Mrs. Foltz succumbs gracefully to the inevitable and closes her editorial with the following pat and pithy advice to the newly-elected United States Senator from the State of California:

"Nevertheless, the outcome is the election of Gov. Johnson by the largest popular vote ever given to any man in California. And now that the inevitable has been made manifest let us hope that a spirit of conciliation may pervade the disgruntled and that Senator-elect Johnson will learn some time to be civil at least to those who differ from him, and that he will cease to invite distrust from those whose hearts are naturally kind and just and who would gladly take pride in his achievements honorably won."

Federal Board Wise.

THIS Federal Reserve Board, which has supervision over the reserve banks created by the recent law of Congress, has taken up the subject of loans made by Americans to foreign governments and municipalities. The wisdom of this is largely in its moderation. The board declares that it is not its intention to interfere in any way with the action of the banks, but that they feel it to be their duty to point out the dangers of making too liberal loans to foreigners at the present time.

Bankers are generally very wise in their financial operations, but the wisest banker is only human, and humanity is full of greed. The temptation to make large profits for the bank is so great that it is not at all wonderful that many bankers should become more or less rash in their loans. The bankers themselves have been warning the public that they should conserve their financial resources and not speculate too largely because they have the money to speculate with. The Federal Reserve Board is just administering to the bankers a moderate dose of their own medicine.

The war profits have brought into the country an immense sum of real money. This real money and the promises to pay are circulating in the United States at the present time to nearly \$4,250,000,000. This is \$41.25 per capita of the population. This is an immense sum of money for any country to hold, and money is like everything else, "easy come, easy go."

The banks have been lending money freely to foreign governments, and now have taken up the loaning to cities in foreign lands. They loaned the city of Paris \$50,000,000, and then turned around and loaned to three other French cities, Bordeaux, Lyons and Marseilles, \$20,000,000 each.

Of course, the warring countries are hungry for gold, and no wonder that they resort to all sorts of cunning ruses to obtain "the needful." Having obtained a good many long-term loans they come back now and ask for a lot of short-term loans runseas before the war will operate after the conflict is over. The impetus that here is where the Federal Re-

[1728]

INDEX TO CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Dec. 9, 1916.]

Getting Acquainted.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

powder in blowing up their churches, before going to their new location.

Many refused to leave their homes, remaining amid former grandeur to rear their children. The city is unusually clean; even the beggars are picturesque and look like a part of the scenery or stage setting. There are thirty-eight ruins in Antigua. In order to see everything we engaged two tiny white horses. One was recommended as being particularly vicious and to be used by "El Señor." We found him gentle enough, but far too ambitious for my tropical steed, which maintained a humble position at the rear, which my husband says should be an object lesson to me in humility.

On our first morning we were awakened by the ringing of many bells and the beating of drums; then a burst of music sounded directly under our window. We thought we were being serenaded, but it was only another saint having a birthday. Each morning, beginning as early as 4:30, bells ring, continuing until 6 o'clock. We spied one small boy, high up in an old turret, pounding away as though his life depended on the result, and now we suspect the confusion is an endurance test between the young ringers.

A young planter from a near-by coffee "finca" was the sole guest, other than ourselves, at the hotel. His English was on a par with my Spanish, as each time I left the dining-room he would solemnly bow and say: "Thank you."

Two diminutive Indian maids constituted the hotel's corps of servants. They did everything from scrubbing the wide patio to acting as valets. Felipa was especially active, a slight clasp of your hand bringing an immediate "su comanda," and a lively pitter-patter of bare feet. All this for \$1.25 a month. A tip of 5 cents was looked upon as a healthy fortune, being a peso or dollar to them. Felipa was pretty, too, with jet black hair plaited in two long braids interwoven with bright woolen strings. Even white teeth were exposed in a captivating smile at the slightest provocation. Her attire, though not appropriate from our standard of what a maid should wear, was truly feminine and artistic. A "gullipe" or waist of elaborate and gorgeously colored embroidery was worn with a vari-hued skirt and apron. I admired her large hoop earrings. She shook her head coquettishly and said: "No ora," implying that I would not wear them, as they were not gold.

The various tribes of Indians can be distinguished by their clothing. For example, the Mixco women wear a white mantle over their "guillipes" and a flat folded cloth as a head piece. Bare feet prevail everywhere. Many of the men wear short black skirts, deeply slashed at the sides. Paris, after all, may have an unearned reputation for originating that fashion.

At dinner a large platter filled with meat and several kinds of vegetables was placed before us. Thinking this was the entire meal, we ate heartily. To our surprise we were served three similar courses. The little waitress appeared hurt when we refused the food, so we attempted to try everything. The food was wholesome, though not as thoroughly cooked as we are accustomed to. Butter is never served unless requested; then it is of the canned variety and in a soft condition, as no ice is used. We drank unthinkable quantities of water, which was soft and champagne colored. A lasting impression of this glorious country, however, is soup, thin soup. It was served twice a day and tasted like nothing at all, but you must eat it, in fact you want to. It is offered so gracefully.

The markets are kept by the Indians and are located in two wonderful ruins. There is one church formerly known as the Society of Jesus. The brightly-costumed vendors of vegetables, fruit, hash-like mixtures, beads, leather goods, blankets, etc., squat around on the ground chattering like magpies. Mothers with babes at their breast and others clinging to their skirts, old men with queer wrinkled faces stolidly smoking, younger ones more alert, all ready to sell their wares and interested in us. They seemed to find my divided riding skirt amusing, making no effort to conceal their mirth. All this against a background of crumbling, moss-grown walls of massive structure.

These churches were not ruins of a single building, but of tremendous institutions, where thousands of devotees had dwelt. Did paintings, furniture, even organs, were

carried by Indian-back over the twenty-seven miles of mountain pass to Guatemala and their new home. The only modern thing we saw in our stay was an advertisement painted on a rock calling attention to a certain hotel in Antigua, and stating it was the best in the city. It was much out of place and jarred one's sense of the fitness of things.

We ate all kinds of fruits never seen at home. One an anona or custard apple smells like a combination of pineapple and strawberry, but it caused the only illness of our entire trip.

Two toy horses attached to an inordinate large wagon came to convey us to the "Baños de Cuba," located about three miles out of Antigua, and celebrated for their warmth and medicinal qualities. We were told that separate baths would be provided and that bathing suits were unheard of, so we gaily started forth. We explained to an impressive old Spaniard that we desired two bathrooms. He insisted on our taking one, although there were at least eight and none of them occupied at the time. He said the room he offered was "bueno y bello." We did not doubt his assurance that it was good and fine but we wanted two of the same kind. He was adamant. We wanted our bath. A council was held and it was decided to return to our hotel minus certain undergarments. The charge for this embarrassment was "dos pesos," or 10 cents. "How did he know we were married?" I asked. "He didn't," affirmed my husband.

One day we met an old man sitting in a niche in the embankment. He ran forward and begged us for "un peso." He was carrying what appeared to be a toy gun roughly hewn from wood. Later we met a company of seventy-five men drilling under the leadership of a bright young Spaniard. He told us that a considerable part of the standing army of the country was trained in this way. The old-fashioned Springfield rifles were used, at the time of our visit, in the cities. The niches referred to were found to be storm shelters for the people walking along the road.

Another big treat that awaits the traveler is playing at being a millionaire, unless one already happens to be one. Each time we returned to the hotel it was necessary for us to sort our money into piles of various denominations. One of our dollars was twenty of theirs at that time. The money was chiefly paper and was old and very dirty. Leaving for a shopping expedition our pockets bulged like the average small boy's.

An Indian named "Aga Pite Poy" and facetiously nicknamed Alligator Pear by his friends from the United States, piloted us over the coffee "finca" of which he is overseer. We saw coffee from the time it was planted in all the stages from the beds of small plants, carefully transplanted bushes, to the full grown trees. The bushes were a sheeny dark green, loaded with berries-green, red and scarlet—the latter ready for picking and sale. We were invited to rest and on entering the "casa" my husband removed his hat, but was promptly requested to replace it. Strange custom, wasn't it?

The chief occupation of the Guatemala Indian is working on coffee plantations, although he acts as an efficient baggage and express company, carrying anything anywhere on his strong, brown back. Some of the more prosperous have their own gardens on the mountainside, a few own live stock, perhaps a few sheep or a cow. Lucky, indeed, is the man with a horse. They weave their gay costumes on hand looms. I could not resist an entire outfit. We also purchased a beautiful woolen blanket, steamer-rug size, for \$4.50. The wise traveler invites an experienced person to go along when shopping is involved, for these apparently "simple folk" know a greenhorn when they see one. Almost any price will be asked the stranger. We priced a calabash, in use by an Indian that appeared to be at least a hundred. He named a tremendous figure. We walked away; but his mind was on the alert for he tottered after us and persisted until he sold the gourd for 25 cents, which was a good price. If we had held out he would have given it to us in his anxiety to dispose of his wares. Many miniature combs, carved from wood, were on sale. An Indian maid diligently combing her sister's hair, vigilantly searching the while, solved the problem of their use.

The names of some of the ruins visited may be interesting. There were the "Ruinas de Catedral," "Candelaria," and "San Francisco." Then we went to the church known as "Merced," which is still in use and through dint of much labor and economy

kept in good condition. It is at the side of a small plaza, whose main ornament is a wonderful fountain known as the "Fountain of Neptune," and the sides of which are decorated with skillfully wrought figures of mermaids. A coat of vivid yellow paint clothes the church, but the exquisite facade has been left white and stands out in startling contrast. At "Recollection" we rode through an avenue of trees, Indian huts on either side. Moth-eaten dogs joyously proclaimed our arrival. Here we picked and ate oranges while seated on horseback. The trees were loaded with both green and yellow fruit. The keeper pointed out a large stone carved to form a boat. This in days gone by had furnished the water supply. It was large enough for a swimming pool.

Music lured us to the park on the last night of our stay. We were joined by the United States Consul and his wife (again the Spanish) in our walk. Mrs. Consul expressed curiosity in connection with our dances and we endeavored to interpret one or two for her. The park had been practically empty, but in less time than it takes to tell it, a crowd had collected, small tots were imitating us and "Oh, see the Gringos dance!" was heard on all sides. Just what a Gringo is I never learned, but it isn't complimentary and is their pet name for us.

When the time came to leave, our newfound friends at the hotel gathered to say "good-by." I was kissed on both cheeks by each one—the proprietress was a widow—I can still see them, with the two tiny maids in the background. And so, reluctantly, we left them, left the cloud-hung peaks of Agua—said "good-by" to beautiful Antigua.

Courtship.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY)

underneath a small packet, firmly tied and bearing an inscription in Senator Rathchild's heavy, slanting hand. He uttered a sigh of relief as he buttoned it safely in his inside coat pocket.

"We'll go on to the harbor, tell them what has happened, and wire your father the papers are safe," he told her. "Come, we can do nothing more here."

Silently Marian followed him back to the car waiting in the road.

"This is all very terrible," she said in a low, shaken voice, as she climbed into the auto, "but if the papers and plans had not been recovered—" she paused.

"No one is in a position to know just what might have happened," he replied gravely, "and this has taught me a great lesson. Your father was right. We have active enemies I didn't dream of, and you may tell him tonight that I withdraw my opposition to the appropriation bill."

Marian looked comforted. As the car started forward, she leaned back with a sigh of relief.

"You are going to tell him yourself, for you are going to dine with us this evening, and present father with that packet in your pocket, in exchange for the apology he is going to make you," she said decidedly.

The Points of Our Stars.

The stars on our flag and those on the Great Seal of the United States, as well as those on the seal of the President, are five-pointed. The seal of the House of Representatives, however, shows six-pointed stars; and there are six-pointed stars on the obverse of the half and quarter dollar coins, with five-pointed stars on the reverse. The reverse of these coins is a copy of the Great Seal, with the clouds and the stars omitted. So far as can be ascertained, the six-pointed star is derived from the Colonial coins, which were designed in the manner of English heraldry, which sanctions that star.

The stars on the flag are copied from the Washington coat-of-arms.

The California Hen.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN.)

goods are paid by the merchant for all eggs delivered by his customers. He buys his eggs judging their condition by what he knows of the character of his customers. Sometimes he is fooled, not often. He has not time to handle over eggs thus delivered at the store. His careful handling comes later, or the eggs are turned over to the jobber for his inspection and culling. The jobber exacts a more careful inspection and culling and he pays cash. Before shipping to the city market, the jobber carefully classifies the eggs to obtain the highest market prices and his settlement with the local store keeper is on this classification, unless he buys at his risk, which is usually at a lower price to the merchant. Somewhere between the poultryman and the city market there is the big \$50,000,000 loss in eggs which the government is trying to run down.

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids.
Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Marke Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's \$1 per Bottle. Marke Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Back of the Eye Freshak Druggists or Marke Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



Abdominal Supporters

For Men or Women in both Elastic or Non-Elastic. Ready-made or made to your order. Separate fitting rooms for Men and Women. Lady attendant.

SUN DRUG CO. (Surg. Dept.)
759 South Hill Street

A Washday Hint

Secure a package of Kalomite before another washday rolls around. It absolutely does away with the rubbing of the laundry. Simply soap the soiled clothes with this preparation and it makes them spotlessly clean in a really astonishing manner without any rubbing. Kalomite is absolutely harmless to the hands and clothes. It will not injure the most delicate fabrics, silks, laces, woolens, etc. Kalomite is not sold in stores. 15c to General Supply Co., 205 Hollingsworth Bldg., Los Angeles, will bring to you, by mail prepaid, enough for three washings. Kalomite is positively guaranteed.

LOST SECRET OF MASONRY

who led in Drugless Cure, also led in failure, as like doctors of today they withheld Nature's plain self-care for all sickness or disease and lost the treasure. Send for free trial.

DRUGLESS CURE
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Why Have Piles or Eczema?

'Attig Pile and Eczema Ointment has proved the best by every test. Send for a box today. Price 50c postpaid. Your money back if not satisfied. J. H. Attig, 625 Consolidated Realty Bldg., S. W. Corner 8th and Hill Sts., Los Angeles.

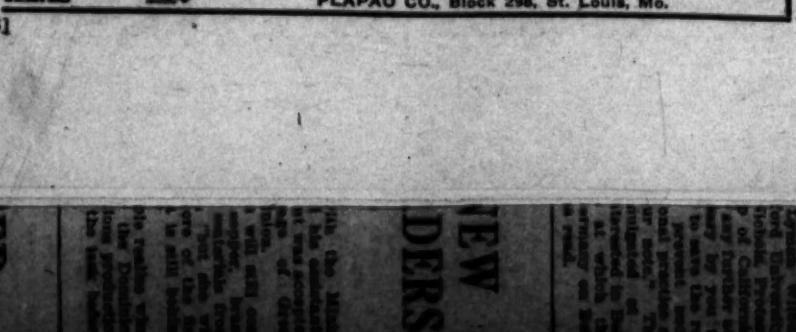
Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is destructive to your health. Why, then, continue to wear it? **FREE PLAPAO-PADS** are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velveteen. Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an office qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Free Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever, nothing to be returned. Write today—N.W. Address PLAPAO CO., Block 298, St. Louis, Mo.



BRINGING BACK BELIEGERT YOUTH.



YOUR Eagle on a recent occasion showed you his love for the nursery lines contained in "Mother Goose" and his understanding of the profound wisdom contained in these jingling rhymes. He mentioned also a modern "Mother Goose" written about fifty years ago known as "Mother Goose for Grown Folks."

He has a little jingling rhyme himself this morning, a parody on "Mother Goose." It relates to the beautiful legend of Cock Robin, and runs thus:

Who killed Cock Robin?
"Not I," said Gov. Johnson,
With treason a penchant,
"I did not kill Cock Robin."

The Eagle has held off from this scream this morning until after the dust of battle had settled so that we could open our eyes clearly and until the smoke had lifted from the political battlefield so that we could see things clearly.

In spite of this denial of the Governor, he may be said to be held generally responsible for killing Cock Robin Hughes, the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Indeed there are not a few of us who are firmly convinced that the Savior of mankind with whose blood the crimson breast of the robin is dyed might say of this tragedy of the political world of today that the Republican candidate, like himself, had been wounded in the house of his friends, that his own familiar friend whom he trusted, who also did eat bread with him, had lifted up his heel against him.

Of course this is all politically speaking, for Gov. Johnson has not been for years a

friend of anybody or anything that had the Republicans turned on him or it.

Of course your Eagle knows, brethren, that it is a human frailty to put the blame of anything that happens to us on somebody else. It is a matter often of human strength and courage to stand up in court and plead not guilty. Whether it is strength or weakness, it is a trait of human character that has existed since Adam and Eve in the garden ate that fatal apple, and the man put it on the woman and the woman on the snake. We only cry, "Mea culpa, mea magna culpa," as we beat our breasts in a general way. When it comes to a specific acknowledgment of guilt we generally plead not guilty and challenge the other side to prove its assertion. This ancient trait of humanity acquired from its forefather Adam still persists in the race down to the bloodthirsty thugs composing the labor union gangs, some of whom blew up buildings and destroyed life recently in America, who are now coddled and made much of by the Governor of the State of California and who helped him betray the cause of the Republican party in the recent election.

Standing like old Adam, the first and arch sinner of humanity, before an indignant and irritated nation in America, the Governor tries to find somebody else on whom to throw the blame of his perfidy. Your Eagle, brethren, has quoted the Scriptures about the animal who lifted his heel against his master and friend. The Governor shows himself a direct descendant of this animal so handy with his heels in trying to pick out some one on whom to throw the blame of his own perfidious act. Figuratively speaking, he mounts the dome of the Capitol at Sacramento and shrieks to all the world: "Gen. Harrison Gray Otis and his paper, the Los Angeles Times, were the influences that killed Cock Robin."

Nobody but a consummate donkey would throw the blame of the recent betrayal of the Republican party in California on the shoulders of Gen. Otis, or lay it at the door of his newspaper. It is taken by many as tantamount to a confession of guilt on the part of Gov. Johnson when he selects Gen. Otis and his paper as the scapegoat for his own sins. Your Eagle

has waited, as stated above, until the dust of battle had settled and the smoke of battle had lifted in order that we might open our eyes and have a clear vision of what took place on the 7th of November, 1916, in the Presidential election of California.

It would be attributing too much power to Gen. Otis and to his newspaper to attribute to him the result of the balloting in California in the event referred to. At the primary election in August the Republican majority was something huge. When the election took place the majority enrolled in the State for the Republican ticket was something colossal. When, after the balloting had been completed on the 7th of November, the votes were counted it was found that the Republican ticket had gone down to defeat and the Democratic ticket was triumphant, while Gov. Johnson came out successful with a marvelous majority.

Let us see the real facts in the case. The Times is published in Los Angeles, away in the lower end of the State where Gen. Otis lives. The paper has been staunchly Republican ever since it was first established, about thirty-five years ago. It was as true to the Republican party in the recent election as the hand of the compass is to the North Pole. Naturally Los Angeles city contains a great number of Times subscribers. Next come the county in this circulation of The Times, then all Southern California, with a large, but less, circulation in other parts of the State.

Now Los Angeles city is a great industrial center, with thousands of railroad men and other laboring classes in it whose leaning to the Democratic party is well known. There are also a multitude of women voters in Los Angeles city, and many of these are known to have voted for President Wilson on the sentimental but false issue that he kept us out of war. Yet in spite of these powerful influences for President Wilson the city of Los Angeles rolled up a tremendous majority for the Republican candidate. The same is true of the county of Los Angeles, and of nearly every county in Southern California. Wherever The Times is most read, there were found the most votes for the Republican ticket, and so far

as newspapers are concerned. The Times was the only influence in existence to bring this about. The Progressive papers in the city were as lukewarm as the Governor himself in their advocacy of the election of Mr. Hughes, and played as soft a pedal on President Wilson as the Governor himself did. Indeed, in the State of California The Times was the one and only newspaper of any large circulation and of any paramount influence that stood loyal and true to the Republican party, with the exception of the San Francisco Chronicle.

In contradistinction to this fact that the nearer you get to Gen. Otis' home and the home of his newspaper the larger its Republican vote, stands the counter fact that the nearer you get to Gov. Johnson the smaller was the Republican vote, until you get right around the Capitol at Sacramento, where votes for President Wilson fell thick as leaves on Vallombrosa's stream. With Gov. Johnson stood every noted Progressive politician in the State, with scarcely a word of commendation for the Republican candidate and a few words of condemnation for the Democratic standard-bearer.

There are the absolute facts, brethren, unquestionable, irrefutable, irrefragable, which point an index finger as long as a telegraph pole straight to the Governor of the State, and swinging round the State point right to the eye of every friend of the Governor, of every appointee under the Governor, of every important Progressive in the State, who were either silent as to the merits of the Republican candidate and as silent about the faults of the Democratic candidate, or openly and vehemently condemning Mr. Hughes and the Republican party behind him and pleading loudly the merits of the Democratic President.

There is the case summed up, demonstration made, and your Eagle thinks in mathematical terms he may write after this exhibit, Q.E.D., and call confidently for a verdict from the jury, the American people.

Yours for truth and Republicanism,

The Eagle

THE LANCER

ART, music and the higher drama certainly have one of the best advertising mediums in the women's clubs. Never a speaker on any of these subjects who does not make an impassioned appeal to the audience to support her pet culture. Not so much an appeal as an admonition; the ladies are generally warned that it is their solemn duty to lend this and that their strong patronage.

And even the most politically inclined of the clubs take the admonition to heart and sit through "musical programmes," "art interpretations," and "The World's Great Drama" lectures. What women will do in the cause of duty is highly commendable, and often surprising. To my mind music and art are very much like love-making, one has to feel in the mood for 'em, apt to be distinctly flat when turned on to order. A bit of a nuisance in the wrong time at the wrong place with the wrong persons for company. A classical musical in the morning always seems to me about as appetizing as a ten course banquet at 10 o'clock a.m.

And it doesn't matter how stodgy the speakers are, the ladies all listen with polite and convincing attention. Take Richard Ordynski on "Little Theater" aspirations, for instance. He is a fine producer but a dubious speaker. Ostensibly discussing the "World's Great Dramas," he was actually, in complicated English, chiding the club for its lack of support of his particular world's great dramas, and trusting they intended to do better after he had pointed out their obvious duty.

In appearance Richard is so amazingly like a darling rubber doll of my childhood's affections, from which I refused to be parted even in sleep. I am sure if I met Richard somewhere about bath time, I should feel impelled to clutch him fondly to my breast and see if he would float in the bath-tub. This must seem like sacrilege in a gentleman who represents the world's great drama in our midst, but actually it is the basis of my most tender regard for him. But I have evidently outgrown my longing for his perpetual presence.

But it is thanks to this amiable quality of endurance in the women's clubs that the Players' Producing Company is able to assert that "Our future lies in California." It is disconcerting to recall that a Chicago newspaper—Chicago, the birthplace of the Players' Producing Company—recently declared California to be "the boob State." That is all the reward we get for our noble uplift resignation, our amazing self-denial and endurance, the fearless persistence of our women to advance the cause of culture or be bored to death in the attempt. But virtue must ever be its own reward. We have Richard and they have not.

* * *

Really Funny.

And while on the subject of the clubs, it is noteworthy that Mr. Wagner was able to put over a shocking heresy at Hollywood recently. Dared to declare that American comic artists were not comic, that European humor, the existence of which we like to repudiate, was really much funnier. American comic art, he said, lacked subtlety, and in its frantic efforts to be appreciated it catered to the lowest form of intelligence.

This was the most unkindest cut of all. But actually, though we feel we are risking our intellectual reputation to confess it, the American comic supplement is quite as funny as the appalling collection of "funny" papers issued by, say, Lord Northcliffe. Notwithstanding his more enlightened audience, you would be amazed at the amount of "lowest form of intelligence" the gentleman finds it profitable to cater for. And Lord Northcliffe does not publish them as mere supplements, given away free with the Sunday paper, but makes separate chairs to enable him to turn round without getting up. He installs a foot-bell beneath

from a cent up. His English "comic cuts" is one of the dreariest publications you ever struck, yet it claims a circulation of half a million. And he has ten other similar publications, all profitable.

Take us all in all, we would appear to be quite as bright as the British. Or, take "La Vie Parisienne," the leading funny paper in Paris. It is merely smutty. True the smut is sometimes subtle, but mostly it isn't. But with all our lowest form of intelligence, it would be difficult for "La Vie Parisienne" to get a circulation in this country. We would seem to be at least discriminating in our lowness. But the ladies of Hollywood, who were not as well acquainted with European comic art as they would wish to seem, made no demur, but applauded Mr. Wagner with fulsome appreciation. That is one real advantage of discussing a subject upon which one's audience is happily uninformed.

* * *

Efficiency.

I think the first efficiency expert must have been a very lazy man. We have an efficiency expert in our household, a small boy of 7 who has got it down to a fine art. He holds stern and forceful views as to just how many of the buttons of his undershirt should be unfastened at night. He is a stickler for the irreducible minimum that will allow of his tortuous egress. This, that he may have less to do up in the morning.

And I once had an office boy who rigged up the most ingenious arrangements for sliding my letters in to me on a miniature trolley line to obviate the necessity for his getting up to bring them to me. J. M. Barrie describes an advanced form of efficiency in his "My Lady Nicotine" wherein the efficient smoker so arranges things that he can strike a match without moving his arm above the elbow and various other equally labor-saving devices.

We like to think of the efficiency expert as a regular devil for work. But actually, of course, we all know that it is the lazy man who takes the most pains. Your amateur efficiency expert is a clever deviser of things to enable him to do less work. He will leave his suspenders fastened on his pants to avoid early morning labor. He adores swivel chairs to enable him to turn round without getting up. He installs a foot-bell beneath

the dining-room table that he may summon the maid without unduly exerting his wrist by wiggling a hand-bell. He has his office telephone on a swivel to avoid unnecessary exercise. And then he goes in strenuously for "reducing" and bemoans the fact that he is getting fat. Having reduced his natural daily exercises to a minimum, he gives up weeks a year to artificial exercises that cost a lot more and are much more irksome.

It is pathetic that really efficient people are rarely lovable. We respect 'em but we don't love 'em. I know three lovable spinsters who never by any chance do a thing right, can't even sew a button on opposite a buttonhole, who never caught a train in their life unless they sat up all night to do it, who, if they have designed to serve dinner at 6:30 o'clock p.m., are likely to serve it at 5 p.m. or 8 p.m.; but 6:30—never.

And I know sternly efficient dames who never make mistakes, who are absolutely and desperately reliable, whom I love to hold up as an example to my dear spinsters, but whom I would as soon waste affection upon as a cash register.

The thing that has made Leon Wilson's "Ma Pettigill" heroine famous is her unique combination of efficiency and loveliness. But he had to make her gloriously vulgar to achieve it—and an engaging vulgarity covers a multitude of sins.

* * *

Trench Literature.

With all the European newspapers printing columns of "letters from the trenches," one can imagine that every soldier feels that he must write home to mother with a view to publication. And with the censor so alertly on the job, he would be a rash young man who really spoke his mind. These letters are always published under a caption which calls attention to their unaffected humanness, but as a matter of fact every soldier must be imbued with literary ambitions under such violent encouragement. We have only to think how differently we ourselves should word our letters to mother or Sister Sue if we were pretty well assured they were going to appear in print. The mamma who gets a real homely, unaffected letter from her soldier son these days must be rather unique. It isn't in the nature of things.

The market price of cereals like a white powder readily soluble in water.

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

Salad Dressings That Are "Different."

[Eliza Anna Locke:] Besides the regular mayonnaise and French dressings, it is nice to have something of a variety to choose from for a change. Also, the ingredients called for in some recipes may not always be at hand with everyone, and one calling for slightly different materials may be more available. The cooked dressings that will keep for some time are a great convenience.

Dressing for Cold Slaw.—To the yolks of three eggs add one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of pepper, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and beat thoroughly. Add one-third cupful of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of butter, and cook over hot water until slightly thickened. Set aside to become cold before using.

Quick Sour Cream Dressing.—To one cupful of fresh sour cream add one teaspoonful each of salt, sugar and mustard, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Beat thoroughly and set it in the ice box for two hours before using.

German Dressing.—Beat one-half cupful of thick cream until stiff, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, slowly, beating all the time. This is nice for fruit and other salads.

Mollie Christian's Salad Dressing.—Whip the yolks of two eggs until very stiff, add slowly two scant tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and slowly adding two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, while whipping. Place on ice. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, then whip in one and one-half to two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and one cupful of whipped cream. Place this on ice until just before serving, then whip it into the yolk mixture.

Hygeia Salad Dressing.—To four or five tablespoonfuls of olive oil add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one of sugar, and a pinch of salt, and mix very thoroughly.

Cream Mayonnaise.—Add whipped cream to mayonnaise dressing just before serving. The proportions need not be exact, a little more or less cream may be used as convenient.

Cooked Mayonnaise.—Beat four eggs until very light, add one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful each of salt, ground mustard, and celery seed, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, one-half cupful of granulated sugar, one-third cupful of melted butter, and one cupful of boiling vinegar. Put into a double boiler, or set in a kettle of boiling water, and cook until it is thick.

Eggless Mayonnaise.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of corn starch, one teaspoonful of salt, scant, one of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of butter, six of milk, then add one-half cupful of vinegar mixed with one-half cupful of boiling water. Cool until thick.

Another Eggless Salad Dressing.—Mix one tablespoonful ground mustard with one-half cupful of sugar, add butter the size of an egg, one cupful of vinegar, and salt and pepper, to taste. Boil all together. A cupful of cream may be added, if liked, after it is removed from the fire.

Boiled Salad Dressing.—In a double boiler put one-half cupful of butter, stir in one tablespoonful of flour, blending smoothly, then add half a can of unsweetened condensed milk, and stir until it thickens. Moisten one tablespoonful of dry mustard with vinegar and rub to a smooth paste. Add two well beaten eggs, and stir all into the milk mixture, stirring until thick. Then thin with one-half cupful of vinegar added slowly, salt to taste, and beat in very gradually two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. This dressing will keep in the ice box for a long time.

Delicious Salad Cream.—Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one of flour and stir until smooth, add one cupful of cream (either sweet or sour,) and let it boil up, then place sauce pan in hot water. Beat together three egg yolks, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of salt and dry mustard, and add one-half cupful of vinegar, stir all into the other mixture and cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. Put into wide mouthed jars with tight covers, and it will keep for weeks, ready for use at any time. If too thick it can be thinned with either cream or vinegar, when used.

Dressing for Fruit Salad.—Stir two tablespoonfuls of flour into two of hot butter of a department he or she should be held until smooth, add one-half cupful of orange juice to taste, then stir in the fruit.

juice, one-fourth cupful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of sugar, and cook all together until the flour is well cooked. Delicious on a salad of apples, peanuts and bananas.

Grape-Juice Dressing.—A delicious dressing for fruit salads is made with grape juice. Beat two eggs very light, add a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a small cupful of grape juice, and cook until thick. When cooled, beat with an egg beater until very smooth. It may be mixed with whipped cream if liked.

Swiss Salad Dressing.—Put two ounces of cheese in a mortar or heavy bowl and pound to a paste with a tablespoonful of vinegar, add salt and pepper to suit the taste, and very gradually dilute it with salad oil to the desired consistency.

Curry Dressing.—This recipe makes one quart of dressing. On a cold soup plate place one level teaspoonful of curry powder, one-half teaspoonful of best French mustard, a scant saltspoonful of English ground mustard, same of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of finely chopped fresh parsley, one-half teaspoonful of finely chopped chives, two small finely chopped shallots, one-quarter of a clove of garlic, crushed, four teaspoonfuls of salt, one scant teaspoonful of white pepper, the finely chopped rind of a quarter of a lemon, mix all together with a fork, then add one tablespoonful of cold olive oil, and with the fork sharply mash the whole until almost to a pulp, then gradually add four tablespoonfuls of good white wine vinegar, briskly mix again and put the whole into a bowl, add oil and vinegar (two-thirds oil to one-third vinegar) enough to make up one quart in all. Thoroughly mix again, and press through a strainer into a glass or stone jar, cover, and keep in a cold place to use as required. Always shake sharply before using.

LITTLE HOME ECONOMIES.

Filter Used Gasoline.

[Modern Priscilla:] Because gasoline is so high one wants to save it in every way possible. To prevent waste of gasoline when cleaning garments or other household articles, do not throw the gasoline away. Before you start cleaning get several sheets of filter paper from your druggist. Ask him to show you how to make a funnel; then, when you have finished cleaning, pour the used gasoline through this paper and it will be as free from foreign particles as before used. You will have less in quantity but the same in quality.

Good Margarine and Fresh Butter.

A great saving may be effected by mixing equal quantities of good margarine and fresh butter. The mixture tastes quite as well as fresh butter.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

Co-operation in the Kitchen.

[New York Evening Telegram:] A great mistake made by many helpers, and one which is the cause of much friction, is the attitude that the culinary department belongs to them alone, and that any interest as to its workings displayed by the mistress is a form of invasion to be resented with sullen looks and scowls. This is a ridiculous assumption on the part of any maid and one sure to be resented by any housekeeper of pride.

"My cook simply won't allow me in the kitchen," one woman confided to another the other day. "She gets so grumpy when I appear I feel as though I were treading on her toes, and because she knows how to cook well I put up with it and let her run the kitchen as she likes."

Cook's Department Not Exclusive.

While the cook has undoubtedly certain rights in her own domain which no mistress with common sense disregards, still, after all, the woman who holds in her hands the domestic reins is the head of the household and the maid in the kitchen is only her helper. How long would a business last in which the president of a company did not dare to call in his subordinates and ask for an accounting? To be sure, in the home as in a business, once a person is put in charge of a department he or she should be held responsible for it and not interfered with.

In regard to small particulars. But frequent consultations are necessary between the business man and his subordinates, as it is also between the mistress and the maid.

Any suggestions from the housewife should be received cordially, not in a hostile spirit, and acted upon, unless the maid can prove to her mistress that her way is the better. A spirit of co-operation must exist between the two if they are to make their relationship a pleasant one.

THE WINDOW SHADES.

Short-stopping the Shade.

[Good Housekeeping:] It frequently occurs in adjusting spring roller curtains that the cord slips through the hands, and the curtain not only winds up to the top but continues until the spring has spent its force, and the curtain and cord are rolled up out of reach. It is then necessary to use a chair or stepladder to readjust it. All this trouble and annoyance can be avoided if a small hollow rubber ball is obtained, and holes punched through it so it may be threaded on the curtain string, and tied close to the stick. Should the curtain slip away with this attachment, the ball will jam up against the window frame, preventing further winding up.

The Keyhole to the Rescue.

When you look around the room and wonder how you can wind the curtain spring perfectly tight for once without taking the ends of your fingers off and then having it slip undone, just notice how nicely it will fit in the keyhole. Be careful not to wind it too tight and break the spring.

TO CLEAN METAL.

Brass Fenders.

[Pittsburgh Gazette:] Brass fenders, fire implements, or other such ornaments rarely need drastic treatment unless carelessly treated or long neglected. A brisk fibrubbing up each morning will keep them in splendid condition. Use a clean piece of soft chamois leather and a few drops of sweet oil. Should the metal have been neglected, make up a soft paste of unslacked lime—see that it is quite gritless—and sweet oil. Spread this damp paste over each particle, and allow it to remain so until all are done. Then begin with a soft piece of chamois, rub briskly with pressure until dry, and a brilliant polish comes. Tarnish and bad stains will be quickly removed by using a piece of cut lemon. When the stains are gone polish the metal immediately.

Front Door Bell.

In cleaning the front door bell, etc., a dirty, objectionable mark is often left on the woodwork. This can be easily removed by rubbing with a piece of flannel that has been dipped in a little paraffin oil.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Keep Coffee Pot Clean.

[New York Evening Journal:] To keep the coffee pot sweet and clean, put a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda into it, fill it nearly full of water, and let it boil for a little while. Then rinse thoroughly with several lots of warm water. If this is done once a week, the pot will always be fresh and nice.

Use for Worn-out Broom.

When a long-handled broom is worn out, instead of throwing it away, tie a piece of felt or flannel around the head and make a floor-polisher. It will make work much easier, and keep linoleum in good condition. Footmarks can be rubbed off at any time without stooping.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Philadelphia Press:] To induce a canary to take a bath sprinkle a few seeds upon the water. This added attraction will make the bath become a habit with the little fellow.

To keep flowers fresh, place a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the water before putting them into a vase.

To make glassware clear and sparkling, add a little washing blue to the soapsuds when washing.

If ink is spilled on the carpet or table

cover it immediately with salt. Renew the salt as it absorbs the ink.

Powdered alum added to ordinary stove blacking adds to its brilliancy.

Oxalic acid and javelle water are excellent for removing ink stains.

New tinware will never rust if greased with a little fresh lard and baked in the oven before it is used.

HEARTSEASE.

The Genius of Giving.

[A Contributor:] Not long ago a woman promised me some wearing apparel for a certain poor family. When the box arrived, I found every article pressed, cleaned, and mended. I remarked upon this, and she replied, "I always send the things in first-class condition; otherwise it's only a relief to get old clothes out of the way, but if one mends, cleans and presses them, then I consider them a real gift."

The Sympathetic Heart.

I would not enter on my list of friends (Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility,) the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—[William Cowper.]

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President Wilson has a solid a position of strength or weakness, it is a result of human to Gen. Qua and to his newspaper to it. Times was the one and only newspaper of strength and courage to stand up in front of the battle line to tell the truth of the situation and power did. Indeed, in the State of California the body else, it is matter of fact that the President had a clear vision of the 7th of November, Mr. Hughes, and played a part in the election of Mr. Hughes, and the election of the Governor of California.



[Saturday]

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Dec. 6, 1916.

BRINGING BACK BELLIGERENT YOUTH.

Work of the Department of State. By a Special Contributor.

"HERE'S an unusual one," remarked Miss Frances Marsh.

"They're all unusual," observed Frank N. Bauskett.

"But this one is unusually so," persisted Miss Marsh. "It is from the mother, of course. Her 14-year-old boy has joined the Canadian forces and begun his training for the campaign in France. We'll have to get him out."

Mr. Bauskett agreed. And they—with the aid of various forces and influences—eventually got the hopeful trooper released, for that is their every-day business.

There are so many cases of young men under age who have joined the fighting forces against the wishes of their parents, that a special division to handle the work has been created in the diplomatic bureau of the Department of State. Mr. Bauskett and Miss Marsh are the staff of the new division, under the direction of Sidney Y. Smith, chief of the bureau.

The case of the militant 14-year-old is one of the more striking incidents that have come to their notice. This youngster fired his imagination by reading stories of poison gas, bayonet charges and the tossing of hand grenades. He decided to have a try at the war game on his own account. He figured that he would be especially good with the grenades because he was pitcher on his baseball team. Accordingly he slipped across the Canadian line, applied to a recruiting office and was accepted by the officer in charge.

In spite of his youth, the boy passed the physical examination and was booked for service. He was not to go as a drummer boy, mind you—he was taken on as an infantry recruit with the understanding that he was to tote the regulation rifle and carry on his shoulder the small department store which the soldier calls his kit. With his uniform on his back and his dream of battle in his eyes, the happy youngster wrote the great news home.

As is usually the case, the mother did not share in her son's ardent desire to die for some other country. She wrote a tearful and insistent letter to the Department of State.

"He is but 14 years old," she said, "and he's the only boy I've got. If it were a case of giving him for my own country, I would not say a word. But I do not want to lose my boy through any foolish desire of his to see the world and the excitement of war. He is but a child—and I still think of him as a baby. I inclose his birth certificate and a picture of him that was taken but a month before he left home."

The picture showed a serious-faced boy—in knickers!

As soon as the facts were submitted to the Canadian War Office the king lost an ambitious Tommy. The boy was at once released. Since then there has been another boy of the same age who succeeded in getting into the Canadian recruits and who had to be yanked out again by the long arm of Washington officialdom.

These two so far represent the farthest north in martial juvenility. But there was the more recent case of a Bostonian 16 years old who had to be forcefully divorced from his dreams of blood and glory by the busy bureau in the Department of State.

The total of these belligerent youths is startling. A four-story cabinet in Mr. Bauskett's office is stuffed tightly with correspondence on these matters. In this cabinet the investigations concerning 3000 enlisted boys are filed. And these are only the cases that have not yet been settled. There are as many others that have ended with the discharge of the disgusted young warriors. Inquiries pour in at the rate of fifty a day.

There is an indication in these figures of the horde of Americans who have joined the fighting forces in one capacity or another. These 6000 are all boys under age. They probably represent but a small percentage of the Americans old enough to go to war and get shot if they feel that by so doing they are satisfying their consciences or curiosity thereby.

Up to six months ago there was no difficulty about obtaining the release of youngsters under 21 by the British war authorities at London. There are no grounds on which the American government can demand the



Frank N. Bauskett (left) and Sidney Y. Smith (right) chief of diplomatic bureau.

discharge of these boys. Discharges were granted by the British purely as a courtesy to the United States authorities.

But recently there has been less sentiment in the matter. Now only boys under 18 are turned out by the War Office. If the boy's parents can prove that he is less than 18 it is comparatively easy for the State Department to secure his release.

"If he is 18 or more," observes Mr. Bauskett, "the present chances are that he will have to stay where he is and fight for the allies. It is less difficult to secure the release of boys from the Canadian force."

In discussing this matter Mr. Bauskett points to section 2 of the act of Congress of March 2, 1907, in reference to the expatriation of citizens and their protection abroad.

It says "that any American citizen shall be deemed to have expatriated himself when . . . he has taken an oath of allegiance to any foreign state." And oaths of allegiance are required by the British authorities before any one can join their forces.

Another source of work and worry to the State Department's new division are the boys who go across the Atlantic as valets for war-bound horses. When they get to Liverpool they are certain to feel the effect of the strange psychological wave that grips every traveler in the danger zone.

Mothers whose sons have "joined up" do not stop at writing the State Department themselves. They immediately enlist the aid of their Representative and both Senators from their State. Often, also, they get the whole congressional delegation of their district into line. This means that each lawmaker, alive to the requirements of his voters, sits down and dictates letter to the department impressing on it all the logical and sentimental reasons why the government should bring to bear every possible pressure for the release of the budding Napoleon.

In many cases the letters come without money inclosures, and the State Department has no fund to apply in this direction. To make some of the more important requirements clear, forms are sent out setting forth what is necessary.

The circular states that on the presentation of satisfactory proof, through the American Consulate-General at London, the British War Department will release any American citizen who was a minor at the time when he enlisted. He will be discharged without pay at the place where he happens to be when the discharge takes effect, if the request is presented to the proper authorities during the minority of the boy. Here are some of the facts that must be set forth and verified by oath or affirmation of one of the parents or guardian:

The boy's name, the branch of the service in which he enlisted, the date of enlistment and the place where he was last heard from.

The age and citizenship of the boy, with a certified copy of his birth record where such exist.

The citizenship of the minor's father.

It is made clear that as the State Depart-

ment has no appropriation for these youngsters' transportation a sum of money not less than \$45 must be furnished for bringing each boy from the place of his discharge. Since the discharged trooper is not allowed to wear the British uniform, parents are advised that it is a good plan to forward \$25 in addition so that the youth can buy necessary clothes and sustain himself until he gets home. If the boy is in England the money should be sent in the form of a draft on London payable to the order of the American Consul-General there. If he is in Canada the draft should be made payable to the American Consul-General at Ottawa.

The letters received inquiring for boys who have "joined up" are eloquent and often illiterate compositions of love and fears. Most of them are from mothers who are willing to do anything to prove that their sons are too young to belong to any army. In the files of the department are clips full of correspondence that include pages ripped from the family Bible, showing the entry made at the birth of the boy who is under international discussion. Many ludicrous stories have come before this interesting bureau. One of them is the case of Willie:

Willie is 17—going on 18. He disappeared from his home in Akron and the next his father heard of him was a letter mailed in Toronto. Willie set forth gleefully that he had joined a highland regiment and that he was at the time of writing dogged out in a pleated plaid skirt and bare knees.

The father sat down at once and took it up with the State Department. After the usual formalities the release of Willie was conceded by the courteous Canadians. But Willie had known what it was to feel like a soldier and he was not going to give up his uniform without a fight.

Three weeks later another letter came from the agitated father.

"Willie has enlisted again," it said. "He took still another name and was taken into another regiment."

Again the forces of the State Department were set in action and Willie was once more released. The two workers in the bureau imagined that they had heard the last from the boy and dismissed his case in the press of the others. The rest was brief. After a month there was yet another letter from Willie's father.

"That boy of mine"—a tone of exasperation was plainly evident in the pages—"has taken a third name and has joined a battery of Canadian field artillery. Will you please see if you can get him discharged again?"

The department for the third time secured Willie's release. So far as they know now, Willie is at home in the bosom of his family—but, being familiar with Willie, they will not venture a definite statement on the subject. They hope that the boy has at last become discouraged and decided to wait for his eighteenth birthday.

Not all the boys whose release is asked of the State Department are under 21. A worried mother in Kansas wrote to Washington recently asking about what was necessary to get her son out of the British army.

The communication lacked details, and she was asked for proofs that her son was under the age required. The mother wrote back:

"My boy isn't under age. In fact, he is 44 years old. But I don't want to have him killed, so I thought you would send him back to me."

It was explained to her that the United States would have no grounds for asking the release of a man of his age.

One of the strangest cases the bureau has seen is known as The Deserter. This man was a Briton by birth and of legal age. Before the war he was in the United States and while here joined the American army. When the European war broke out, the fires of his old allegiance flamed in this man's breast. He deserted from his regiment, crossed to England and joined the British forces. For some reason he didn't like the realities of war as much as he expected, and the result was a letter to the State Department.

"I write," said he, "to see if you can't get me released from the British army. I deserted from the American army. Therefore you should be able to secure my discharge and return to the States to take the consequences."

Of course, nothing could be done for him.

Another case of special interest was that of a minor who was in Australia when the war broke out. He caught the fever and volunteered for the Anzac forces. When the father, out in Ohio, heard of it, he got in touch with the State Department, and started immediately for Melbourne. The Australian authorities agreed to discharge the youngster. But—

"This boy of yours," they said to the old gentleman, "has had several months' training here. We figure that this training cost the colony \$150. It has been entirely wasted, and we think that it would be only right for you to pay our government \$150 in compensation."

The father paid. He brought his son home after a trip that took five months in time and over a thousand dollars in money.

Sometimes the investigations of the bureau are brought to an abrupt and tragic end. Three cases have been ended with the terse communication from the British War Office:

"Private — has been killed in action."

A Slippery Story.

Sea captains have many adventures, and the stories of their wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates cruised up and down the English Channel, to the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Capt. Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland with a cargo consisting mainly of butter.

He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen coming down upon him. In vain all sails were spread; every moment brought the pirate nearer.

The men were at their wit's end, but the captain knew a trick or two. He ordered his men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on deck.

In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck and outside the ship. Not a rope nor a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could scarcely keep on their legs.

On came the pirate, not dreaming how smoothly he was to be received. Capt. Davis assumed an air of submission, and allowed the enemy to come alongside quietly.

But when they jumped over, fully armed, with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over one another on the buttered deck like so many rats.

One fellow shot head foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately set upon by the boy; another slid across the deck, and shot out into the sea by an opposite porthole.

Not one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the devil. They hurried back into their own vessel, cast loose, and Capt. Davis got safely into port at the expense of a few pounds of butter.

HOME, SWEET HOME, BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

Vol. 9, No. 1.

Saturday.

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Clergyman's Sore Throat.

IT HAS been observed for many years that clergymen are subject to a peculiar type of sore throat, while lawyers, who use their vocal organs quite as freely, seldom suffer from this affliction. The fact that throats used for pouring out Gospel truths should be harassed, while those used essentially for harassing should escape unscathed, strikes the orthodox thinker as incongruous. Some have ascribed it to the difference in physical fiber between ministers and attorneys, the lawyer's muscles, like his utterances, being somewhat tougher and more elastic.

Dr. George Steele-Perkins of London, however, offers a very different explanation. He attributes the clergyman's difficulty to his posture while speaking. "On thinking over the matter," he says, "the only difference the writer could perceive between a clergyman's and a lawyer's speaking was that the clergyman spoke down to his congregation and a lawyer spoke up to the judge, the former thus pressing on his larynx and causing congestion, whereas the lawyer had his larynx and throat in a normal position, or rather in a hypnormal position. From that time on I have always advised such patients to speak looking up at their audience and never down."

In all cases observed by the doctor, this treatment has proved successful. Which suggests that if the auditorium of churches were arranged as amphitheaters, rather than with raised pulpits, there might be less wear and tear on the vocal organs of the pastors.

Luxury of Modern Breakfast Foods.

There is a popular impression that the modern breakfast food is a cheap article of diet. This impression has been aided, and perhaps abetted, by the quantity and color of the printer's ink that is now measured in acres for the purpose of attracting our attention to these foods. Yet it appears from investigations just completed by the government chemists at the South Dakota Experiment Station, that these breakfast foods form "one noteworthy item in the high cost of living."

The government investigators had three objects in view in making their analyses: (1) to detect fraud; (2) to determine actual nutritive value; and (3) to find the comparative cost to the consumer.

It may be stated at once that no frauds were detected. And in justice to the manufacturers it should be stated also that all the popular brands on the market are highly nutritious. But, apparently, they are neither more nor less so than the older forms, which are now almost obsolete, and their cost is very, very much greater.

"There is, of course, no novelty in cereals as a regular component of the dietary of man; they have been used from time immemorial," says the Journal of the American Medical Association. "Wheat, corn, rye, oats, rice and barley have furnished liberal sources of nutriment to all the peoples of the earth; but as Mendel has remarked, 'the ready-to-eat 'breakfast foods' in highly advertised, neat and attractive packages have replaced the less expensive cereals long sold in bulk."

"The change is not merely one of the container or package; the contents no longer are the same. Oatmeal, for example, has lost some of its former popularity through the inroads of cornflakes and wheat foods. Except from the standpoint of extreme economy, however, the innovations have as a rule been wholesome and usually in the interest of food hygiene. The purity of the products has not infrequently surpassed the honesty of the advertisement."

Comparative Food Values.

"The nutritive value of these cereal preparations, estimated from their content of true nutrients per pound, does not vary materially. All of them must be regarded as wholesome and nutritious. They are sold in sealed packages which reach the consumer under sanitary conditions. Buying in bulk seems to have gone out of fashion, so as to speak. The reason lies in the fact that consumers demand package service at a much greater cost."

"The most striking difference between

the marketed package cereals lies in their price estimated on the basis of nutrient units. It varied, according to the report of the South Dakota Station, all the way from 7 cent to 44 cents per pound. The cost of 1000 calories in these breakfast foods is from 4 to 25.4 cents, while the cost of a pound of protein runs from 45 cents to \$4.60. In the case of the common, old-fashioned food preparations from grains, the following data represent comparable costs:

	1000 Calories.	One Pound Protein.
	Cents.	Cents.
Wheat flour	2	22
Oatmeal	1.2	44
Cornmeal	1	22
Rye flour	2	47
Rice grains	4	75

These figures, cited from the South Dakota report, show at a glance that the manufacture of these grains into breakfast foods has increased the cost enormously without adding anything to their nutritive value.

The average cost of the raw breakfast foods now on the market is about 8 cents a pound; of the ready-to-serve, about 16 cents. The price of these products has advanced about 33 per cent during the last fifteen years. The South Dakota report ventures the statement that whatever is paid above the average cost of those now obtainable is unwarranted. The ready-to-serve kinds save the trouble of cooking, and often appeal in a special way to the taste. But we must agree with the State chemist that none of the breakfast foods are strictly economical. Their chief claim for popularity is in their package form."

Average Length of Human Life.

The average length of human life has been gradually increasing in all civilized countries since the Dark Ages, particularly during the last century. Undoubtedly this is due in large measure to better sanitation and hygiene rather than to any increase in man's resistance to disease. But a study of the available data about longevity suggests that certain races are naturally longer lived than others even when susceptibility to disease and hygienic conditions are practically identical.

Thus it appears that the average length of life in New England is practically the same as the average longevity in old England, the average span for men in both countries being 44.1 years, and for women, 46.6 in New England and 47.7 in Great Britain. In Prussia, the average length of life is considerably less, being 41.0 for males and 44.5 for females; while in France the average length of life for men is 45.7, for women, 49.1. Yet Prussia is credited with being considerably in advance of all European countries in matters of hygiene and sanitation. All these countries, however, are outranked by the Scandinavians, who live up to their reputation as a "hardy race," with an average length of life of 50.2 for males and 53.2 for females.

It will be seen from this that the average Dane lives almost nine years longer than the average Prussian, his immediate neighbor. And, since sanitary conditions and general methods of life are certainly not better in Denmark than in Prussia, we are justified in believing that the difference in average longevity is really a racial one. Apparently the modern Scandinavian still clings to the hardy constitution handed down from his Viking ancestors who made a holiday of running over and invading any other country that struck their fancy.

Ridding the House of Flies.

The crop of house flies that makes its appearance at this time of year seems even more troublesome than the ones earlier in the season. Moreover, these late flies are probably quite as active in spreading diseases, since they seek the interiors of houses more persistently and always find ways of carrying out their designs.

Probably the best method of getting rid of these pests, once they have succeeded in passing the screen barriers, is by poisoning them. And, undoubtedly the best substance to be used for this purpose is one of the two recently suggested by the government chemists, namely, formaldehyde or sodium salicylate. Formaldehyde is a liquid known everywhere as a disinfectant, while recovered.

sodium salicylate is a white powder readily soluble in water.

The government chemists suggest that solutions of either of the agents be prepared by the addition of three tablespoonsfuls of either the 40 per cent. solution of formaldehyde (which is the usual strength of the preparations on the market,) or the powdered sodium salicylate, to a pint of water. Fill a glass tumbler two-thirds full with this solution, place over this a piece of blotting paper cut to circular form and somewhat larger in diameter than the tumbler, and over this invert a saucer. Invert the whole device and insert match or toothpick under the edge of the tumbler to allow access of air. The blotting paper will remain in the proper moist condition until the entire contents of the tumbler have been used and the strength of the solution will be maintained.

A little sugar sprinkled upon the paper will increase the attractiveness of the poison for the flies. Either of these preparations may be safely used where there are young children, although the addition of the sugar is not recommended in such cases. The formaldehyde, unlike arsenic preparations, has an unpleasant taste and a harmful dose could not be taken in this solution. No bad effects would result from tasting the salicylate solution.

The Disease-Aftermath of War.

Although the civil population of any country at war bears its full burden of suffering during the period of actual conflict, this burden is often increased after fighting has ceased. One of the chief items of this increased suffering is the dissemination of diseases by the returning soldiers. Indeed, there is scarcely a war in ancient or modern times that does not furnish examples of the special distribution of disease in this manner.

"There have been recorded many special observations of the introduction or distribution of disease in the civil population by the movements of armies or return home of the soldiers from a distant war," says Dr. Vernon Kellogg. "The diffusion of typhus in Europe by the Napoleonic wars, the introduction of syphilis into Scotland by Cromwell's troops and into Sweden in 1762 by the Swedish troops returning from the Seven Years' War, are examples. During Napoleon's Egyptian campaign nearly every soldier out of an army of 22,000 men was affected by trachoma, and the return of these soldiers initiated a spread of the disease through almost all the European armies. The great epidemic of smallpox in 1871, especially notable in Germany, is believed to be associated with the Franco-Prussian War."

How Garibaldi's Wound Healed.

Half a century ago it was the belief of most surgeons that bullets lodged in any part of the body should be probed for and "extracted at all hazards." The modern surgeon, who is able to locate bullets with mathematical accuracy with the X-ray, often allows the bullet to remain where it has lodged unless there is some very special reason for digging it out. And results prove the wisdom of the modern surgeon's attitude.

It is an interesting bit of history that a famous Russian surgeon advocated and practiced the conservative method of letting impacted bullets alone more than fifty years ago, and by this method undoubtedly saved the life of the Italian patriot, Garibaldi. The great soldier, wounded in the right leg and captured at the battle of Aspramonte, was placed under the care of several European surgeons, who tried unsuccessfully to remove the bullet.

At that time the Russian surgeon, Pirogov, was staying in Heidelberg, and the Russian students at that university raised the sum of 1000 francs to induce the surgeon to examine Garibaldi. Pirogov refused the fee, but he visited the patriot, examined his wound, and contrary to the opinions of all the other surgeons, advised letting the bullet alone. He also suggested removal to a dry climate with plenty of fresh air and sunshine. The soldier took his advice, moved into a dry climate and

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Dec. 9, 1916.]

(Saturday.)

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

THE CITY OF GOLDEN SANDS.

Queer Features of Life in Nome. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Gold Washed Out of Ocean

A SOCIAL CENTER UNDER THE NORTH POLE. THE LONG WINTER AND HOW IT IS SPENT. THE ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD AND LOG CABIN CLUB—BUSINESS IN THE FAR NORTH AMONG THE GOLD MINERS OF THE SEA.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NOME (Alaska).—I am in the Hotel Golden Gate, in the City of Golden Sands. I can look out of my window upon the beach from which fortunes have been washed with the salt water of the ocean, and all about me is the city of Nome, whose foundations are laid upon soil sprinkled with gold dust. Nevertheless, the view is as dismal as that of Poverty Flat, feet high. The men were throwing the sand into the box and the stream was wash-

gold dust to the amount of more than \$2,000,000, an average of \$4000 per man. For a distance of forty miles along the shore the sands were found to contain gold and the best pay was right here at Nome. Just west of the town two men cleaned up \$3800 in three days. The stories of the miners are interesting. I shall write some of them later.

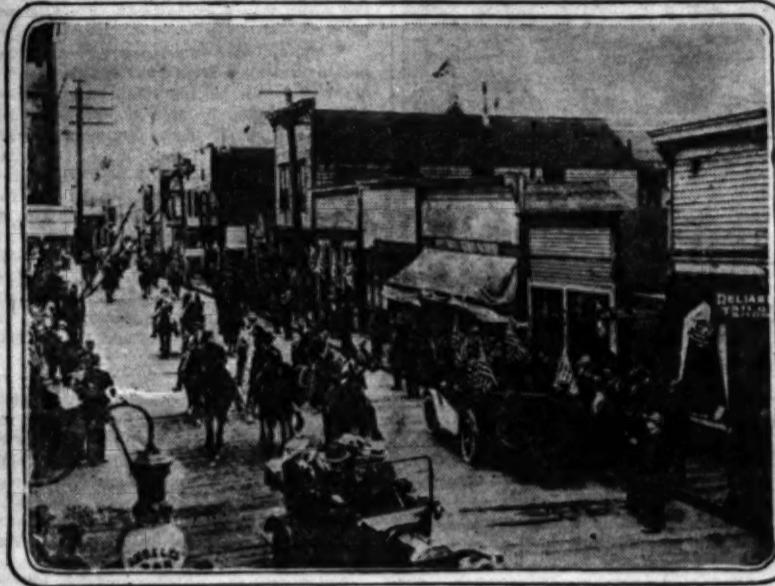
As I walked up the beach this afternoon I saw men still washing gold out of the sand. In one place they had put up an engine and stretched a rude tent above it. Connected with the engine was a pipe of about six inches in diameter which carried the water to the top of a sluice box twenty or thirty feet high. The men were throwing the sand into the box and the stream was wash-

mukluks and garments of skins. Their fat Mongolian features look out of fur hoods, the bristles of which are as long as a hat pin. Some are clad in parkas of fur or cotton, with their feet in boots or sealskin that reach to the knees. There are little Eskimo children that look more like furry balls than American children, until you observe their copper-colored faces and see their black eyes twinkling out of the fur hoods. There are Eskimo women with babies tied to their backs; the faces of the little ones look out over the shoulders of their mothers. There are Eskimo grown-ups dressed half in fur and half in the rags of our civilization. The queerest Eskimo sights are when the rain comes, and this just now is most of the time. Then the

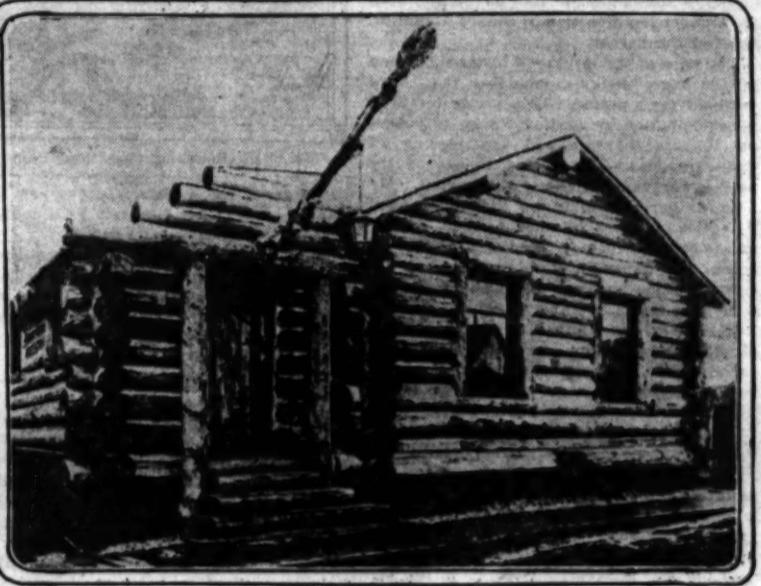
establishments selling mining supplies and hardware are especially large. I went through one hardware store that does a business of several hundred thousand dollars a year.

The provision stores carry stocks which seem out of proportion to the size of the community. This is especially so in the fall, for at that time full supplies have to be laid in for the long winter months. The last steamer comes late in October. From then on for six months or more the country is ice-bound, and such goods as are brought in must be on dog sleds which have to travel a thousand miles or more to get here. Such supplies cost as much in freight as the first price of the goods.

The place is a wholesale center. It sup-



Front street at Nome during a holiday.



The Log Cabin Club.

stories, and it is golden only in the high charges for any petty service the guest may want. It costs me 10 cents to press the electric button which brings the bellboy, and the bills for laundry are beyond computation.

The city of Nome is one of shreds and patches. The municipality is the raggedest I have yet found in Alaska. It has houses enough for 10,000 people, but its citizens are only one-third of that number. The buildings are of every description, and they are scattered along streets paved with plank, or gravel, or the sand of the sea shore.

At the upper end is the Eskimo village. It is composed of tents, rude cabins and shacks of boards, the most of them put up by the placer miners when they were washing gold out of the ocean, and now occupied by squatters and Eskimos. The town proper is further down the beach. The chief street is Front street, a wide road paved with thick planks and lined with houses of one or two stories. Some of the buildings contain excellent stores, but there are many vacancies, and signs of "To Rent" are to be seen in every block. Nome is on the decline. Its population today is not one-tenth of what it was at the time of the great stampede. Like all placer mining camps, it decreases with the washing out of the gold from the sands.

Wealth in the Sands.

Nome lies right on the sea. I stood on Front street today at high tide and threw a stone into the ocean. It ricocheted over a beach which was once a gold mine. Nome is bounded on the west by a strip of gold-bearing shore sixty feet wide and three miles in length, the sands of which were once mixed with gold dust. When this was discovered men came here by the thousands from all parts of the world to wash out the gold, and many took away fortunes. As the miners came in each picked out for himself a certain part of the beach. He drove in a stake where his feet stood and drew a mark on the sand on each side of him as far out as he could reach with a shovel, and this was his claim. This was the condition at the beginning, the claims being small. Nevertheless out of such holdings 300 men took

ing it away, the gold being caught in riffles or iron gratings in the bottom of the box.

Further north some men were sacking out the gold in cradles, and there was patchy mining going on all along the beach. I saw a woman laying out a claim and fencing it with poles. She seemed to resent my inspection. She was a positive woman and did not want visitors.

I am told there is still gold in these sands in front of Nome and that more comes in at every high tide. One can get color almost anywhere by washing the sand. A low-grade deposit amounting to something like 50 cents a cubic yard is said to run for miles along the seashore, and machinery may yet be employed to get this gold out.

Streets of Gold.

When you walk along the streets of Nome you may know you are walking on gold. I doubt not that there is a fortune under the planks of Front street, and that if the buildings could be cleared away from the tundra on which they stand it could be mined at a profit. Some of the houses have cellars which yielded enough pay dirt to cover the cost of the digging. The gold is scattered through the earth in patches or pockets, and there are probably many pockets yet undiscovered.

Back of Nome one can see the tailings from which the gold has been taken. There is a plain running from the shore to a low range of mountains. This plain is about four miles in width. It is composed of three ancient beaches which have grown up throughout the ages. From these beaches millions of dollars' worth of gold have already been mined, and upon all of them the miners are working today.

The street scenes of Nome are interesting. The characters are those of the frontier gold-mining region of the icy north, mixed with the Eskimo life of Siberia and Alaska. There are many women and men as well dressed as those of our cities, and there are others clad in the rough clothing necessary to hard labor in the Far North. There are miners wearing shoes laced to their knees, or white or black rubber boots that reach to the waist. There are Eskimos who



Loading passengers.

Eskimo mother and child.

Eskimos put on waterproof coats made of the bladders of the walrus, a skin which is as thin as paper, but which turns the rain and keeps one dry in the wettest of weather. This skin is in small pieces sewed together in bulbous patches. The coats are loose fitting, and they have white hoods to cover the heads.

Interesting Merchandise.

Among the most striking business features of Nome are the curio shops, stores selling mining materials, and those dealing in furs of every description. Some of the latter have polar bear skins costing from \$40 to \$75 apiece, glacier bear skins worth one-fourth as much, and brown bear skins of great size. The stores have also white fox skins, reindeer hides and skins of the ermine which are as white as snow with a pinch of black on the end of the tail. The

plies the trade of the camps of the Seward Peninsula, and also those of the Arctic coast of Alaska, and for much of Northeastern Siberia, as well.

The traffic of Nome includes all sorts of vehicles. You may see automobiles on Front street at every hour of the day. Great wagons hauling six tons of fish at a load are drawn by heavy horses over the planks, and behind them may come little carts pulled by dogs. Looking down one of the side streets you may see the pup-mobile. This is a car fitted to run on the railroad or on the board streets. The railroad of Nome was built for steam cars. It did not pay, so the travel over it is now on handcars, each drawn by from seven to fourteen dogs. Nome has also its carriages and buckboards,

MUSHROOM SPAWN

Fresh Pure Culture Spawn. 25¢ per
bottle, postage 2¢ extra.

WISDOM IN PARAGRAPHS. BY ERNEST BRAUNTON.

VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

[Saturday]

Dec. 9, 1916.

WHITE-FACED BLACK SPANISH FOWL LEAD.

A Glorious Record. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Old Breed Under California Conditions.

IN THE development and perfecting of prolific and correctly marked strains of poultry California seems destined to become the home of all the breeds and varieties comprising the Mediterranean or non-sitting class. Of late years our Brown and White Leghorns, our Black Minorcas and Blue Andalusians have given excellent accounts of themselves, both in the leading exhibitions and performances in the yield of profitable crops of hen fruit. In addition to these gratifying results, however, Southern California enjoys the distinction of establishing a strain of White Faced Black Spanish that have maintained a supremacy in not only the big shows of America, but also in England. For the past twenty years this strain of birds has stood against the field and won; for the past ten years it has been recognized by fanciers as the best strain of Black Spanish fowl in England and the United States. Such a record is possible only under ideal conditions. In the first place it typifies the real fancier; and in the second place said fancier must be in a position financially to carry out certain lines of procedure to gain his points—all of which require some money, some patience, and lots of enthusiasm and a virile ambition. Let it be said all these characteristics are embodied in Robert A. Rowan, a Los Angeles realty man among business men and a real sport and fancier when it comes to the beautiful and useful in fowl and animal life. To handle a single breed for twenty-five years purely for the love of it, is to know it—and to know it affords the initiative and knowledge to breed for quality and points.

The White Faced Black Spanish is no new breed, but an old breed renewed and improved. As early as the fifties of the last century it was popular in England, entries in the shows going as high as 300 individual specimens. For a period of about forty years it has been known in America. With the advent of the Leghorns and Minorcas, however, it seems to have suffered an eclipse, and from the eighties to the close of the century it was less a feature in the show room as well as in the hands of commercial breeders. Of late years there is a revival of interest in the breed, and for those who admire a black plumage and a white face, the breed possesses attractions peculiarly its own. In type and carriage it is essentially Mediterranean, the one striking and radically different feature from all other breeds is the large white face, bred to size of late years much beyond what is was in its earlier stages. Black Spanish have been bred in Holland and The Netherlands for years; but to English and American breeders belongs the distinction of developing the pronounced white face as we know and see it today.

Like all breeds and varieties of fowl constituting the Mediterranean class, the White Faced Black Spanish is essentially an egg breed, though the carcass is equally as desirable as that of a Leghorn or Black Minorca. The hens are good layers of large white-shelled eggs. There are those who claim that the breed is delicate; that the chicks are hard to raise; that they are subject to the attack of disease. All this may be more or less true in the regions of ice and snow, where all fowl life is more subject to physical ill than in a warmer climate. Under a California sun the Spanish fowl does quite as well as the Leghorn or Minorca and in performance is in no way behind them; indeed, when bred at its best and properly handled, there is no breed that lays a larger number of good sized eggs in a given time. Our illustration shows Mr. Rowan's winning pen at the Madison Square (New York City) Poultry Show. Birds from his yards will again enter the lists at that fixture for 1917.

* * *

Guinea Fowl as a Table Delicacy.

With the growing scarcity of our wild edible birds, such as grouse, prairie chicken, etc., there has grown quite a little demand for the Guinea fowl among people who like good living. In the high-class restaurants it is often served as pheasant meat, prairie chicken, grouse, etc. Guineas have been kept somewhat as a fancy, and also as a guard against hawks, as their shrill call is quite apt to frighten away fly-



CALIFORNIA-BRED WHITE FACED BLACK SPANISH FOWL.

It is not only a pleasure, but a matter of pride, to know that this strain of the old White Faced Black Spanish race of our domesticated fowls has carried the pennant for quality wherever shown, both in England and America, thus demonstrating that California conditions are ideal for the growing of the best there is in the Mediterranean classes. The illustration shows the winning birds of Robert A. Rowan, Los Angeles, at the Madison Square (New York City) and Boston shows.

ing enemies. Though not great producers, the eggs of the hens are not at all bad, nevertheless their importance for table use is their chief value, and seems to be growing. Those who have tried the Guineas as a table delicacy are of the opinion that a pair of young stuffed and roasted, basted with butter until they are half done, deserve more frequent place upon our menus. Season the gravy with a chopped shallot and parsley, not omitting the giblets, minced, and thicken with browned flour. Serve with currant or some other tart jelly. A little finely minced ham improves the dressing.

Unless Guinea fowls are young, they are apt to be tough. They may be made very savory, however, by stewing as follows: Clean and divide them as you would a chicken for fricassee. Put into a saucepan with several minced slices of cold ham, or salt pork which is not too fat, and stew very slowly with about a quart of water for at least an hour, keeping on the lid all the while. Then stir in a large chopped onion, a half spoon of powdered sage—or a whole spoonful of the green leaves cut fine—half as much parsley, a tablespoon of catsup, and some black pepper. Stew another half hour, or until the fowl is tender; then add a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of browned flour, previously wet with cold water. Boil up once, and serve in a deep covered dish.

This method is excellent for any old or tough fowl. There is nothing in the shape of poultry or game that is not amenable to this process, providing the salt be omitted until the meat is tender.

* * *

Some Thoughts and Remedies on Roup.

J. L. Harrison, in a late issue of Poultry Craft, says some pertinent things on that dreaded trouble of chickens usually covered by the general term of roup, which he designates as "a scourge just beyond the grasp of medical science." He further admits that when an isolated case shows up in his flock he finds the hatchet a very good remedy, to be followed by burying the victim deep or else by cremation. Science may discover a remedy in the shape of inoculation with effective serums, but in the meantime prevention is better than cure. Mr. Harrison further calls attention to the fact that there is a difference between common catarrhal colds and roup—a different specific germ and a distinguishable difference in the symptoms, though a specimen

cold is a fit subject for an attack of roup, the latter often following the former. A little prevention is good—better than much medicine in cases of catarrhal colds, though we are free to admit that hot days and cool nights in Southern California are productive of colds. Something in the drinking water may help, though it is doubtful, pure cold water being more palatable and more of it is taken into the system, thereby more effectively flushing out disease germs. Where individual treatment is practical, the formula given out by Storrs College works well: One part chloroform, three parts cottonseed oil. An improved method of application is to use a bicycle oiler, saving time and getting the mixture further up the nostril than possible with a piece of absorbent cotton. A full crop of grain carrying plenty of heat producing units is a good night feed, spraying the drooping boards with a strong carbolic solution just before dark is helpful, while a freedom from draughts is excellent. Some years these catarrhal colds are epidemic all over the State, while in other years, they give less trouble.

* * *

Some Winter Poultry "Don'ts."

Don't forget the shows are now in full swing and if you want to enter the lists and win, your exhibition specimens should be in good physical condition; final cleaning and grooming is also an essential December operation.

Don't overcrowd birds in either houses or yards; in the former estimate on about ten cubic feet roosting space and in the latter about four square feet for scratching space.

Don't neglect dry scratching material during the wet and cold days; damp straw soon becomes moldy and soggy, which render it unhealthy for the birds.

Don't fail to attend the Los Angeles show January 3 to 9. The exhibits of Black Minorcas, Light Brahmans and White Faced Black Spanish promise to be larger than usual.

Don't forget, if handling any of the American breeds, to compete for the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly cup, which is offered for the best male and female in the class, all varieties competing.

Don't forget the nesting material to have it dry and sanitary during the rainy days. Filthy material harbors insects, and the germs of disease.

Don't practice the use of stimulating

foods and condiments. Used with discretion and in limited quantities they are at times beneficial to birds out of condition, but should not be used regularly.

Holidays Will Soon Be Here Fatten the Turkeys

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THE CITY OF GOLDEN SANDS.

Saturday

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Dec. 1910.

and you may often see a woman on horseback.

Unique Residences.

The residences of the city are as odd as the business establishments. No one has built his home as a permanency. When Nome was first started there was no lumber to be had, and the first homes were tents. Later, frame houses were built over the tents, or as an annex to them. Many small shacks went up, and then came rambling buildings of two or three stories. Even today there are but few large houses, and many a home has only three or four rooms. One reason for this is the cost of fuel and the difficulty of keeping the houses warm during the cold winter months.

The sky line of the Nome streets is as rugged as the jaws of a boy whose second teeth are just coming. The buildings are of an uneven height, the roofs of some rising high above those of the others. This makes it necessary for the little buildings to have high stovepipes, in order that their draught may not be cut off by the taller structures about them. The result is, a little cottage will often have a galvanized stovepipe as high as itself, rising above it. Looking down on the town, one sees a thicket of these smokestacks springing out of the roofs. They look like handles to the houses below, and make one think of so many Irish shillalahs, the pipes being the handles and the houses the knobs on the ends of the clubs.

Many of these houses have gardens. Nome has a short summer, but it is so far north that the sun works from eighteen to twenty-four hours during the summer, and hence they are able to grow lettuce, turnips and other green stuff. Nearly every woman has some flowers in her front windows, and some have flowers growing outside. Entering, you find these homes very well furnished. They have their pianos and other musical instruments. They are well equipped with books and magazines, and, in fact, with all the furnishings of the cultured homes of the United States proper.

A Sonorous Hotel.

There are but few big buildings in Nome. The largest is the Golden Gate Hotel, a four-story shack with numerous bay-windows running across its front. The building is of light wood, which carries sound like a fiddlebox. The moving of a bed on the ground floor sends a noise to the rooms in the attic. The place is as dreary as can be imagined, but it is the only large hotel in the town.

Among the other buildings of note are the courthouse, the postoffice and Eagle Hall. There is also a large public school building and a commodious hospital. The United States customhouse and the United States road commission have quarters of galvanized iron, or rather tin, shacks. The town is especially proud of its fire department and life-saving station. These are in a little frame building on Front street, one side of which faces the street, the other the ocean.

I like Nome. Its people are up and doing. There are but few drones among them, and the most of them, to use a western expression, are good boosters. They have a hope for the future of their city. They do not expect it to hold the population that it once had, but they say that owing to the large area of low-grade gold earth about it Nome is bound to be an industrial mining center for generations to come. They say also that its position is such that it will always be the chief port of the Seward Peninsula, a territory which has vast mineral resources yet to be developed. This may be so, but the harbor leaves much to be desired. The port is almost an open roadstead, and goods have to be landed in lighters, while passengers are slung high into the air on an aerial cable car, and thus brought to the shore.

I shall not forget my landing at Nome. It was early in the morning when our steamer cast anchor, far out from the shore. We were taken from the ship by a steam launch to a landing, above which rose a great tower in the ocean far out from the shore. This tower is connected by a cable with another tower of an equal height on the mainland, and passengers are taken from the ocean tower to the land in a platform cage, which is raised by machinery to the cable and carried upon it to the shore. The cage will hold forty or fifty passengers, and it skates, as it were, through the air,

high above the billows beneath. The baggage is brought the same way.

Embarking by Basket.

It is also difficult to go from the landing place to the steamer. The boats rise and fall with the waves, and embarking and disembarking are quite as dangerous as at Beira, South Africa, where one is let down in a basket, or at Jaffa, where he climbs down a rope ladder into small boats. In landing from the Victoria to the launch we used a ladder which was slung to the side of the ship. The motion was so great that the women of the party had to be held by the sailors as they descended.

Such are the conditions when the sea is comparatively quiet. During a storm the passengers must wait outside, and in spring and fall the steamers have to make their way through the ice. As winter comes on, the ocean near the shore freezes over, and along about the first of November the harbor is ice-bound, and one can look for miles over a sea of ice. From then on for the next seven months the city is shut out from the rest of the world by ice and snow. The thermometer drops to below zero and stays there throughout the winter. Sometimes it goes to 40 degs. below, and, further back from the sea, still lower.

Many of the people leave Nome to spend the winter in the States, returning the following summer. Those who remain adopt a dress much like that of the Eskimos. They have fur coats, shoes and boots, and protect their hands with fur mittens. Most of the citizens are confined to the town at this time, but there are trips with dog sleds across country, and except during blizzards there is communication between Nome and Council City by hot-air stages.

This letter is written in the heart of mid-summer. Just now the weather is delightful, and it is as soft and warm as New York or Massachusetts. The air is loaded with ozone, and one seems to be breathing champagne. It is light all day long, and I can read my newspaper at midnight.

Arctic Brotherhood.

The people here enjoy life. They have their social circles, their clubs and fraternal organizations. The Arctic Brotherhood has a Nome camp, and the best men of the town belong to what is known as the Log Cabin Club, an institution which is famous all over Alaska. The club takes its name from its house, which is one of the most picturesque club homes of the time. It is a cabin built of logs and furnished to correspond with its structure. The main clubroom is of great size, and the table which runs through its center is five feet in width and about thirty feet long. It is so made that the top seems to be one thick slab cut from a tree, and so smooth that you can see your face in it. The front door is of logs, and the great hinges are of wrought iron, hammered out by a blacksmith. The club is very hospitable, and strangers with good introductions find it a most delightful place during their stay.

I am told by the residents that the Nome winter is the most interesting time of the year. Then the people have all sorts of entertainments. They have dances, socials, fairs and amateur theatricals. They engage in out-of-door sports, and especially in skiing. It is quite the thing to go from the town to the creeks and mining camps, across country on skis or long, sled-like, sharp-pointed runners, one of which is fastened to each foot in such a way that they can skate over the snow. Nome has a ski club, and tournaments are held, in which prizes are awarded, both for jumping and for speed. Sledding with dogs is another amusement. A common sight is milady, wrapped in furs, sitting in a dog sled, with the driver running behind, holding on to the handle bars. Such sleds are used to go to dances held in the neighboring camps, and the men run races with each other, carrying their sweethearts in this way, while they and the dogs do their best to outdistance their fellows.

[Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Disparaging a Virtue.

[Chicago News:] Mrs. Smith is one of those persons who, conscious of her own virtues, never loses an opportunity to disparage herself. Chief among her virtues is industry.

"Surely, you must be tired, auntie," said an admiring niece. "How can you work so long without a rest?"

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Smith, humbly, "I think it is because when I begin a piece of work I am too lazy to stop."

The New Dog.

PATERFAMILIAS TRIES TO MAKE SON HAPPY WITH A PET.

BY FLORENCE GOODFELLOW ROGERS.

Son wanted a dog, and Paterfamilias swore that if Son wanted a dog he should have a dog, all the objections of the Missus notwithstanding.

Now Paterfamilias did not live in his own house, but in an exclusive boarding-house, and he should have known better than to bring in a member of the canine tribe to disturb the dove of peace that perched on the community hat rack in the entrance hall. He bought the dog, a beautiful thoroughbred fox terrier, ten months old, house broke, etc., etc.—all those things dog fanciers tell you—and sent it to the house. The ladies gushed over the little dear, and the men prodded him with approving fingers. No one could but be attracted by the shapely head with its brown ears cocked knowingly and the appealing brown eyes that watched every one with quick, changing glances. Son wasted no time in silent admiration, but gathered his chums together and romped with his new pet until supper time.

Paterfamilias hurried from the office a full hour earlier than usual in order to witness Son's delight—and incidentally to enjoy the dog himself, though this latter fact no one could get him to admit. During supper the little fellow was left in Son's room with a bowl of bread and milk for consolation, and after supper everyone trooped upstairs to see him. He hadn't done a thing in the interim to Son's sweater. What before supper had been a complete and perfect garment was now but a tangled mass of gray worsted with a much-puzzled but perfectly happy pup in the center.

No one had the heart to scold him. It was natural for puppies to be mischievous. Even the Missus closed her teeth on the "Costly dog!" she had intended to say with acid sarcasm.

Then one of the ladies extricated the animal and he was passed from hand to hand much like the first baby in a family. As they drew closer to the light the generalities that were finding expression became more particular, and incidentally started an exodus. The ladies shook their gowns with various expressions more vehement than polite, the Missus was reduced to tears of mortification, and from a safe vantage in the hall the men facetiously offered remedies from sulphur and molasses to Standard Oil.

Son looked ruefully at the dog and then at his father. "What shall we do, papa?" he asked anxiously.

"Do!" thundered Paterfamilias. "Do! Why, get rid of the pesky things, of course!"

"I won't have to give the dog up, will I?" asked the boy tearfully.

Paterfamilias was soothing. He had hopes, "No, Son, you needn't give him up," he replied. "We'll wash him good and plenty with a strong soap. That will get them out."

So Paterfamilias monopolized the bathroom while Son and the men folks stood round and looked on with encouraging jests. When he got through the fleas had jumped their claim on the pup in favor of Paterfamilias. However, the dog's skin was as pink as a baby's, and he looked so white and dainty after the vigorous scrubbing that Paterfamilias was loath to turn him out. He was perfectly willing not to hold it against the dog that the process of washing him had quite ruined his good trousers, which he had failed to change in his ignorance, and that he was out a couple of dollars to the maid to clean up after him.

The dog was tired. So was Paterfamilias. So was Son. So was everybody but the fleas. It had been discouraging to find the premises of such a perfectly good dog occupied by the loathsome creatures. It was more discouraging to find them doing the grasshopper hesitation—jump, hesitate and bite—on one's own fastidious person. So Paterfamilias told Son to take the dog into his room while he cleaned up, and until bedtime it lay quietly enough in one of Paterfamilias's old nightshirts on the Missus' lounge.

"Now, Son," said Paterfamilias, "the dog is yours and you must look after him. Trot along to bed and I'll tie him to your bureau so that he will be near enough for company but far enough away not to get up on the bed. It's up to you to let him out in the morning."

Paterfamilias had fallen into the first heavy sleep of the tired business man when

a scared, sleepy, white-robed figure came into his room.

"Papa! Papa!" he urged in a tearful voice, "the dog is making an awful fuss. He's barking and crying like anything. I don't know what to do with him. He'll wake everybody up. What shall I do?"

Paterfamilias snorted. He was sorry for himself until he opened both eyes and in the dim light saw Son. Then he was suddenly sorry for him.

"You go back to bed, Son," he said. "I'll look after the dog. I'll put him in the garage."

It wasn't a warm night and Paterfamilias shivered as he stepped out into the cold wet grass that swished against his bare ankles and up his loose pajama legs. He got to the garage in as few steps as possible and tied the dog to a nail in the wall. Doggie was as quiet and docile and contented as anyone could wish, and Paterfamilias's chest swelled with pride.

"Trust me to know a good dog!" he boasted to himself. "The poor little fellow's lonesome, that's all. He'll be all right now that he knows he's got to be alone." With a farewell pat he shut and stapled the door and started for the house, but had no sooner reached the end of the walk before the beautiful peace of the calm, starlit night was profaned by a long-drawn "Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Yiyi-yi!" The howl of a coyote could be no worse in its effect. Paterfamilias hesitated and half turned, then he muttered an imprecation and resolutely re-entered the house.

"Oh, John!" moaned the Missus. "That awful dog! Can't you do something to stop him? He'll keep that up all the blessed night. Whatever will people think? Isn't there anything you can do?"

Now, when Paterfamilias had got up out of a warm bed and a sound sleep, and had himself courted pneumonia and newmown-hay-fever and bats and things, and had removed the dog from the house so as not to annoy people, that was unkind to say the least, and he felt peevish. "Knock him on the head with a brick," he growled, "that's the only thing I know of to keep the blamed beast quiet!"

"Oh, John! How can you be so cruel?" moaned the Missus.

Paterfamilias rolled over and pulled the coverings snugly beneath his chin.

After a time quiet descended. Unbelieving, Paterfamilias sat up in bed and strained his ears to catch the slightest elusive sound, but not even the flitter of a noise broke the stillness. He heaved a sigh of relief.

"There!" he said, triumphantly, "I knew he would quiet down as soon as he knew he had to stay alone. All this fuss over a little dog!"

The Missus sniffed. "Don't fool yourself! He's only getting his second wind. You'll see!"

And Paterfamilias did see, for just at that moment the dog began again more anguish than before.

With a triumphant, "There! Didn't I tell you?" the Missus drew her pillow well over her ears and settled herself for sleep.

As for Paterfamilias—he lay staring wide-eyed into the dark, mentally anathematizing himself for a particular fool, and condemning the entire canine tribe. The faint cold light of another day was making its way into the window before he dropped off to sleep.

At breakfast he made his pronunciamento.

"The dog must go, Son," said he. "This is no place for an animal. You'll have to wait for one until we are back again in our own house."

Son's lip quivered.

"Can't I have any kind of an animal, papa?" he asked plaintively.

Paterfamilias snorted. "Only the fleas, drat 'em!" he said as he reached viciously for his ankle. "They've evidently come to stay."

Breakage.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] "What was that terrible racket over at your house this morning, Mrs. Smith?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. The maid broke some of our best china, and my husband broke one of the Commandments."

[Siren:] Coll: Was Dick surprised when you told him that he had flunked Math?

Issimo: Yes; he said it never entered his head.

"How?"

"We'll put a phonograph in each car and keep it playing The Star-Spangled Banner. Then everybody'll have to stand up."

VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

Wisdom in Paragraphs. By Ernest Braunton.

EVERY possible effort should be made from five to ten inches long, of a medium size, to suppress aphids on roses as soon as they make their appearance, for they mature and bear young when from fifteen to twenty days old and the rate of multiplication is startling. It is a case of "a stitch in time save nine."

Every garden large enough, in addition to two avocados, should grow one tree of *Casimiroa edulis*, the white sapota. How many like this fruit is hard to say, as it is but little known, but the writer considers it a splendid addition to our tropical fruits.

Loquats are hardy trees and where the temperature drops too low for avocados and other tropical fruits one or more budded loquats should be planted. They also merit a place in any garden.

The large Japanese varieties of the persimmon are handsome small trees with fruits that in appearance are as beautiful as any fruits that grow and are considered delicious by nine-tenths of all who give them a trial when in prime condition to eat. Plant one or two in the side or rear yard.

In Popeno's excellent book "Date Growing in the Old and New Worlds," a description is given of a hardy date palm of unusual beauty, with soft and graceful drooping leaves and fruits ripening well under varying conditions. He calls it Birket al Hadji. Some of these suitable varieties should be given trial over all our great Southland that we may eventually all be able to sit under, not alone our own vine and fig tree, but date tree also.

In all fertilization of soils it is best to make light and frequent applications, for very heavy applications at long intervals and in excess of immediate needs often result in fixation so that some of the plant food becomes unavailable.

Much nitrogen is lost in evaporation and drain waters yet some of it returned in rain water. At this time of the year nearly all fertilizer not at once taken up by the growing crop is lost. Lawn fertilization is now best left until heavy rains are over, except light feeds of nitrate of soda.

Now is a glorious season to dig roots of ferns in near-by canyons. The old tops are still in evidence and by these ye shall know them. We have a score of native species but only half of them of garden value, and if you get a half-dozen California species you have enough.

Do not forget to plant a few bulbs of the native Humboldt lily. Dig soil for them as deeply as you can with convenience; three feet is not too much, and make it light and well-drained. Plant in the shade, or at least where shaded from the sun during the hottest hours. If you do this you will never again be satisfied without Humboldt lilies in the garden.

New dates are in market from California date ranches between here and Yuma and they are most delicious. Some varieties bear very good dates in and about Los Angeles and as the plants are highly ornamental and in every way desirable they should be more freely planted in local gardens.

The native California cone-bearing trees are divided into three tribes; the first includes the cypress, the junipers, the white cedar and incense cedar; the second consists of only the big tree and the redwood, while the third embraces the pines, firs, spruces and hemlocks.

One of the most effective plants for holding sand dunes and sandy sea-coast tracts is *Lupinus arboreus*, a native yellow-flowering shrub, the seeds of which should be planted. Also plant a few seeds of *Pinus maritima*, the coast pine, and you may find a permanent plantation started.

The most important timber tree on local mountains is *Pinus ponderosa*, the yellow pine. Its needles are three in a bundle and

prize. Yet in 1915 we imported more than three times as much camphor as in 1905, just ten years earlier. And the demand is increasing.

Corn, whether field, sweet, or pop; white, yellow, red or black, has generally been considered by botanists as being all of one species, *Zea mays*; the specific name being used as a popular name and spelled maize. But it is such a variable species that it seems best to consider it agriculturally as consisting of seven species. It belongs to the grass family.

— * —

The sand-box tree of the tropics has been grown in frostless parts of Southern California, but none who has seen would suspect that in Trinidad there is a tree 100 feet up to the first branch, another 100 in the top, and more than fifteen feet in diameter six feet above the ground. In impressiveness, being a spreading tree, it rivals any of our California giants. Its name is *Hura crepitans*. A number have been planted in the south end of our State.

The petrified trees of Arizona are now of agate, amethyst, etc., these stone crystallizations having replaced the original wood. They were once submerged in an ancient sea and again raised to earthly levels. Geologists place their age as approximately 50,000,000 years.

Rose aphids or green flies will soon begin their attack. The simplest treatment in sprays will kill them. Shave one-fourth cake of laundry soap into one quart of water. When dissolved add two quarts of kerosene. This emulsion should be thinned to one part to fifteen of water. This is also good for all scale insects.

The fungous disease which keeps hollyhocks so unsightly may be kept in check by two or three sprayings before the plants are showing flower buds, using the common Bordeaux mixture, and choosing a time when it is not apt to rain for a few days subsequent to application.

Glorious is the garden without a glass house, a hotbed or a cold-frame. And happy the owner who has a lovely garden and wishes for none of these. If the ideal garden has any such adjuncts they are strictly for use, not for show, the glass house in some out-of-way spot and never shown to visitors.

In 1915 the United States exported of trees and plants but \$3,000,000 of value but imported \$23,000,000 worth. Of seeds the exports totaled about \$170,000 and the imports were \$3,750,000.

The sum of \$1 will buy ten packets of seeds of showy hardy annuals and there are many women who spend but this sum annually and one hour's time daily to maintain a flower garden that is bright and attractive throughout the year.

The perfect garden, from the plant and flower point of view is one where flowers may be picked each and every day of the year, yet where no spot of bare soil is ever seen. Keep reserve stock of annuals and perennials on hand so that when an annual has spent its strength or a plant dies its space may be filled with a young annual or a perennial.

At the time of writing our fields and gardens need rain and as the world's average rainfall is thirty-three inches we are justly entitled to all we get. In the hills of Assam, in India the rainfall is 500 inches and forty inches have fallen in twenty-four hours. Where the best camphor trees grow, in the mountains of Formosa, the annual precipitation is 228 inches.

Many years ago the writer nearly closed a deal with the late Dwight L. Whiting to plant nearly 1000 acres of camphor trees in Orange county, but the growing manufacture of synthetic camphor from turpentine caused Mr. Whiting to abandon the enter-

prise. Yet in 1915 we imported more than three times as much camphor as in 1905, just ten years earlier. And the demand is increasing.

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Coriander seeds, which are twice mentioned in the Bible, are the seed-like fruits of *Coriandrum sativum*, no doubt native to Southern Europe and probably escaped from gardens and run wild in Egypt, Persia and India. The use of the seeds in this country has been nearly abandoned in favor of the nearly-related caraway.

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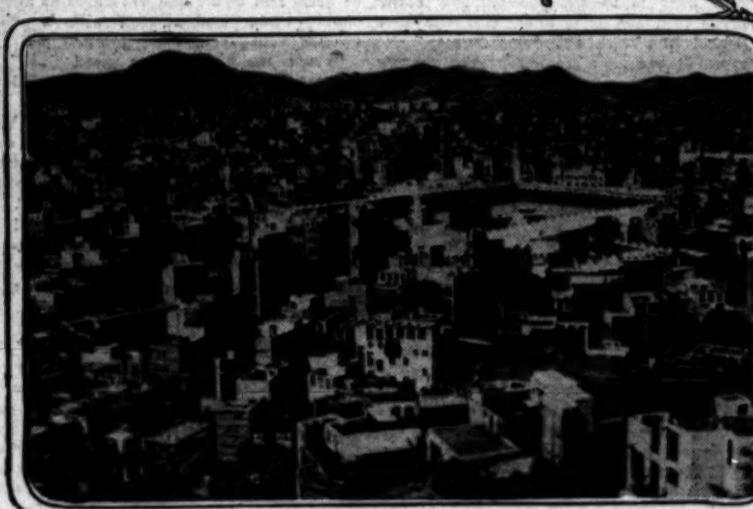
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LISTS.

ASPECT OF THE SECESSION OF MECCA.

A World-wide Surprise. By Frederick Simpich.

A FEW days ago the Grand Sheriff of Mecca, surrounded by eunuchs and slaves, sat down and penned a telegram. It was a momentous occasion, the dispatch of this significant telegram. It was the first time in all the turbulent history of forbidden, fanatic Mecca—where men are killed who say that Christ was God's son—that official notice was ever taken of infidel rulers in the outside world. And to these same infidel rulers it came as a distinct surprise, this unexpected message from and divide the Arabian provinces when the great war is over. His chief interest in these Turkish-Arabian provinces is that he gets boatloads of licorice root from the Tigris country, every year, and uses it for giving taste and pep to his chewing tobacco. Incidentally, he gets some rugs from Bagdad, some wool and dates from Oman and Basra—and a few ostrich tail feathers from Aden. This isn't serious, of course—for the women have about quit wearing ostrich plumes—and Americans could worry along.

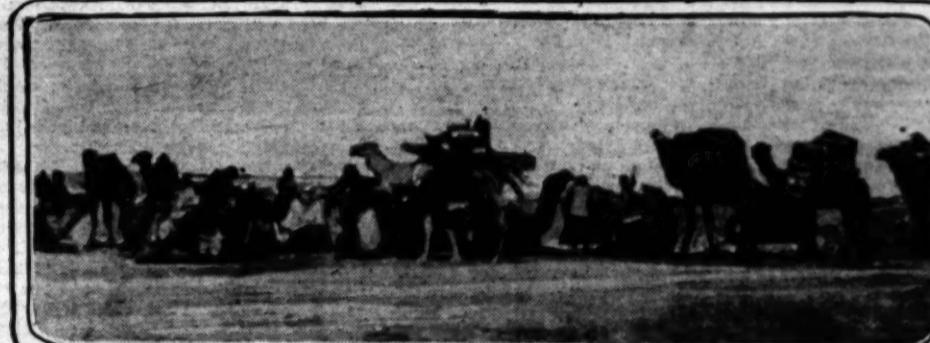
You have heard plenty of predictions, of course, that after the great war will come sensational changes in the world map; that old boundaries must shift and twist and slip forwards or back; that areas now painted green will turn red, or blue, or even yellow. In other words, after the war we shall have to forget some of the geography we learned at school, and study a new world-map, as revised by conquests and treaties; that we shall even have to learn the names of new towns—learn to spell 'em or sing 'em, even



General view of Mecca



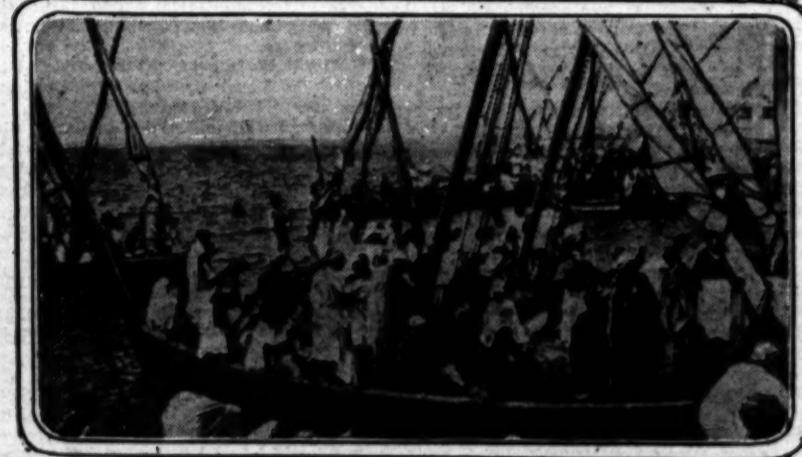
Pilgrims for Mecca on a Red Sea steamer.



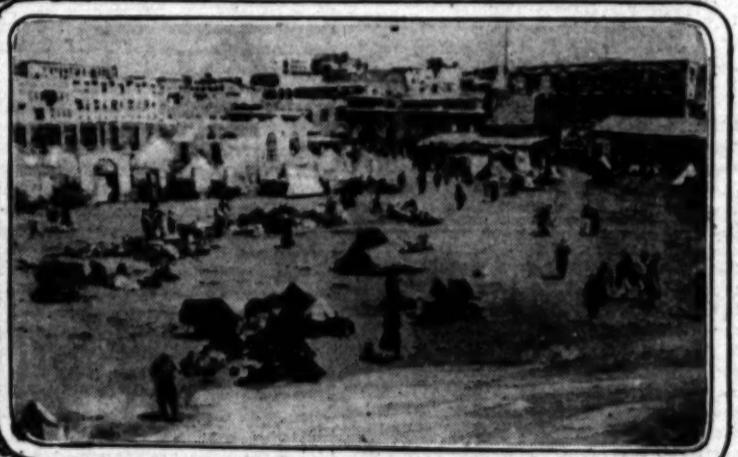
Pilgrims crossing the desert



Pilgrims in camp tent of goat hair.



Pilgrims arriving at Jeddah



View of Jeddah

Mecca. From Petrograd to Paris, in whatever capital that telegram was delivered, there was incredulity and astonishment—because the plans of the Grand Sherif at Mecca seemed to differ very much from certain ambitious plans being carefully nurtured by these same infidel rulers. Here, in effect, is the message from the Grand Sherif, which split so many political beans: "We Arabs are tired of Turkish rule, and have set up our own government shop here at Mecca. Please recognize us, and send on your Minister and consuls."

Even Uncle Sam got one of these notes. It didn't ruffle him particularly, because—unlike some infidel rulers in Europe—he is not interested in the attempt to cut Turkey up

they had to, without licorice juice in their chewing tobacco. What interests Uncle Sam—and the rest of the Christian world is, Can the Arabs get away with it?" Whether or not the new "Kingdom of Arabia" has come to stay will be among the big world questions answered at the end of the great war. In the meantime, with "so much furying" in the Near East, it is not likely that Uncle Sam—or any other ruler—will fret about rushing a new Minister off to Mecca. There is too much turmoil "east of Suez"—too many Bedouin spearmen at large on the

if we can't pronounce them. These changes are coming, of course. And these long-isolated Arabs, taking time by the forelock and the Sultan by surprise, have set about changing their part of the world map to suit themselves. Whether their newly-born nation can survive, after the war, is a problem. But for the time being, no one event, no odd kink in the tangled affairs of the Levant stands out so conspicuously as the sudden union of these half-savage Bedouin tribes, and their audacious bid for the civilized world's recognition and support.

Arabs seemed to see their way clear to begin planning an actual government of their own. In the first few months of the movement, many prominent leaders were executed by the Turks, in Syria.

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Political prophets in the Near East—the writers and students of Islam affairs—have been conscious for some time of the ambitions of a few restless Arab leaders. It was

Turkey has had nominal control over most of Turkish-Arabia and the Arabian Peninsula for many generations. But barring Syria and Mesopotamia—and maybe Hedjaz, this control has never been admitted by the Arabs. In vast sections of the Arab country no Turkish foot has ever been planted. Maps of the Ottoman empire show these provinces as Turkish soil; outside nations, out of respect to the Turks, have by courtesy regarded these regions as Turkish territory. But the Arabs have in fact ruled themselves.

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CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

[Saturday]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE

Feeding the Crops. By Thomas C. Wallace.

THE fact that plants contain 90 to 98 per cent. water emphasizes its importance in considering the feeding of our crops. Living vegetable matter may exist under some conditions with only 5 or 6 per cent. of water in it, but when less than that is present death is pretty sure to follow promptly. It may be said that the relations of water to organism are a very potent factor in determining its form and structure and its size, as the structure of the organs of absorption and respiration responds directly to the water relations of the plant. A long continued exposure of some species of plants to a moist or arid condition results in adaptations suitable to their endurance of changed conditions. For instance, a plant used to arid or semi-arid conditions will develop fine-ribbed, ribbon-shaped foliage if heavily supplied with water, while a plant used to moist or humid climate if deprived of water will develop thick or broad leaves. The reason for this is that the plant in a dry climate needs large succulent leaves to provide water storage for the needs of its fruit and growth, while with a superfluity of moisture at the disposal of the roots, it does not require much storage of water in the leaves and hence dispenses with the extra leaf space. It is on the principle that unused organs shrink and finally almost or entirely disappear. These outward changes are accompanied by inward adaptations, and usually result in a correspondingly changed condition of the fruit or produce of the plant.

Chemical Feeding Value of Water.

As water consists of two of the important elements of protoplasm, hydrogen and oxygen, and is the source of the bulk of these elements utilized by plant life, it is essential to plant life from its chemical composition alone. As protoplasm is the first physical evidence of life in a plant, water as a supplier of hydrogen and oxygen is a first necessity to life action, as these are primary elements of plant nutrition. A portion of the required oxygen is taken by plants from the air during respiration, as is evidenced by the development of some plants under increased oxygen pressure, but the major part comes from the water absorbed.

The Physical Action of Water.

Water exerts a physical action in keeping the cells of the plant turgid, or distended, and unless this condition is maintained, respiration ceases by the collapse of the stomata, and one supply of oxygen is shut off. If in constant supply, water promotes growth by keeping the cells of the plants turgid and stretching, which is one of the means the plant has of enlarging. Water is the universal carrier of plant food from the roots of the plants to the stem and leaves. Coming up from the soil in hot weather and being cooler than the atmosphere it modifies the heat in the plant and thus prevents its destruction by sun heat. In cold weather the water in the soil, if warmer than the air above it, in entering the plant preserves it from cold. In hot and cold weather the air is thinner and drier, and with the accelerated evaporation from the exposed surfaces of the plant the water is rapidly drawn up from the soil and transpired into the atmosphere. Thus not only is turgor kept up in the plant, but the actual temperature surrounding the plant above ground is raised in cold weather, forming a means within limits of protecting the plant from frost and is lowered in hot weather preserving the plant from the rays of the midday sun.

Good and Bad Effects of Water.

In summing up the action of water on plants, which are 90 per cent. water, we find it a direct source of plant food of first importance, a carrier of secondary plant food, a promoter of active growth by insuring and maintaining turgidity, a regulator of temperature both within and around the plant, and a dilutant of plant food and plant essences.

What of these actions do we desire to promote, increase or retard? Our answer to that question is the key to our method of irrigation and drainage which is dovetailed into the fertilizer action. If a soil is allowed to become water-soaked, the air is thereby excluded and acids of both mineral and organic origin are formed and ac-

cumulate. These acids are sometimes so virulent that they corrode the rootlets of the plants and prohibit the sprouting of seeds. Weak and extremely dilute powerful acids may be absorbed by the plant to such an extent as to act as poison within the plant or induce the production of diseases which prey upon the vitality of the plant or decay the root and fruit. A variety of changes take place in the sap of a plant feeding in sour soil, changing it sometimes to resinous and sometimes to watery conditions, according to the nature of the plant and the character of the acid. A soil then from which the drainage is poor and which remains saturated after either rain or irrigation should be artificially drained or very cautiously irrigated. Stagnant water in soil may be as dangerous to plant life and as likely to cause disease as stagnant water in a pond or cistern is to ourselves. Water promotes growth principally by distending the cells and those having meristic powers subdivide again and again, enlarging the plant or parts of it. The influence may be felt principally in production of new shoots or in the fruit. If the shoot is already growing it will elongate faster for generous water feeding, and if it has reached its length it will make lateral growth and increase its thickness and develop more leaf surface. The influence on the fruit will depend upon its stage of growth. In soft fruits, if the carpel is still immature, it will take on growth readily in both carpel and rind, but if it is mature or in a fairly advanced stage of maturity the influence of water if manifested in the fruit will be confined to the rind, which will swell, become turgid and frequently grow also by subdivision of cells. In rind fruits the growth of the rind may continue vigorously after the fruit has advanced to a stage of comparative maturity. This makes a very coarse rind if the growth proceeds by cell division, and as with the ripening there is a liability to shrinkage of the pulp, if the water supply has been unsteady, the then rapid growth of the rind results in a rather pronounced separation of the rind and carpel. Some nut fruits show this in a marked degree, and the expressions, "well filled" and "light" denote the resulting difference. Water is the important and quite largely controlling factor in production, and to insure even and normal development of rind and carpel the supply must be constant with thorough drainage throughout the growing season, lessening and even stopping when ripening is in order and desired. Generous water supply during the summer hastens the period when ripening may occur, but with the colder weather the ripening may be delayed by keeping up the water supply. The characteristics of the plants or the variety of the plant has much to do with the texture of the rind and fruit, as coarseness may occur from extensive subdivision of cells, particularly large cells. Coarseness also occurs from an unsteady supply of water alternately retarding and encouraging growth. This may be caused by conditions of rainfall or improperly conducted irrigation or from the texture of the soil which holds water badly or too well.

Water and Fertilizers.

The actions of water are importantly affected by fertilizers properly constituted to feed the cells and supply the nutrient necessary to meet the requirements of growth and ripening according to the character of the plant. Without a supply of nitrogen during growth, the development will be rather from somatic than embryonic cells, resulting in inferior material for ripening. Without phosphorus, potash, lime or some other minerals peculiar to the necessities of the plant, ripening will be poor in quality. Some varieties of rind fruits, though very fine celled, become coarse in the rind through the cells of the rind being particularly of the class that subdivide, and their embryonic character causes them to make renewed reproduction so that they establish new growths on the surface of the rind if allowed to remain on the stem past the ripening period. This new growth occurs through a new or continued supply of water, for a plant will try to ripen at its proper period under any circumstances. Some soils are more prone to produce regrowth or "re-greening" in fruit than others owing to their retentive power for water. At the same time it must be borne in mind that there is evidence that there are some

that a cell is more likely to begin re-growth accordingly as it is matured by the action upon it of the mineral elements most applicable to it. The mineral substances most likely to induce ripening in combination with nitrogen are lime, potash, chlorine, magnesia and silica, according as they happen to suit the cultivation sought to be influenced. These substances entering the cell seem to steady the plant and set the fruit at rest. If in too great excess they inhibit growth. Water being a carrier of secondary plant food capable of entering the plant under some conditions, it is often of importance that in seeking to directly and promptly affect a plant by special fertilization we should have the fertilizer in a condition of easy solution by the soil water. But this has its limitations, as will be noted when discussing the availability of fertilizers.

Fertilizers Affect Temperature.

One of the most powerful factors affecting the growth and development of plants is temperature. A plant may be starved in the presence of an abundance of food and water if the temperature rises above or falls below a certain point and remains long enough. Most plants show their greatest activity between 70 deg. Fah., and 99 deg. Fah., and a few plants can stand a body temperature of 115-116 deg. Fah. This does not refer to the atmospheric temperature but to the temperature of the body of the plant itself. The minimum temperature within a plant at which activity may proceed is seldom below 32 deg. Fah., and for the higher forms of plant life usually some degrees above that. The degree of cold necessary to produce cold rigor in a plant varies with the experience of the plant and its progenitors, also with the rapidity of the rise and fall of temperature, as plants can become gradually accustomed to wide variations in temperature. Protoplasm has such remarkably adaptive forms that it can stand wider variations of temperature than most living organisms if allowed time to adjust itself to the conditions. If a plant or species of plant has become used to certain annual lowering of the temperature in a cold climate to produce dormancy (the hibernating refuge of plants,) and is then removed to a climate where it does not experience at any time a correspondingly low temperature, it will take some years to become so acclimated as to adapt itself to the new conditions. It will take its regular resting period and will not emerge from its dormancy until it has undergone a period of low temperature in imitation of the winter to which it has previously adapted itself. It would seem indeed that the plant must actually receive a shock of low temperature before it will return to proper activity.

Chemical Effect on Temperature.

The chemical effect of fertilizers on the protoplasm bodies in the plant causes decreasing and increasing temperatures within the plant and gives it therefore greater or less resisting power to unfavorable temperatures, either cold or heat. The mineral food used by plants, such as lime, magnesia and silica and perhaps some others, collect in the wood and leaves and give the cells which they invest added resistance to cold, as is instanced by the resistant condition observed in mature leaves and old wood. Such a condition in wood is quite satisfactory, but when it comes to the leaf and bark, particularly of the evergreen tree, it becomes an obstruction to osmosis and so deadens the cells that they lose their action. The plant enters a sort of state of coma and ceases to grow actively. This condition may sometimes be relieved by active acids and highly soluble bases, as for instance, sulphuric acid and potash, by hydrochloric acid and potash, according to the kind of obstruction occurring in the plant. Both the soil and physiological peculiarities of the plant must be considered to determine what the obstruction is, and the remedy applied accordingly. Heavy pruning is usually an effective method, though not always convenient or profitable, and if the obstructed or mineralized condition has extended down to the trunk and root system in a tree, pruning will fail and the only likely chance is in the use of chemicals. This is subject to the qualification

organic substances, not yet defined, which will under some conditions at least break down excessive mineral obstruction in the plant, as heavy dressings of rich stable manure and refuse animal matter have occasionally affected the cure. As there are no data connected with these results defining the probable obstruction, which might have been signification rather than mineralization, no valuable opinions can be formed about them.

FIELD NOTES.

The latest experiments in ensilage show that, while a temperature of 77 to 85 deg. is the most favorable for fermentation the limits can be safely extended to 60 and 100 deg. without any material difference in results. Higher atmosphere entail a destruction of some of the material, as the extra heat is produced at the expense of burned-up material. The keeping up of moisture in the silo by the application of plenty of water was shown to be of great importance, and on a par with the thorough packing to force out and exclude air. The material used for building the silo has only negligible effect.

Of late years there has been found rather a wide distribution of ovarian infection among hens, so that it has led to the study by experts in bacteriology and infection of its effect upon eggs. Large quantities of eggs were used in the experiments, and it was found that the Bacteria Pulorum are widespread. It was found that the bacteria produced abnormal conditions when fed to young chicks, adult fowls, guinea pigs and kittens. It usually killed rabbits and showed severe symptoms of food-poisoning in most of the patients. The conclusion, so far as reached, is that a large proportion of the marketed eggs are infected and consideration must be given to that fact in their use, especially for invalids and young children. It was found that boiling the eggs four minutes did not in every instance destroy the bacteria, but they were rendered sterile by poaching from one-half to four minutes, and by scrambling. The living organisms were sometimes found in fried and coddled eggs. When the eggs are digested as food it takes several days to show the result of the bacterial poisoning. As the wide distribution of ovarian infection in domestic fowl has come about only in the last few years, its possible danger to man is one of recent development.

The theory of breeding cattle for color, experimental breeding on Ayrshires seems to establish that cow and bull being both black-and-white, produces black-and-white progeny, and the same rule follows with red-and-white animals. But black-and-white bull with red-and-white cow gives black-and-white male calves and red-and-white females. To use a technical phrase, it seems that black-and-white coloring in Ayrshire cattle at least, is a simple allelelomorph of red-and-white. The black-and-white coloring is dominant in the male and red-and-white in the female.

In devising means to protect fruit crops from frost, it is important to keep in mind that with a given pressure the frost point is higher than the dew point, which runs parallel with the air temperature from midnight to 6 o'clock a.m. The surface temperature falls more rapidly than that of the overlying air, and may be below the dew point, while the overlying air is above it. This shows us that our main effort in warming the air must be directed to the ground to be effective. In fact the warmth should preferably arise from the very ground surface, on some principle that draws the surface air through a receptacle and heats it. It has been shown that dew begins to form with a humidity of 90 per cent., is greater at 95 per cent., and turns to fog at 99. During the last half of the night the fall of temperature is relatively less with the formation of dew and frost than with dry air, due to heat set free by condensation. This points to the value of moist warmth instead of dry, and confirms the observations which have been the basis for the belief that irrigation is to some extent a safeguard against frost damage.

ASPECT OF THE SECESSION OF MECCA.

[Saturday]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

[Sept. 6, 1916.]
 themselves, schooled themselves—and more or less successfully repelled every Turkish expedition sent to conquer them. A certain sheik in Lower Mesopotamia once received a message from the Sultan at Stamboul, asking the sheik to report there for a conference on state affairs. The sheik sent back word that if the Sultan had any business with the Arabs, he should come on down and talk it over. Being a wise man, the Turkish Sultan staid where he was. Often, however, he sent punitive expeditions against the desert tribes. Once at Bagdad I saw 3000 camels driven into the walled city by Turkish troops; they had been seized from certain Euphrates Bedouins who would not—or could not—pay their land taxes.

If the Arabs make a success of their new nation, and Uncle Sam does some day send an envoy to Mecca, he'll have to pick that envoy with care—applying some odd tests. Some of the examination questions asked of a candidate for the mission to Mecca might read like this:

"Do you use cigarettes to excess?"

To this query the candidate should answer "Yes." In all official intercourse with Arab sheiks and Moslem mujtaheds, it is necessary to consume at least half a pack of denatured camel-hair cigarettes before touching on the business of the day. When this business is finally disposed of, you finish the pack. Then you and the Arab host have several rounds of thick, black coffee—muddled up with brown sugar and grated cinnamon.

Question two might be, "Are you married?" To this, the answer should be "Positively No." And here's why. In Arabia one

never mentions his wife—or his wives. If you should, in ignorance and indiscretion, be rude enough to ask an Arab sheik how his wife was—or his daughters—he would probably make surly answer that the miserable creatures were as well as they had any right to be. For in Arabia, women haven't got a voice, or a vote, or even half a chance. Even the Koran—the Bible of all the Moslem millions—reviles women, and in one particularly abusive chapter entitled "The Cow," says most uncomplimentary things of her. So a Minister to Mecca would be better off without a wife. He couldn't present her at court, or allow her to ride unveiled in the streets, or sit at his table when the Grand Sherif or some other Arab dignitary was being entertained at the mission.

And should Uncle Sam start a smooth-faced man off as Minister to Mecca he'd have to stop off somewhere en route long enough to grow foliage à la Hughes; for in Arabia, the beardless man is an abomination. He'd need patience too, for the Arabs are the world's champion long-distance story tellers. They've been telling the same ones for generations, too; even now, in the coffee shops at Bagdad, you can hear the professional story-tellers drowsily mumbling out tales that are strangely like those printed in the unpurgated Arabian Nights. Some of these yarns are so long that the teller has to take a rest, after a few hours talking, resuming each day where he left off the day before.

There'd be some thrills in the envoy's life, too; it wouldn't always be dull. Every night, up on the flat roof of the Moorish

coffee houses, he could hear a shrill flute and goat-skin tom-tom and watch a be-spangled Arab dancing girl do the "streets of Cairo" with all the original Arabian steps. If the envoy liked hunting, he could go with the desert sheiks on some of their exciting gazelle chases. These Arabs are keen sportsmen, and to this day they work-trained falcons on the gazelles, using these fierce little hawks against the fleet gazelle just as skillfully as the Persians were doing when Marco Polo caught them at it. On Mahomet's feast days the envoy could review the spectacular costumed parades and witness the "Ramadan" festivities which mark those occasions.

Should he get sick, the Arabs would give him raw camel liver—which cures most any disease.

Mecca is known to millions of tourists. Ever since—according to the Arabs—Allah tossed down the big Kabba stone from heaven, the Moslem horde has been trooping in. Cook's tours (not the Doctor's) do not include this mysterious Mecca—just yet. So far as the record shows, only a few adventurous Christians like Hergronje, the Dutchman, Haleve and Sir Richard Burton (who gave us that unpurgated translation of the Arabian Nights) have braved the dangers of death for a secret peep into Mecca; and even Burton, when his disguise was discovered, had to kill a brace of fanatics to make good his escape. This trip to Mecca carries odd privileges with it—to the faithful. The pilgrim who has seen the sacred city is ever afterward addressed as "Hadji," and is allowed to paint his whiskers

a bright red. Also, while at home a Moslem must wash his hands and face at least five times a day; on the ride to Mecca and back, even if he comes from far away Turkestan and uses up five months on the journey, he is excused from all washing.

Just now the Germans are with the Turks at Bagdad, holding that old town and holding some 12,000 British troops captured at Kut-el-Amara; up in the Armenian and Lake Van region the bearded, booted Russians are tramping doggedly in. The British of course have long owned Aden, and are now strongly established at Bassorah, near the mouth of the Tigris. The vast British scheme for irrigating the old Garden of Eden, to which Sir William Willcocks had devoted ten years of his life and millions in money when the war broke out, has been interrupted. The German railway from Aleppo to Bagdad, via Mosul, is almost finished, and is being used to ship supplies to Bagdad. Although the French have attempted no territorial acquisition in Turkish-Arabia, their influence politically is notably strong—especially among the Arabs. And whether the Arab dream of a new nation—a return to the glory of Haroun al Raschid's time—is realized, in full, or not, it is quite likely that French influence will predominate; maybe even a French protectorate at Mecca will result. At all events, if Christians are eventually admitted to Mecca, it will go far toward making an intelligent map of those "blank spaces" now marked "inner Arabia," and the old ghost of a "holy war against Christendom" in the Middle East will have vanished forever.

demic. But the city water supply operating these fountains was found to be germ free.

Exhaustive investigation shows that quite a high percentage of this type of fountain everywhere are similarly contaminated, the contamination originating from contact of infected lips with some part of the fountain. Most of the germs so deposited are immediately flushed away; but "some remain dancing in the column much as a ball dances on the garden fountain, even though the bubble be increased to the impracticable height of four inches."

However, the evil is easily remedied—by tilting the "bubble," so that the stream is no longer vertical, and making it impossible for the lips to come in contact with any of the metal or porcelain parts. Germs cannot "dance" in such a diverted stream, and are immediately washed away.

Asked and Answered.

C. 13, Puente, writes to know the number of White Peking ducks to mate to a drake.

Answer: The usual number is from five to seven during the breeding season. Among some breeders it is a custom to limit the number to five during the early part of the season, and later on increase it to seven and even a few more.

A. S., Long Beach, writes as follows: "Can you inform me through your column of the Los Angeles Times "Illustrated Weekly if there is any virtue in the remedies for the destruction of life on fowl through feeding? It is advertised in The Times that all lice and mites can be destroyed on chickens by giving the remedy in the food. Has anyone used it and is it safe? How, and in what quantity is the sodium florid used?"

We confess ignorance on the efficiency of insect destroyers through the gizzard and alimentary canal. Possibly some of our readers have had experience along this line, and can tell us something about it?

L. F. Nelson writes from Escondido for information regarding the use of bichloride for disinfecting his poultry yards. In The Times Illustrated Weekly for September we treated of chicken pox and intestinal worms rather fully. For yards use a spray, spraying to saturate the soil to a depth of two inches, with a 1-to-1000 solution of bichloride of mercury. Bichloride of mercury even at a high price will pay. One gallon to ten square feet of yard space is the usual quantity used. Bichloride of mercury may be purchased in tablet form, which is the better way, and one tablet dissolved in one pint of water makes the 1-to-1000 solution, eight tablets making a gallon. There are always directions on the bottle in which bichloride is purchased. Poultry readers should keep this magazine on file, for future reference.

Dangers of the "Bubble" Fountain.

It seems to be the fate of mankind to stumble from one disease-danger into another; and sometimes it happens that the remedy designed to avert the original danger is responsible for the second. This appears to be the case, in some instances at least, with the familiar "bubble fountain" which has largely replaced the germ-laden common drinking cup now banished from all drinking places.

When this device was invented it appeared to be the acme of hygienic perfection. "What could be more obvious than the freedom of the ever-changing bubbling stream of pure water from contamination through the evanescent contact with the mouth?" And yet—

An epidemic of tonsilitis two years ago in one of the dormitories of the University of Wisconsin unexpectedly directed suspicion to the bubble fountains in the building. An examination of the fountains showed them to be heavily contaminated with streptococci—the germ responsible for this epidemic.

[Kansas City Journal:] "My wife has saved up \$40."

"Good enough."

"Mostly from bridge winnings."

"And now?"

"Now she is looking around for some small nation that wants to hock the crown jewels for a war loan."

Taking the Oath.

VARYING METHODS EMPLOYED IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Taking the oath in this country and in Great Britain, whether in court or in the assumption of official duties, is a simple matter. As administered in most of the English law courts the form of the oath is practically the same as that in the United States, though rather more ceremonious. In France it is perhaps the simplest. A crucifix above the judge's seat is supposed to obviate the necessity of the witness handling either the cross or the Bible.

"You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" asks the judge. And the witness, raising his right hand, answers: "I swear it."

In Austria a Christian witness is sworn before a crucifix placed between two lighted candles. Holding up his right hand the witness says: "I swear by God, the Almighty and All Wise, that I will speak the pure and full truth in answers to anything that I may be asked by the court." If the witness is of the Jewish race he uses the same words, but places his hand on a Bible opened at the page on which the Third Commandment appears, and the crucifix is removed.

In a Belgian court (in normal times) the witness says: "I will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God and all the saints." No Bible is required in the administration of this oath.

The Italian witness generally takes the oath in a dramatic manner. Resting his hand on an open Bible he exclaims:

"I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!"

More ceremony attends the administration of an oath in a Spanish court. The witness kneels on his right knee and places his right hand on the sacred book. The judge then asks: "Will you swear to God and by those holy gospels to speak the truth to all you may be asked?" The witness replies: "Yes; I swear," to which the judge rejoins: "Then if thus you do God will reward you and if not will require of you."

In a few districts this form is varied by the witness placing the middle of his thumb on the middle of his forefinger, kissing his thumb and declaring "By this cross I swear."

It is to be hoped that the Norwegian witness is properly impressed with his obligation to speak the truth or considerable energy is wasted. He is required to raise his thumb, forefinger and middle finger, thus signifying the Trinity. Before the oath is actually taken a long exhortation is delivered, running in part as follows:

"Whatever person is so ungodly, corrupt or hostile to himself as to swear a false oath or not to keep the oath sworn sins in such a manner as if he were to say: 'If I swear falsely, then may God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost punish me, so that God the Father who created me and all mankind in His image, and

Spinster and Empire.

The great biologist, Thomas Huxley, once humorously declared that the prestige of the British on land and sea depended on the maiden ladies of England. This was his reasoning:

The maiden sisterhood cared for innumerable cats. The cats destroyed the field mice, so the mice could not destroy the bumblebees, and without the bees to carry pollen about, no clover could be grown.

And if there were no clover, then there would be no good English beef, and therefore no English yeomen to man the ships or fight on land and sea for the great nation on whose possessions the sun never sets and whose drumbeat is heard round the world!

CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

West Drenched.

WITH a beautiful Thanksgiving Day all over the Great West, this favored region was blessed with copious rains as December opened. This rain covered all the West, great as it is. The Great Southwest was drenched. So was the Great West, and so was the Great Northwest. The blessed drops point to a prosperous year ahead and fell all the way from the British-American border to the Mexican border and covered everything from the highest peaks of the Sierras to the sea. At Los Angeles the fall at this writing is about twice that of a year ago, with prospects of more to come.

It is great news for every dweller upon the western slope. The oranges will be bigger, juicier and better flavored. Deciduous fruit trees will be put into good heart for spring budding and blossoming, and the grain harvest promises to be a bumper. Of course these are all mere harbingers. It is a long time until the husbandman puts in his sickle to reap the golden sheaves in mid-summer next. Still we have a right to take our blessings as they come and enjoy the prospect as well as the reality.

With the war in Europe still at a white heat and no sign of peace visible on the horizon, high prices are promised for every product of the soil in all America. It is not possible that the war should come to an end in time to return the fighting men to their peaceful occupations to get the next crop in the ground. With this prospect in view it looks as if Europe would go hungry another year and need all the foodstuffs America has to spare.

Plain farming, such as grain growing, is looked down upon somewhat here in this land of hearts' delight where agriculturists are few and horticulturists many. But the plain farmer is promised an inning at the coming harvest time. Experts are figuring that wheat growers and barley growers will come out about as well at the end of the year as the proudest citrus fruit grower in California. This does not mean, of course, that his gross income will be as large, but points to the net income, as the expenses of harvesting a crop of grain are much less than those that go to the gathering and marketing of a crop of fruit.

The Beautiful Snow.

SOME young and very warm-blooded poet whose veins were full of red liquid sang a song once lauding the "beautiful snow." It is beautiful, but here we enjoy it at a distance rather than ankle-deep in the fleecy downfall of the spotless snow. We have it here, but on the mountain tops. We read in connection with the great fall of rain that has just covered the whole west coast of the country that there was a heavy fall of snow in the Cascade Mountains. That is quite near enough for the enjoyment of this beauty by most of us here in this sun-kissed land. It is welcome, for it means plenty of water in all the streams for irrigation purposes and for the miners' use during the long dry summer that is the chief blessing of California.

A Western Innovation.

ON DECEMBER 1 a women's police court was inaugurated in San Francisco. The dispatch announcing this event informed the world that it was closely watched by delegations of club women and social service workers. The court is to be open from 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning of every week day. Each of the four police judges will preside a month, alternating in the work. The idea is to try criminal cases involving women away from the scrutiny of court loungers and habitues. The club women agitated for it, arguing that their sex facing trial should not be subject to the gaze of both sexes who usually are attracted to the courtroom.

The scheme is an experiment, an outgrowth in part of the sentimental and temperamental spirit of the age. But let us hope for the best from it. A good many women who are haled into the police court are of a very brazen class who do not mind being stared at, and do not resent even being ogled by the vilest bangers-on around the courtroom. On the contrary, there are some women, beginners in crime, who have at least a remnant of modesty left, and

it is probably just as well to spare their blushes.

Los Angeles Goes Her One Better.

LOS ANGELES puts on the legislative map another new idea for the West. It is not a police court for women, but a police school for policemen. The City Council has appropriated a sum of money to buy supplies for the police school, of which Capt. R. A. Heath is to be instructor. It is an idea conceived in the brain of the new police chief, who tells the public that the instruction to be received by the policemen will increase their efficiency at least 25 per cent. The instructions are to include first aid to the injured on the streets, discipline and deportment of the policemen themselves, physical care of their bodies, patrolling, criminal law and other subjects. There will be three classes a day six days a week, and each class will last an hour. There are 600 members of the police force, and each will be expected to attend at least one class a week. All it is to cost the taxpayer is the sum of money appropriated to provide supplies.

Back to Old Ideas.

CUSHMAN GRAY, a clerk in the office of the City Clerk of Redlands, proposes to have the most exclusive suit of clothes in the country. He himself is to make the cloth from which the suit is to be cut. He is now engaged in spinning thousands of yards of linen thread from raw flax which he secured from the best districts in the country. When the spinning task is over he will weave the thread into cloth from which the suit will be cut. Of course it is for summer use, and will be mighty comfortable, however it looks, in Redlands before and after the dog days.

Thanksgiving Service Out of Doors.

IT IS not every place on the map where a congregation can assemble out of doors for a Thanksgiving Day service. This happened at San Diego on the last day of November. More than 15,000 persons attended on the Exposition grounds, and every building on the grounds was closed during the hour the services were held. This is the first time this has happened since the exposition was opened. Those who assembled under the blue sky to give thanks for the blessings of the past year had an inspiring time, for the Rev. Charles Edward Locke of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles was the preacher, and Ellen Beach Yaw sang two solos.

He That Hath, to Him Shall be Given.

EDWARD L. DOHENY is a Californian by adoption. He is one of the most enterprising men in Los Angeles, and luck follows him wherever he goes. He came here poor as the proverbial church mouse, and by his own adventures and energy has made himself many times a millionaire. He maintains the handsomest place in all Los Angeles in Chester Place, where the Doheny home will shine beside that of any monarch in Europe. He has been away yachting in the Caribbean Sea, and news comes that he has got a concession in Cuba for a great piece of territory supposed to be rich in oil. Oil is Mr. Doheny's specialty, and out of it he has made his fortune.

Besides his Chester Place home he maintains a beautiful country place in the foothills in the Santa Monica Mountains. When he returned the other day from his trip he found in his mail box a deed of gift for more than one-tenth of an acre of land near his beautiful country home. This bit of ground is smaller than a city lot, but it gives him a road leading to Santa Monica boulevard from his country home.

Trade With South America.

THE spirit of the time is one of good will between all the Americas. It is not a sentiment but a practical matter, to be built up by and for commerce between the various countries of the Americas. Los Angeles with her big harbor, the best in the world all things considered, and the rich territory around her full of all kinds of products needed the world over, is very much in earnest these days in stimulating trade between here and our neighbors to the south.

The other day a Japanese freighter lying over a year ago, the total imports being at the harbor took in a whole trainload of cement in barrels consigned to Callao on the Peruvian coast of South America. This cement, totaling 1300 tons, came from the plant of the California Portland Cement Company at Colton. One of the officials said: "It is our first, and will be our biggest, shipment to South America. It will mean much, I believe, toward encouraging Los Angeles merchants to look to South Americans, and to cause them to look to us."

Two Pomona Ideas.

OUT at Pomona, a beautiful city in the center of a beautiful valley, the garden spot of the earth, they have, as all cities have, a fire department and a fire bell. But unlike most cities, the fire bell is seldom used for the purpose for which it was designed. But Pomona has 2000 children who attend the public schools, and some of these are truants, and others are like the Mother Goose rhyme: "A diller, a dollar, a 10 o'clock scholar, what makes you come so soon? You used to come at 10 o'clock, and now you come at noon." So in order to remove all excuse for truancy and tardiness on the part of the students, the school board and the fire department held a conference, with the result that from December 1 the fire bell will be rung at 8:30 every morning to give all pupils notice that school is about to "take up," and that they would better be on time.

Then Pomona has had an idea for some years to educate the children of the schools in practical philanthropy. The children provide dinners for all the needy in the city under the direction of the Associated Charities. On the last Thanksgiving Day the pupils of Pomona schools contributed 1500 sacks of food, including all kinds of staples, fresh vegetables, canned fruit and jellies. This was divided among seventy families for the support of 217 children and twenty-eight widows. Abundant baskets of supplies were distributed to each residence of these poor people on the eve of Thanksgiving Day.

A Long-feit Want.

THAT was exceedingly good news that came from Lone, Cal., up in the mountains, the other day, announcing that after several months of extensive explorations with drills and shafts it was found that nearly the whole valley between Carbondale and Lone was underlaid by valuable lignite strata. If this is true an important coal field will be developed there, as strong financial operators are interested in the scheme. A briquetting plant of the Lignite Fuel Company at Lone has been purchased for \$19,500. The new owner proposes to add to the capacity of the plant. This territory, with that of northwestern Amador county, promises good results in coal development.

A Literary City.

THE other day when the Cahuenga branch library on Santa Monica boulevard was opened it made the sixth branch library in the city of Los Angeles. These libraries are all built from a gift from the Carnegie Corporation in 1911 amounting to \$210,000. This last one cost \$34,000.

Point to Prosperity.

BUILDING permits, bank clearings, and imports for the month of November in the Los Angeles district and the country around all showed great progress. The building permits numbered 621 and represented an investment of just short of \$1,500,000, or 50 per cent. more than for the same month in 1915. For eleven months of the year the permits totaled 7045, representing an investment of a little more than \$13,500,000, quite an increase from that of the previous year.

November was a slack month in banking days, but a big month in banking results. With the banks open only twenty-four days, the total clearings amounted to more than \$118,000,000, an increase of \$22,000,000 over 1915. For the eleven months of the year the clearings exceed those of last year by more than \$100,000,000.

For the month the Collector of Customs reports business done in the district showing an increase of more than 100 per cent.

Thread Factory at Mexicali.

GOV. ESTEBAN CANTU, who controls the destinies of Lower California, seems to be the one man in Mexico who has a clear head and a human heart. While the other people of that republic are cutting one another's throats, Gov. Cantu is pursuing the paths of peace and blessing his country with peaceful development bringing prosperity for the people. It is reported that he has granted a concession to eastern capitalists to establish a thread factory at Mexicali. Mexicali is in the center of a great cotton-growing country, and the fiber will be used in the thread factory to turn out a product in great demand all over the country. Simultaneous with this news comes an announcement that the Governor has ordered a great cleaning up morally and physically in Mexicali.

Fodder Plants.

SUDAN GRASS, SORGHUM GRAINS AND AUSTRALIAN GIANT GRASS.

[ANGORA JOURNAL, PORTLAND, ORE.]

The value of drought-resistant fodder plants which are yet prolific is well known to stockmen. To growers in the Southwest the dry land sorghum grains have proved very valuable, though such varieties as kafir, feterita and millet yielded somewhat less than usual in the past season, owing to lateness of rains and to frost. In New Mexico the yield was fair, also in Colorado. In more northerly States the injury from frost was greater. In Oklahoma and Texas use of these sorghums is increasing. Oregon is using the harder varieties for silage and green feeding.

Sudan grass in Oregon is getting rather extensive tests this year, especially in the Willamette Valley. The writer has seen patches of from one to ten acres which stood five to six feet high. It bulks well and cures in a few days. Stock hold away from it at first but soon begin to like it. Satisfaction is expressed by a number of growers, who will plant increased areas next year.

Australia is expressing approval of the giant grass, about which some pretty tall stories are told. R. Harrison, F.R.H.S., of Burringbar P. O., New South Wales, Australia, writes of this grass to the South African Farmers' Journal:

"Australian giant grass can be most highly commended, both for drought resistant and prolific qualities. With me last season—which was a very dry one—and which was a most disastrous one for stock, this grass grew to a height of nearly eleven feet and produced a large quantity of succulent, nutritious and fattening fodder, which is greatly relished by the stock, and is, according to analysis, much richer than green maize. A reliable official says:

"There is a consensus of opinion that in this plant we have found a fodder of great value, which remains green even during such long periods as from six to eight months when other herbage is parched or destroyed."

"It grows rapidly to a height of twelve feet or more in favorable weather, thrives well in various soils, and resists both frost and drought to a remarkable extent. At seven feet high it has produced twelve tons of green fodder per acre, and a few months later fifteen tons, making a total yield of twenty-seven tons per acre. It is everlasting when once established, and the tufts or stools increase in size after each cutting or when grazed off. It should prove of untold value to farmers in South Africa who suffer much loss through frequent and protracted droughts, the East Indies and other countries where light rainfall and semi-arid conditions obtain. As a prolific and drought-resistant plant it promises to prove one of the very best brought into cultivation."

Texas, New Mexico and Southwest stockmen generally may find profit by investigating this new grass.

[Information about a much-praised forage plant known as "Rhodes grass" is also especially desired by the editor of the Illustrated Weekly. Will readers respond to this call?—Ed.]

AS TOLD BY THE ROUNDHOUSE FOREMAN.

Dec. 9, 1916.

WOMAN HANDLES ALL INDIAN BANK FUNDS

A Stupendous Task. By a Special Contributor.

HOW many guardians can congratulate themselves upon the fact that they have never lost a penny for a ward during a period of half a dozen years?

Uncle Sam, however, can say this for himself when it comes to the guardianship over the money of his Indian wards. This is somewhat notable in itself, but it is still more so when it is realized that a woman looks after the surplus cash of the Indians and sees that it is safely banked and that the highest possible rate of interest is secured.

There are thousands of Indian bank depositors in the United States, and their cash holdings amount to over \$18,000,000. Their tribal holdings in banks amount to \$4,000,000 more, making a total of \$22,000,000 on deposit. It is the duty of Miss Edith A. Fries of the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Washington to see that the money is placed to the best possible advantage of its owners, and also to make sure that it is fully protected.

Miss Fries takes no chances, or the government record could hardly stand flawless as it does today, with not a loss of a single dollar to be accounted for. Every chance of loss is eliminated by the thorough manner in which she goes about her work of safeguarding the money in her care.

In the first place no banks are permitted to serve as depositaries of Indian funds except such as are able to give evidence of stability and safe management; in the second, no dollars enter their coffers until they are covered, dollar for dollar, by bonds, which secure their safety. It has happened in a few instances that a bank, after serving acceptably for several years, has suffered reverses and closed its doors, but in every case the full amount due the Indians was collected from the sureties on the bonds.

To keep the funds in her charge in this condition of happy security, Miss Fries has to give a full day's work six days of every week to her task. She has become well acquainted with national bank operations and with the laws of the State Banking Departments of every section in which Indians hold residence. She has learned the capacity of the leading banks in those sections and also the highest rate of interest each can pay, and she makes it her business to procure for the Indians the highest possible price for their money consistent with safety.

The government, be it known, does not permit the Indians to handle the moneys which accrue to them in one way and another unless they have developed to a condition of self-helpfulness, and shown entire competency to manage their own affairs. The money derived by them from the sale of lands granted by the government or through the development of resources on their allotments is not paid to them outright, but is given to the Indian field superintendents, who handle the funds for the Indians in their agencies.

When a superintendent accumulates a large trust sum, as he frequently does, he invites the state and national banks in the vicinity of the agency to submit bids as to interest rates. These rates are sent to the Indian Office, and it is the work of Miss Fries to consider them and to select a bank or banks in which to place the funds. Many banks regard Indian moneys as desirable deposits, and as a result good interest rates are quoted. It is not unusual to receive 4 per cent. on check accounts. On time deposits the rate often reaches 5 per cent. and occasionally 6.

Before placing the accounts Miss Fries calls upon all applicant banks for detailed financial statements, and in the case of state institutions makes additional investigation through the various banking departments as to the standing of the banks which appear acceptable as depositaries. After a bank is designated a depositary it is required to fur-



MISS EDITH A. FRIES.

[Photo by C. J. C. (Cinecinist)]

nish a bond for the full amount of the sum to be deposited. In this way the Indian funds are safely invested at a profitable rate of interest and absolutely guarded against loss.

No Indian, unless he has proved himself to be fully competent to handle his funds is permitted to do so. He signs checks, but he must apply to the superintendent for the money, and the check is not honored by the bank without the superintendent's counter-signature.

In talking recently of her work, Miss Fries said: "It is interesting work and keeps one mentally alert. During the last six years the deposits have been gaining steadily. Last year the increase in deposits of individual Indians amounted to about \$2,000,000. We have money now in perhaps 725 banks, distributed throughout eighteen states, as against 185 banks six years ago. This gives us as many banks to look after as are comprised in the banking system of some single states."

"Just now we are providing depositaries for large sums in Minnesota and North Dakota. Right here, for instance, is a case which illustrates our method when action is urgent. Here are thirty-three bids from Minnesota banks. Out of these I first selected nine banks for deposits amounting to \$180,000, and prepared a telegram notifying the superintendent of their designation. Later, as the work of examination progressed, eight more were designated in the same way for deposits aggregating \$256,000. I still have under consideration banks to provide a place for \$100,000 more from that same agency."

"From a North Dakota agency I have just received sixty bids. Designations for \$140,000 were made in a few days, but the majority of these bids are from state institutions and the work is proceeding more slowly.

"Only occasionally are we reminded of the unavoidable reputation Uncle Sam has for multiplicity of unnecessary requirements. I recall one bank which became a little impatient over what it considered unreasonable delay in passing upon its application. A certain amount of investigation and correspondence is, of course, necessary, and in this case there really appeared to be some ground for the bank's displeasure. Anyway, in response to a letter relating to its bid the announcement came that it had decided against receiving a deposit, and the reason therefor was laconically given as 'too much red tape.'

"One would hardly imagine this kind of

work to yield much amusement, but the variety of questions arising certainly does furnish considerable entertainment, and in answering letters I assuredly find tests for skill in correspondence.

"We never place any Indian money in any bank without bond. The law requires that bonds be furnished, so the Indian depositor, getting, as he does, unusual rates on active accounts and at the same time being protected from loss, is really better off than the average white person who uses a bank for his savings. And the Indian is quick to see this when it is pointed out."

"The national banks which are depositaries for Indian moneys are required to send in reports of their financial condition every time the controller of the currency calls upon them for a report for his office, which is at least five times a year. The state banks must do the same at the call of the state banking departments. In this way we keep in touch with our depositaries."

"We try to be as reasonable and considerate in the matter of banking as possible. If there is need of withdrawing deposits from one bank to transfer them to another, which is occasionally necessary under changed conditions, in order to procure the best interest rates for the Indians, we make the withdrawals by installments if the bank so desires. We are not arbitrary in our rulings, and endeavor to proceed only in a manner consistent with safety and good business."

"Yes," replied Miss Fries, in answer to a question, "the system requires a great amount of correspondence. I have answered as many as 300 letters in one month, but the average now is between 170 and 200 a month—that is, for myself alone. Another clerk, who assists with the examination of bonds, probably writes as many. In this, of course, we have the assistance of a stenographer."

"The bonds covering the deposits amount at this time to probably \$24,000,000, as allowance must always be made not only for the principal, but for the interest as well. These bonds, as a rule, are for a stipulated term of one year, and so must be renewed year by year. They must be legally perfect, and any one who has had experience in handling such instruments will understand the care required to accomplish this in the case of more than 700 depositaries, some of which furnish ten or twelve bonds to cover their deposits."

"Besides, there are letters of inquiry from banks, surety companies and their agents, superintendents and others, on every

conceivable question relating to the work, so that altogether we find our hands full in protecting the funds of these interesting wards of the government."

Women as Talkers.

[New York Sun:] A woman can talk longer than a man because she uses less force in speaking than the man does. A German professor has proved by actual and very delicate measurements that the baritone singer uses far more energy than the tenor and that the bass singer uses more force than either.

The range of voices differs greatly, so the percentage varies to the same extent, but as a general result it was proved that the tenor uses only from one-seventh to one-sixteenth of the lung power of the baritone or bass. The difference between the force used by the contralto and the soprano is also marked, and the contralto who sings in very deep tones uses at least ten times the force of the trilling soprano.

The explanation is so simple that it is surprising that the investigation was not made long ago. It has long been known that the tenor or soprano brings the vocal cords close together and keeps the edges only vibrating by the emission of air. The bass or contralto leaves the space between the cords wider open and has to vibrate very much more of the membranes, so that a considerably larger amount of air is required and much more force is expended.

Persons with high, squeaky voices often seem to be very loquacious, and the reason is now plain—they can talk with far less effort than those who take a deeper tone and have to use more air to utter their words.

Here lies the real explanation of the ease with which a woman can out-talk a man. She has the advantage of using from one-seventh to one-sixteenth less lung power, and even though her lungs may be smaller the difference is never so great as that between the amount of air required.

"Go About Your Business."

The old Temple clock in London bears a curious inscription, the origin of which is ascribed to a chance remark.

Some 200 years ago a master workman was employed to repair and put in a new face on the clock. When his work was nearly done he asked the benchers for an appropriate motto to carve upon the base. They promised to think of one. Week after week he came for their decision, but was put off. One day he found them at dinner in commons.

"What motto shall I put on the clock, your lordship?" he asked of a learned judge.

"Oh, go about your business!" His Honor cried, angrily.

"And very suitable for a lazy, dawdling gang!" the clock-maker is said to have muttered, as he retreated. It is certain that he carved "Go about your business" on the base.

The lawyers decided that no better warning could be given them at any hour of the day, and there the inscription still remains.

Meaning of "Half-mast."

Ever since flags were first used in war it has been the custom to have the emblem of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten, it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victor to be placed above it on the same pole.

That was a token not only of submission, but of respect. In those days, when a famous soldier died, flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed into common use. The flag flying at half-mast is a sign that one is dead who was worthy of universal respect. The space left above the flag is for the flag of the great conqueror of all—the angel of death. When placed at half mast the flag is first run to the top and then lowered.

[London Saturday Journal:] "Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still, I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

"Well," said the doctor, "that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

WOMAN HANDLES ALL INDIAN BANK FUNDS

[Saturday]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Dec. 2, 1910. 1

AS TOLD BY THE ROUNDHOUSE FOREMAN.

Oil on Troubled Waters. By Mark Harmon.

"**W**HY yes, you might call it quiet," admitted Kelly. He smelled at a newly acquired cigar, stared at its brown surface with his head cocked, then bit the end off as if to get it over with. "But it's not quiet and peaceful like it was before the Lines East took over the Lines West. Them was the good old days. Everything and everybody was serene.

"I can remember—and it was Sunday afternoon, too—when the old man wouldn't let the yard set coal at the chute because Jim Crow—yea, that same pampered kitty you see washin' hisself beyond there—because Jim Crow was sound asleep on the incline. He'd been missin' for a day or two—sky-larkin' around with some of his friends, I reckon—an' was plumb wore out. The old man thinks a heap of Jim Crow, an' when he found him asleep up there in the sun, he 'phoned the yard office that he was doin' some repairs to the coal chute an' would let 'em know when they could send a switch engine. Yen, sir—that was before the Lines East took over the Lines West. Happy, happy days.

"Now, there's little joy in bein' a roundhouse foreman. If it ain't oil records it's coal records, an' if it ain't either, I get a blue print with a dotted line showin' where Fireman Fitzpatrick threw a chunk o' coal at a rabbit one and one-half miles beyond Honeyhaven road crossing, with figures in white what you can't read, showin' how much steam per car-ton-mile that chunk o' coal would have made. And will I please give Fireman Fitzpatrick ten days' book suspension. I will! I do! Nothin' but worry and flurry and scurry nowadays. It reminds me of how Troubled Waters used to act when he first got to be assistant superintendent."

The spring sky was in its best Sunday blue. Green leaves were pushing out on the old broken cottonwood that had held its own close to the pumphouse these many years. Over on the turntable, a point of vantage where a cat could be conspicuous and also see everything that was going on, Jim Crow, having gone over a black coat till it shone like satin, was patiently and painstakingly ironing a white vest, ignoring the insults of a hundred sparrows on the roundhouse eaves, unheeding their sarcastic advice that he take it to a Chinese laundry. A sleepy painter was doing something to a big gold number on the tank of one of the giant passenger engines just opposite. There was nothing else in sight that even looked like work. Kelly stretched luxuriously on the old front-end timber by the pumphouse wall and sighed almost as loudly as the deep well pump within. Though the deep well pump—being a railroad pump—was used to sighing and groaning the livelong day—complaining about the work.

"Carroll was superintendent then," said Kelly. "He was as nice as you'd want to meet. One of the grand old railroad men who worked when they were young but got bravely over it and were immune good and plenty. He'd get down to the office at 10 o'clock a.m. and he went home at noon without settin' any river on fire. Once in a while he'd order out the little old two-spot which was his own private car, and ride over the division. But he always was particular to let everybody know a week or two in advance so's they could get brushed up and dusted off. Of course they gave him an assistant. That's the way it goes on a railroad—the less you have to do the quicker you get a boy to help you. And Troubled Waters—he was strong on assistin'. They hitched that name to him and it stuck, for it sure did fit. The way he fluttered around and fussed over things! He looked about as much like an official as I do, only more so—bein' awful young for his job. He wasn't even married—not darin' to take a day off from runnin' the road an' the world an' all, so he could look up a girl; which seemed too bad, fr' he was in fine shape to be a fair provider an' bein' so busy superintendin', he wouldn't make a woman miserable by bein' forever underfoot. Huh-uh! Not him!

"Mind, I don't say he wasn't liked. He was! Only there wasn't hardly enough real work them days to go 'round an' it was kind o' bothersome fr' everybody—havin' to save up something fr' him to su-

pervise. He was awful cruel in his talk, bein' continually threatenin'. I suppose Troubled Waters discharged every man on the division some time or another. I know one unprincipled wretch what was let out six times. But as he never remembered doing it, nobody else paid any attention. Except the time at Honeyhaven, which I reckon he remembered right well. I know

understand. The new orders go into effect today at noon and I think there will be vast improvement. I shall make it a point to see that they are obeyed. Here we are. You can amuse yourself for a few minutes, George, while I talk to the agent, I haven't had occasion to drop off here for quite a while."

"I didn't see much prospect for the amusin' he spoke of, but I lit a cigar and scratched my head by way of making a start. All there was to Honeyhaven seemed to be a concrete station, a siding, and a pile of ties. Quite a big pile of ties. I trailed Mr. Troubled Waters, assistant superintendent, around to the shady side of the station where there was a fair-sized maple tree. An' there was the prettiest girl I ever saw, lounging in one of those easy-going chairs. Inside the open window the sounder was poundin' away, but she wasn't payin' any attention. She had a book, but the name of it wasn't "The Beginner's Guide to Telegraphy." Nothin' like that. An' she had a box of candy and the blackest hair and the grayest eyes and the whitest clothes—stockin's an' shoes an' all—you ever enjoyed lookin' at on a summer day.

"Where's Hathaway?" asked Troubled Waters, almost as severe as though the girl had been a Polack section man. Almost, but not quite. Waters is fine lookin', you know—right fine lookin' fr' never havin' practiced up. But I bet he never permitted himself to be looked over the way he was then. That girl seemed to cotton to him. Anyway, she sized up his ears and his nose and his necktie, stopped to frown over a button bein' off his vest, and sighed at his shoes so dusty. After which, Troubled took it on himself to break the spell.

"I'm the assistant superintendent, J. F. Waters," he said, savage as could be, bein' sore at the goin' over. "I want to see Hathaway, the agent here."

"I'm his understudy," smiled the girl, real pleasant. "My name is Kathleen Desmond. Have some candy?"

"Troubled Waters regarded that candy box like she was passin' potato bugs, but shucks!—I took a big fat brown feller an' gobbled him. He had a cherry hid inside.

"Jerry went down the line to a dance last night," said the Desmond girl. "The agent's son from Pine sub'd for him but he had to go back this morning and Jerry missed the train. So, as there's nothing doing in the day time anyway, I'm just sticking around."

"Oh, she was a wonder, that girl! She ought to have been a tiger tamer."

"He had leave of absence from the dispatcher, you see," she went on. "And he'll be back on that 3 o'clock through train. He 'phoned me at the ranch. It's only a dozen miles. I came over in the runabout."

"Troubled Waters kicked a chunk of slag at the maple tree.

"Your friend," he snarled,—you'd a thought he was jealous, only he'd never seen her before. "Your friend 'll have to get off that train at sixty miles an hour—which will be quite a feat—quite a feat!"

"That girl showed red an' her gray eyes got hard as moss agates. Land! I wouldn't have been in Troubled Waters's place for fifty dollars—an' had her fire up her cheeks from the inside like that. Not me!"

"Oh, it'll stop all right today," she smiled at him—she did. "You see, Jerry's clear out of oil and they were slow sending it. There's scarcely enough for the semaphore tonight. So he had to order a supply by the passenger train he's coming on. It will stop, you see."

"Even that don't go, Miss," Troubled went right back at her. I began to be real unhappy. "Your fellow—your fellow's pretty smart, but so long as there's enough, as you say, for the semaphore tonight, the oil can go on to Estes and come back local tomorrow. Our trains aren't stopping so often as they have been in the past. And Mr. Hathaway can go on, too, and lose his job for overstaying his leave of absence. It's a technicality, but I shall see to it personally that he is discharged for overstaying his furlough—if he had a furlough, which I doubt."

"What d' y' mean—doubt? He did, too?" said Miss Girl. And she said it earnest.

But she calmed down an' clasped her hands behind her back an' stared at nothin' right through Troubled Waters. Then she laughed in his face an' got up an' went slow as could be around the station to where the semaphore was. We tagged her, for no particular reason. It was a tall semaphore for there's a cut beyond the station, but when we got around the corner, she was half way up the ladder, notwithstanding the fact that she had to devote some time to two white ankles and a white skirt, too. She looked down at Troubled Waters and laughed again.

"I'm going to pour the oil out of this semaphore lamp," she said noddin' at him. "You better stand back a bit. It's bound to spatter. Better go in and pull the board on the passenger. We'll need oil tonight."

"I heard a girl speak 'Curfew shall not ring tonight'—just like that, it was—to hear this one.

"Don't you dare do such a trick!" Troubled was shoutin' like she was a mile away. Me—I got to one side—oh, several steps. I never did mind side-steppin', an' them cheeks was warnin' enough for me. But Troubled, why, he knew no one dared act disrespectful to him, account o' him bein' assistant superintendent, so he stood close while he shook his fist an' read the riot act, told her it was a penitentiary offense, an' that the railroad company would show no mercy. Consequently, some of the signal oil went in his mouth, though most of it went down his neck. Then there was quite a lot all over the front of him.

"After he had gagged and spit a while and I'd wiped him off real passable with an old rag the girl brought, she said,

"Shall I flag that train, Mr. Waters? It's time for it in a couple of hours."

"Of course," says Troubled. "An' I was quite shocked at the change in him. He didn't seem to have no spirit left. 'We have to have oil for the semaphore, Miss Desmond. Yes indeed!'

"Well, come in and work the lever for me," says she. An' as they went inside she smiled up at him an' says:

"You—you were wrong about my being Jerry's—girl. I'm—I'm his niece. I know he's not much older, but it's true. And I am just visiting him. I stay over at the ranch because it's more comfortable. So he's not my—fellow. Nobody is."

"An' then Troubled Waters, assistant superintendent, says to me:

"George," says he, "I guess I'll not go any farther. I wish you'd go over the hill an' take a look at that engine. I'll be here when you get back." Sure he'd be there! Where would he be? And oh, it was hot! I ain't used to walkin'."

"Yep—he was there when I got back. I reckon that's what they call love at first sight. Anyway, they was married and lived happy ever after, or so much of ever after as there is so far. An' it's quite spell. For it all happened before the Lines East took over the Lines West."

Blondes Disappearing.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] A silly little story came out of St. Louis the other day to the effect that increased cost of peroxide of hydrogen was causing the girls out there to quit bleaching their hair and, as a consequence, fewer blonds were to be seen. The bleached blond is one of the lay figures of the joker; or, rather, of the joker who cannot keep ahead of the times, because she has been the target of humorous shafts ever since the Spanish-American War. Seriously, though, aren't there fewer blonds than formerly? How many genuine yellow-haired girls have you seen in the street cars in the last month? Very few; and to one girl with light eyes and coloring you will see a half-dozen brunettes of varying shades. We'll leave it to the sociologist to establish the relationship between the number of immigrants from Southern Europe, where the people are mostly dark, and the growing scarcity of real blonds. The sociologist no doubt can present all sorts of interesting theories, but we are confronted with a fact. During daily journeys on one car line covering a period of eleven months one observer has failed to decry a single blond that he would be sworn was genuine; and he is a person of fair eyesight and partial to the light ones. What's the answer?

ALTON FARM AND DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

A June Decision. By Mary Bourn.

"HELP me, Billy! Help me to avert an awful tragedy!" June Werner paused at the entrance of the grape arbor to look up at the blue sky through the tracery of green leaf and twisted vine. Sun and shadow checkered wavering patterns of pale gold down upon the tilted face, flushed and anxious, and the thick coils of hair—a fluff of yellow piled high on the pretty head.

At the sudden appeal the man at the rustic table looked up from his writing and stared for a flashing second of time at the white-gowned figure, caught in the golden web of shade and sunshine and closed his eyes. Almost immediately he opened them, straightened his paper, and went back to work, writing smoothly over the white paper.

June was not disturbed by his silence; he would talk in his own good time. She stood in the doorway and looked about her. Soon the unbroken stillness together with the peace and fragrance of the quaint old garden soothed and hushed the urgency of her need. Close beside him, a hollyhock trembled, swaying on its tall and prickly stem. She waited until a yellow-powdered bee lumbered forth from the crimson cup and winged a zigzag flight high above the green spires of mignonette and blinking four-o'clocks and disappeared over the white palings of the fence. A butterfly, like a drifting primrose petal, poised low for a cool breath from a lavender bush.

June looked across at the rose-trellised house with the great willow growing close by the west eaves. Beyond the willow, the house and the garden, far across the valley, were the hills—the hills—that shrank and flattened their granite sides close to earth, as if for fear the world in some mad, whirling revolution of time might toss their bony and barren bodies into space. At sight of the gray outline of buildings, huddled in the shadows of those frightened hills, the girl shivered and turned back to the arbor.

Her eyes, big with trouble, gazed at the bent head of the writer until thought out-twinkled the worry in their blue depths. Her red lips lengthened their bow into a smile. The smile lapsed until she had caught the pen from the guiding hand and stabbed a period after the last ink-wet word. "Billy! Don't play with paper manikins when there are real live men and women about!"

"Paper-people are much easier to manage." He held the page up for inspection.

"Marriage is a social end," she read aloud. "What kind of rumpus are you trying to start now?" She frowned at the author.

"You put the period there; I didn't. I was going on to say 'as well as individual.'"

"It makes no difference; I'm not interested in that subject." The paper fluttered to the floor, as she balanced herself on the end of the table.

Billy, ignoring the discarded page, shifted about in his chair, so that he could look up into the girl's face.

June knew that her eyes betrayed every passing mood, so she kept them well hidden under the black of her straight lashes. She clasped her hands about her knees and began.

"Somebody has been stirring up an awful fuss with the Town Board. As a result they are on the warpath and they have tomahawked the first poor creature they chanced to find. They have dared to declare Richard Vane a destitute and they are planning to send him over to the county farm this very night! Think of it!" She tossed back her head. "They have yet to bargain with June Werner!"

"Bargain with June! They have a hopeless task!" His somber face belied the banter in his voice.

June unclasped her hands, touched ever so lightly his rumpled and red-brown hair, and resumed her former position. "Billy, you must help me!"

Comforted by the shy caress, Billy ventured to reach for her hand.

She shook her head. "Think! Surely there is some way you can help me. I've thought until my mind is one perfect jumble. Look out that door. See those hills. Away back in the beginning I thought the world ended there. I thought the Farm stood on the edge of things, for night always came from that purple rim. Now

they would send that dear old man out to—darkness." Her voice trembled into silence. "Come! You are in sad need of counsel!"

She left the two men together, crossed the well-swept yard and went up vine-sheltered steps to the kitchen doorway. "Aunt Carew, what are you doing?" she called to the little woman busy by the stove.

"Making sweets for Billy." She nodded and smiled at the girl. "The boy goes out on the last train tonight, and I want that he should carry a bit of this marmalade back to college. I dare say it won't do him much good, but when the boys flock into his room and get too noisy he can quiet them with this." She let the golden liquid pour from the spoon.

"I see. Bread and jam in exchange for good behavior." June carefully stepped over a big yellow cat asleep on a blue braided rug and sat down in a low chair by the alcove window.

"It's Billy's way. Since he was the broth of a lad he's stood by to offer you a bit of the sweet after you've had the bitter. Once when he was a wee tot I found him eating his bread and marmalade upside down. He said it was more fun to bite through to the jam side."

"He's like that now!" June laughed. "He says that surprises are the joys of life."

"Ah, but that boy of mine is a right smart lad—you must admit that, June?" she challenged over the rimless edge of her glasses.

The girl answered the challenge with a crinkling smile of the eyes, but with lips straight and silent.

Aunt Carew went back to her stirring. "All the time I'm wanting his mother to know and all the time I'm thinking she knows—knows that there isn't a man living like Billy—knows that I did my best."

She stopped to wipe the dimness from her glasses.

"Tell me of her!" June pleaded.

"She was young—just a girl-mother—and sweet and pretty. She and Will, the boy's father, were both took sudden." Going, she said, "Jane, I'll leave my boy to Dick and you!"

"Dick?"

"Richard Vane. In those days—" She sighed and stirred the jam vigorously. "It ended in my caring for Billy the best I could and Dick went back to his bees and butterflies."

"Did Billy do that?" June stared before her, looking back into the years when Aunt Carew, young and pretty, had pledged herself to keep and care for a motherless babe.

"Do what?" Aunt Carew followed the direction of June's staring gaze. "Gather those grapes?" She nodded toward a yellow bowl, piled high with purple fruit. "Yes. He does everything for me. He even wanted to make this." She poured a golden stream from the spoon into the kettle.

June smiled, but her thoughts were not with the smile.

The late afternoon sun filtered a warm light on the yellow walls and ceiling and spilled a quivering shaft on the bowl of blue iris on the broad window shelf. A bee hummed in and out of the open door and the tawny cat stirred drowsily. The blue teakettle sang happily to its own reflection on the highly-polished stove; the jam kettle of the same vivid color gurgled golden bubbles, and blue dishes brightened the shelves of the yellow cupboard. Outside, the shadows crept lower and lower from the frightened hills.

"Is he absolutely penniless?" Billy counted the pages and arranged the sheets.

"Absolutely. He did have shares of some kind, but the company failed. When he is well he writes for fool papers as you do. But he is just over a long siege of sickness and is still too feeble to work. When I get to teaching—"

"Now if he had married—" Billy looked down at the last written page.

"I told you he was a man of brain." She sighed. "Billy, I'm worried about your future. You are likely to marry some forlorn piece of humanity who will have but one thought in her uncrumpled brain—she will mistake your unsurpassing conceit for wisdom."

"Don't worry about the girl I'm going to marry! She's an awfully human little crea-

ture—the heart-helping kind, Aunt Carew calls her."

June shrugged and led the way from the

plenty of vegetables; and really, it's comfortable out there now."

"Would you like to be sent there to live and die?"

Aunt Carew poured some jam into a saucer before answering. "June, you are all white and frazzled out. Is it the heat, or—?"

The girl shook her head.

"Billy? Has he been bothering you again?"

This time the shake of the pretty head was followed by a smile.

"Time and time again I've told Billy not to bother you with too much asking—it gets on your nerves. I know."

"How do you know?" June put the question listlessly.

After a vigorous stirring of the marmalade Aunt Carew answered. "Once in seven years a man bothers me with the same question."

"Aunt Carew! Why don't you marry him?" June leaned forward with sparkling eyes and parted lips.

"For the same reason that you don't marry," was the dry response.

"The same reason?"

"Yes, I enjoy my freedom, too." She turned back to the kettle.

"But if he still loves you after all these years—"

"Hasn't Billy proposed every summer for the last three years?"

"Yes, but—"

"There is no difference. You don't want to be disturbed. Neither do I."

"If Billy really needed me—" June offered with shy diffidence. She was never quite ready to discuss this phase of a possible future with anyone, not even herself. Away back in the dim recess of her being she knew that some day she would marry Billy. Just now it was better to remain an unsolved problem to the theorizing young man. "You know he has his work and his writings."

"So has this other man. We are not regretting. We have both traveled alone, lived to a comfortable old age and both found life rather pleasant." Aunt Carew looked about the cozy kitchen and then down at the girl. "Though I might have found the years long, if it hadn't been for Billy."

June closed her eyes to shut in the vision of living forever and forever without Billy. Could it be done? Was her love the same as Aunt Carew's? She opened her eyes to look again at the gray-gowned woman by the stove—the narrow white collar, pinned with the coral clasp of hands, the firm chin, the smiling wrinkled mouth, the black hair drawn back from the small face, and the steady gray eyes. It was a strong, dependable face, though time had carved deep the joy and sorrow lines. The features were becoming set, fixed in the mold of years. Would she look like that?

"June, this is Billy's last afternoon." Aunt Carew shook her head sorrowfully. "You haven't been quarreling, have you?"

The girl started at the question. Her own troubles were lost in the rush of remembrance. "They are going to take dear old Mr. Vane to Alton Farm unless—" She stopped appalled at the change in the face of Aunt Carew. How yellow and old and wrinkled she was!

"Unless—" Aunt Carew held the spoon suspended.

"Unless you and I manage to hide him somewhere. I stole him and brought him over here. He's out there now under the willow with Billy."

"But why send him? The man has a thousand a year. Can't he live on that?"

"He hasn't it now; the company failed."

"And-they-dare-to-send-a-man-like-Richard Vane-to-the-County-Farm?" She stared off into space.

She made no demur when June took the spoon from her, but continued staring before her. She began talking to herself in a low, puzzled voice. "I wondered why he didn't ask me this year. That's it, is it? Five times in thirty-five years; and each time I've said no! I knew he had been sick, but not hungry! How could it be? And me out there cleaning up the Poor House! Making it ready for such as he!" She settled her glasses more firmly on her nose. "June! Does he know?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

ONE little Denee. While there she was out we will see all the Apples you can. "Come over, Jimmie," invited Robert, who stood near. "This is going to end badly with a grim that revealed the whole schoolmate, invited him over. Robert's mother owned an apple orchard. Some day, he said solemnly to a gentleman with whom he had always the danger "American Boy." —

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

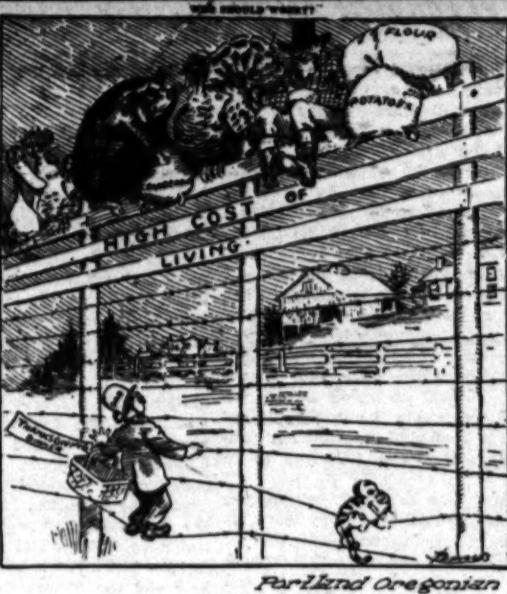
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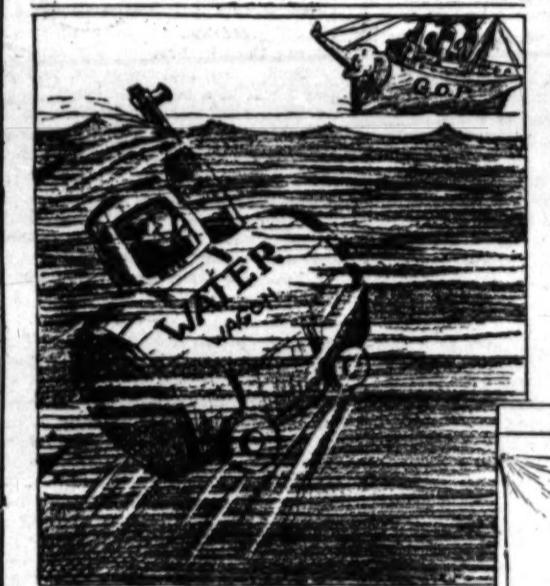
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Portland Oregonian



Oakland Tribune



Seattle Times



Portland Oregonian



Richmond Journal



WITH NO THOUGHT FOR HIS SAFETY



Seattle Times



Cleveland Plain Dealer

COURTSHIP AND AN APPROPRIATION BILL.

(Saturday)

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

ACCOMPLISHMENTS VERSUS CHARACTER.

The Great Gift. By Florence Martin Eastland.

MRS. JEWELL sighed as she ascended the stairs and tapped at her daughter's bedroom door.

"Cynthia," she reminded, "you have but a half-hour until school time. Have you done your work?"

The door was jerked open and a pretty apologetic countenance appeared against a disordered background.

"Why, you see, mother, I just had to get in my English paper which I forgot last night, and a button came off my shoe a moment ago and—"

Mrs. Jewell sighed again, yet her mouth grew firm as she entered the room. She felt the time was at hand when she must be less patient and more decided with Cynthia's carelessness and slipshod methods of work. Although she put an arm around the girl, she was none the less determined.

"Cynthia," she began, "you are now 16—old enough to shoulder some of your own responsibilities. In the future you must see to it that your work—making the beds and cleaning the bathroom—is done in time for you to reach high school in season. I will not sign another excuse for you. You must rise when you are called in the morning. It would be easier for me to do the tasks, but it is not right. I should be shirking my duty if I didn't require you to do your share."

"I will, mother," the girl hastily agreed. "Of course I shall be obliged to leave the work this morning—"

"You must do it when you reach home this afternoon, so remember to hurry."

Cynthia readily promised, but Mrs. Jewell went down far from certain that the promise would be kept. Often in her discouragement she felt every inclination to let Cynthia alone. It was a daily cross to present in different form, perhaps, the same things she had emphasized the day before and which had failed in making an impression on careless Cynthia's irresponsible mind. Her problem took additional gravity when she inspected the dish-washing of 10-year-old Rilla.

"These will have to be re-washed, Rilla." "Oh, mother!" the child protested. "None of the other girls have to do their work over and they are lots more careless than I am. I don't have half the time to play that they do, and I thought I'd have a few minutes so I could go by for Dorothy."

"Take some clean water in your pan." The tone was firm and kind. Rilla could not guess the heartache behind the command. "You must learn to perform your tasks well the first time. It will not only save labor and temper, but will establish a good habit and give you more leisure."

Rilla's work proceeded with as much emphasis of her remonstrance as she dared show. The mother shut her ears this time and went to the basement where a sturdy boy sat whittling a boat.

"You are not ready for school, dear," she said.

"Yes, I am." There was a note of insubordination in the boy's speech.

"Curtis! Would you, a big boy 12 years old, go to school with your hair unbrushed and your hands grimy? Where is your pride?"

"Oh, well, if you want all the fellers to guy me about bein' a prig I can go fix myself up. I don't see the use," he grumbled.

As he shambled off, Mrs. Jewell moved toward the laundry. It was enough, she felt sorrowfully, that she should have such heavy tasks to perform without the added mental burden of constant supervision, endless reminders and enforcement of discipline, to say nothing of the economy and pinching her widowhood imposed. For three years—John, the youngest of her four children, was then but an infant—she had struggled to make her tiny income stretch to meet the necessary expenses. Sometimes it seemed the time had come to sell the pretty little cottage, bought before the neighborhood became the site of beautiful homes, but when she thought of all the children who would miss playground, park, library, refined associates—she put off the hour of sacrifice. Resolutely she weeded out every luxury. Her life was ordered in the interests of her children and her personality sacrificed to their needs.

It was past 11 o'clock when her washing swung on the line. She was watering the roses with the last of the suds when her

neighbor, Mrs. Carson, appeared on the other side of the rose hedge which separated the lawns. The other woman, elegant in a gray tailored suit, paused to pick a pink rose to pin on her coat.

"I always feel, Mrs. Jewell, that I have no right to one of these, for you take all the care of them. I don't seem to get the fine art of gardening like you. Everything I touch dies."

"You have a finer art," Mrs. Jewell smiled. "Anyone can dig and prune, water and hoe, but few can plant beautiful thoughts which blossom in human hearts. If I were envious, it would be of your gift and the opportunity to develop it. Not every one with a talent can find the time to give to it." She glanced at her calloused hands and a shadow crept into her face as she thought of a promising musical beginning that John and the babies had interrupted—not that she for a single moment regretted it, for her full life had been far from unhappy—but underneath there had ever surged the daring thought of a greater usefulness, a wider career untouched by sordid poverty. Quite without envy she could be glad that her neighbor's financial condition and freedom from family duties contributed to her literary success.

"But you're not envious of me, while I am of you," Mrs. Carson was saying. "I'll tell you why some other time; but just now I'm to lunch with my husband and we're then going on such an important errand—oh! so important."

"It's the houseboat, I know," returned Mrs. Jewell, who understood her neighbor's disposition to tell of anything that delighted her.

"Wrong. You couldn't guess."

"An Orthopedic Hospital endowment?"

"Far, far better. I won't tell until it's all arranged. You can't worm it out of me—can she, John boy?" She thrust her hand through the hedge and squeezed the pudgy one of the youngest Jewell, who had run up from his sand-pile at the back. Something shone in the palm when the child's fingers relaxed.

"You're spoiling him," the mother gently reproved. "He will soon learn to expect favors."

"I forgot," came the contrite rejoinder, "and that is one thing I must remember if there! I was about to betray my secret."

Mrs. Jewell hurried in to prepare the economical luncheon. The delicious soup was made of scraps, the French toast from stale bread, and the jelly came from her own carefully tended currant bushes; but for once she was forgetful of her skill in management, her ingenuity in making much from little. She contrasted her life of service with her neighbor's. What might she, too, have accomplished if opportunity had not been denied? Once she had composed a little symphony which a great musician declared showed remarkable promise. Under other circumstances she might have developed talent. Could she not have served a finer purpose if she had used her brain in artistic creation instead of devising ways to meet her slender means?

Curtis and Rilla came in noisily. The boy flung his cap across the room while his sister, who was unfortunate about spilling things, neglected to put on her long-sleeved apron before seating herself.

"Curtis, hang up your cap before sitting down to luncheon," the mother reminded. "And you, Rilla, must get your apron. It shouldn't be necessary to speak of these things."

"None of the other girls have to wear old aprons," came from Rilla, and the boy growled "What hurt would the cap do to the floor? I have to wear it again right away."

"We'll talk it over this evening," was the pleasant answer. "We haven't the time now." What an endless friction children were! They could not guess the sinking at their mother's heart.

By the time she had washed the dishes, taken in the colored clothes, changed John's rompers and her own dress and sat down to sew, she was in an unusual state of depression. A tear dropped on the frock she was making over for Rilla. She resolutely wiped another away as she thought, "I believe if I had time I'd indulge in a good cry."

By 3 o'clock Cynthia should have come from school. Rilla arrived, and Curtis a little later. Cynthia's returns had lately become irregular and she showed confusion son as she darted out; and there was a

when asked the cause. The beds were yet unmade. At 4 o'clock she was still absent. Presently the mother heard a quick step and nervously for an unpleasant interview.

It was not Cynthia, however, for the bell rang and Rilla admitted Mrs. Carson, whose whole appearance was suppressed delight. As she took a seat where she could view her own front walk, she began rapidly:

"I mustn't neglect to see when they appear with 'it.' I had no idea the matter could be arranged so quickly. Mr. Carson waited to attend to the legal part and he just telephoned me that he might be out in an hour or so. Oh, Mrs. Jewell I can hardly wait. We're adopting a dear little girl two months old. There! you know my secret."

"Why, Mrs. Carson!" exclaimed Mrs. Jewell; and again, having found nothing else to express her surprise, she repeated, "Why, Mrs. Carson!"

The neighbor's profile nodded energetically:

"Nobody knew how we've longed for children. Isn't it strange that none came when we so much desired them? At last I told my husband we were growing narrow and selfish and it was time to act. We have been looking everywhere for a baby girl, but so many persons got in ahead of us that we were growing discouraged until we learned of just the right one."

"But I thought," began Mrs. Jewell in some bewilderment, "that you were devoted to your writing. It is a mission of great importance. Do you realize that a child will make demands on your time and limit your literary work? It seemed to me your conditions were in exact harmony with your sphere of usefulness."

The neighbor's reproachful brown eyes were bent for a second upon the mother.

"How can you say that? I have been living in a world of my own creation—a world of fiction which I can order to suit myself. It is neither real nor entirely satisfying. I want to feel the duty and the privilege of serving."

Mrs. Jewell nodded thoughtfully.

"I know; I know. It is a privilege but not always a pleasure—not always."

"I've thought of that, too, and I have decided that often it's because we can't see results when we're so close to them. Perhaps, now, you can't see that your children are the finest, most reliable in the neighborhood, due, of course, to your discipline and training. How many times I have watched you patiently teaching them the proper methods of work! It is not easy, when your hands and mind have acquired skill, to stand by and direct. But you are passing on the fruit of your experience. Can't you see how much more important your work is than mine? Yours will reach succeeding generations while mine will perish in a decade or so."

"Why, Mrs.—"

"And because your children are so well-trained and capable," interrupted the neighbor, "and because I believe you to be the best-qualified woman I know, I have come to you for lessons on how to begin the training of the little one I wish to serve."

Mrs. Jewell's work lay unheeded in her lap. The worn hands were tightly clasped in wonder and amazement.

"I am not well qualified," she protested. "Sometimes I grow discouraged and think I know nothing at all about training children. Why, mine are careless and thoughtless, requiring constant reminders which make me soul-weary."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Carson, her eyes fixed on the walk. "But don't you see how that very opposition develops you? Do those with no obstacles to overcome grow strongest and sweetest?"

"I suppose not. But there's the burden of both work and responsibility, although it's not the actual work that discourages one sometimes; it is the endless clash of wills and the enforcing of obedience which seem to require the same endless discipline. What do they really amount to in the way of accomplishment?"

"They make character—the beginning and end of all human progress. Oh! there they come. I'll have to come again to learn just how to begin. I'm so excited and happy. I have a real responsibility, a precious soul to guide."

There were tears in the eyes of Mrs. Carson as she darted out; and there was a

serene dignity in Mrs. Jewell's face when she at last resumed her sewing. Her uplift continued in spite of the arrival of the dinner hour with no Cynthia. It was not until the rest were seated that the girl appeared, radiant and excited. Mrs. Carson found herself smiling through sympathy, although she could visualize three disordered beds.

"I have the most wonderful news," Cynthia exclaimed as she threw her arms around her mother. "I've won a prize—the prize of the Coates-Renick music house contest. One day I found a scrap of paper under Curtis's bed and—"

"Say, Cynthia, you just keep still," Curtis interrupted. "I wondered what had become of that thing. If you dare tell—"

The sister blew a kiss toward the boy.

"I've got to if I tell the wonderful news. It was the dearest little poem about mother and was called 'The One I Love.' I—I've been composing a little lately, and my music teacher at high school said I had ability and made suggestions which improved my work. I'd try them out on the school piano after the rest were gone. That's where I've been when I was late some afternoons, mother."

The mother looked in amazement at Cynthia, but could not speak.

"I wrote the music for Curtis's poem and entered it in the Coates-Renick contest. Today they sent for me, and what do you think? I'd won the piano. Think of it! we've made it possible for mother to enjoy what she never expected to. It's yours, mother, dear—your very own piano, for if you hadn't taught us to prize mental gifts above everything else, we'd likely never have tried to do anything hard. So you really earned it, you see."

"Hurrah!" Curtis shouted. "Now mother can get out those old songs I've seen her sing over when she dusted them. Say, sis, you're a brick."

Smiling through her tears, Mrs. Jewell gazed about; but that which she saw was not the four happy faces. Her spiritual eyes beheld a great underlying truth.

The Wild Hunters.

There is always something appealing in the companionship of man and dog. In a recent number of *Outing*, Stewart Edward White tells the story of a stirring hunt that he once witnessed in the heart of Africa, the leading characters in which were a black dog and a naked savage:

At 4 o'clock Cuninghame and I got our chairs out in the shade, unlimbered our glasses, and amused ourselves by scanning the plain below. Some topi and a single wildebeest were grazing about 500 yards below. Suddenly they all scattered off at a great speed.

"Wonder what started them?" said Cuninghame.

Then we saw a black dog about the size of a pointer. Paying no attention to the topi, he took after the wildebeest. The latter leaped easily, but the dog fairly had to scratch gravel to hold his own. It looked like a sure thing for the wildebeest, but the dog hung to it. Farther and farther they went until they became mere specks, and we had to take to our glasses. About two miles away the wildebeest dodged and doubled, then ran through a herd. The dog never lost sight of the one he was after, and paid no attention to the rest. At last the animal turned at bay, making short lunges and charges, which the dog dodged, trying to get in at the beast's hind quarters.

Now, for the first time we noticed a savage running like smoke across the arc of the circle the chase had taken. He was stark naked, a splendid figure of a man, and carried nothing but bow and arrows. How he could run! We saw him stop and discharge arrows, although it was too far away to see them. The wildebeest hesitated, and we saw the little black speck of a dog leap for his throat. They both went down in a heap; and Cuninghame and I stood up and cheered, although we were two miles away and could see nothing without the glasses.

When we sat down again it was over. The dog was sitting by the carcass, and the savage was headed for a lone bush to get materials with which to cover his prize for the night. When the meat was "bushed," he and the dog started soberly for home. The chase had lasted just forty-two minutes.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the *Illustrated Weekly*.

The Little Dear.

SOME time ago a charming girl came to town to spend a week with a young woman friend. While there she was induced to take part in a church bazaar, and was given charge of the confectionery stall. Eventually a middle-aged man was led that way.

"They tell me I must buy some chocolates," smiled the victim, picking up a box from the stall. "How much is this?"

"Five dollars," answered the girl without any visible evidence of conscientious pangs.

"Um," thoughtfully returned the victim, glancing from the chocolates to the girl, "aren't you a little dear?"

"Well," coyly rejoined the other, "that's what all the boys say."—[New York Telegraph.]

* * *

A Sudden Stop.

A LADY entered a railroad car and took a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her.

Her last year's bonnet and coat were fully criticised with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might come next if the lady had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom and in the smoothest of tones said:

"Madam, will you please ask your son to close the window?"

The "son" closed his mouth and the bride no longer giggled.—[New York Times.]

* * *

Stung!

NOW," said the farmer to the new hand from the city, "I want you to clean up the pigsty, the stable, the henhouse, and all the other houses of the stock."

For two days the new hand worked vigorously; then he appeared before his employer with both eyes nearly closed, his mouth swollen, and red lumps over face, neck and hands.

"Gimme my money," he demanded; "I'm goin' to quit."

"What's the matter?" asked the farmer.

"I don't know what's the matter," returned the victim, "but it happened when I started to clean the beehive."—[American Boy.]

* * *

Not What He Wanted.

INTO a smart "gentlemen's outfitters" strolled a Scotchman.

"I want a necktie," he informed the suave assistant.

The latter at once produced a box of eye-twisters which he introduced with the remark:

"Here are some ties that are very much worn, sir."

"Ooch, away, mon!" retorted the son of Scotia, offended. "I dinna want yin that's veera much wor-rn! I hae plenty o' them at hame!"—[London Answers.]

* * *

The Hardest Job.

"I HAVE come here," said the angry man to the superintendent of the street car line, "to get justice; justice, sir. Yesterday as my wife was getting off one of your cars the conductor stepped on her dress and tore a yard of frilling off the skirt."

The superintendent remained cool. "Well, sir," he said, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Get her a new dress?"

"No, sir. I do not intend to let you off so easily as that," the other man replied gruffly. He brandished in his right hand a small piece of silk.

"What I propose to have you do," he said, "is to match this silk."—[New York Times.]

* * *

Didn't Count 'Em.

JIMMIE'S capacity for apples had never been tested, but it was the opinion of the neighbors that he could eat at least a bushel a day.

The actual test came when Robert, his

schoolmate, invited him over. Robert's father owned an apple orchard.

"Come over, Jimmie," invited Robert, "and if you don't get all the apples you can eat we will set out more trees. We only have 110."

Jimmie went, and when he returned home he wore a smile of contentment and a look of pain.

"What's up now, youngster?" questioned Jimmie's uncle. "Been robbing somebody's chicken coop?"

"Naw," replied the nephew. "I've been over to Robert's, and you ought to see their barn! It's chuck full of apples, all kinds! I ate twenty-four," and Jimmie's face flushed with pride.

"How do you know you ate that many?" asked his uncle, sarcastically. "Did you use an adding machine?"

"Nope, saved the stems," and Jimmie proudly unloaded a handful from his pocket.

His uncle counted the stems seriously.

"See here, young man, there are thirty-one stems here. You missed count, somehow."

"Aw, I forgot to tell you, unk, the last seven were little ones, so I didn't count them," and Jimmie hastened out in search of new hearers.—[Indianapolis News.]

You Should Ask "Why?"

B OBBY came home from school, full of information, as usual. Each day since his entrance two months ago he brings some choice bit of knowledge. His father, with much parental pride, is never too busy to give attention.

"Do you know, daddy, Clarence James told me today that his father is an automobile dealer and he says his father says the new — don't make nearly so much noise as the old ones," said the youngster.

"Well, sonny, that all depends on the condition of the car. I saw a new — today that chugged like a threshing machine," commented the father.

Bobby's face fell.

"That isn't the answer," he replied. "You should say, 'Why?'"

"All right, sonny. Why?"

"Because they haven't a brass band in front," explained Bobby, proudly.—[Indianapolis News.]

A Phoney Fortune.

MY WIFE played a great trick on a gypsy the other day."

The fat plumber was the speaker.

"What did she do?" asked the thin carpenter.

"The gypsy wanted to tell her fortune with some coffee grounds."

"Yes."

"And after she was through my wife asked her if the coffee grounds possessed some peculiar charms for fortune telling."

"What did the gypsy say?"

"She said they did."

"Then what?"

"Then my wife gave her the laugh and refused to pay her."

"Why?"

"Because the sediment in the cup wasn't coffee grounds at all. We use a substitute."—[Youngstown Telegram.]

* * *

Effect of Dissipation.

AIN'T you shamed of yousef," she exclaimed, "to be chawn' tobaccoe and smokin' that old pipe. You jet' ruinin' of your health."

"But listen, ma," replied her son, "I am 70 years old, ain't I?"

An aged mother was scolding her oldest son for some of his bad habits.

"Yes, you is," admitted the mother, "but maybe if you didn't chawn' an' smoke you'd be 90 now."—[Youngstown (Ohio) Telegram.]

* * *

The Real Danger.

T HE lion tamer was brave, as a lion tamer must necessarily be, yet he had his weaknesses. For one thing, he lived in mortal terror of bronchitis. One day, after he had entered, with perfect composure, a cage containing two half-starved bears and a panther, he shook his head gravely as he came out.

The actual test came when Robert, his

"This is going to end badly with me some day," he said solemnly to a gentleman who stood near.

"Of course, there is always the danger that those ferocious beasts will devour you," said the gentleman sympathetically.

"The animals?" the lion tamer exclaimed.

"Good heavens, you don't suppose I am afraid of them! It is these confounded cages. They are such dreadful places for drafts!"—[New York Times.]

* * *

Married Money.

GLAD to see you looking so well, old man," said the friend of a newly made Benedict. "This is the first opportunity I have had of offering my congratulations on your recent marriage. From the look of things I guess you've married money. Well, it was the right thing to do. That shop-walking berth of yours must have been awfully boring. Is she in? I should like to be introduced."

"Oh, she's at work," said the husband, with a placid smile.

"At work? What do you mean?" asked the friend.

"Well, you see, it was this way," replied the Benedict. "She had a much better position than mine—head of her department, £8 a week. Wouldn't give it up. So there was nothing for it but for me to retire from business and keep house, and here I am, you see. You have to let women have their way in some things."—[London Tit-Bits.]

* * *

Cool Logic.

FATHER, gimme a good lickin' and make me cry," was the astonishing request little Jimmie made one day.

"What makes you want such an absurd thing?" inquired his father.

"You'll hit me and I'll holler with all my might, and mother will wipe my face with her apron and give me a penny and I'll buy candy," came the logical rejoinder.—[Minneapolis Journal.]

* * *

No More Interference.

A RECRUITING sergeant stationed in the south of Ireland met Pat and asked him to join the army. The latter refused, whereupon the sergeant asked his reason for refusing.

"Aren't the king and the kaiser cousins?" asked Pat.

"Yes," said the recruiting sergeant.

"Well," said Pat, "begor I once interfered in a family squabble, and I'm not going to do so again."—[Chicago News.]

* * *

He Gets the Ducks.

AN OFFICIAL in one of the largest manufacturing concerns in Philadelphia recently showed me the huge plant. I marveled at the labor saving machinery.

"One of our workmen," he said, "has made a great many of the improvements you see in this room. He likes to go duck shooting, and while off on a trip for a week or more he thinks out some new way to save labor."

After a moment's pause he added.

"Why, he turned up one day with a plan whereby we save \$50,000 a year."

"And what," I inquired, "does that workman get out of it?"

"Oh," the happy official replied, "he gets the ducks."—[Girard, in Philadelphia Ledger.]

* * *

All Depends.

CHARGED with cruelty to animals and using loud and profane language on the street, a man was brought before a police court. One of the witnesses was a pious old negro, who was subjected to a short cross-examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horse?" asked the lawyer.

"Wal, he did talk mighty loud, suh."

"Did he indulge in profanity?"

The old darky seemed puzzled. The lawyer put the question another way:

"What I mean, Uncle Abe, is, did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh, yes, suh, yes suh," the old man re-

plied with a grin that revealed the whole width of his immense mouth, "but o' co'se day'd have ter be 'ranged diff'runt."—[American Boy.]

* * *

Reported.

BACK and forth, like tennis balls, go the notes between Berlin and Washington," said Senator Borah. "Now one side scores, then the other side comes back and scores in its turn.

"It's like the doctor and the man with the croup."

"A man with the croup halted a doctor on a quiet street corner."

"Doctor," he said, coughing violently, "what ought a chap to do when he's got the croup?"

"The doctor's eye emitted a steely light at the thought of being buncoed out of a free prescription, and he said:

"Such a man, my friend, ought to consult a good physician."

"Thanks, doctor," said the sufferer, as he took his leave. "That's what I'll do, then."—[Chicago News.]

* * *

Exceptional Circumstances.

THE sympathetic prison visitor went from cell to cell interviewing the inmates. To one penitent-looking individual she put the usual question: "What brought you here?"

"Borrowing money, lady?" was the reply.

"But, good gracious!" she exclaimed, "they don't put people in prison for borrowing money?"

"Not ordinarily," said the man, "but I had to knock a man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."—[Exchange.]

* * *

Faithful to His Promise.

ONE of the recruiting canvassers in an English provincial town was a well known magistrate. In most cases he succeeded in obtaining the promises he wished, but at last he knocked at one cottage door which was opened to him by a sturdy son of the soil.

"My man," said the magistrate, in his most persuasive tones, "are you willing to fight for your king and country?"

"No, I beant, sir," was the prompt reply. "An' I be surprised at you askin' me for to do it. Two years ago come next month you yourself fined I twenty shillings for fighting w'l Bill Smith, and you said it wor wicked to fight, an' I promised you as I wouldn't repeat the offense, an' allus kept my word."—[Buffalo News.]

* * *

A New Menace.

AN OLDTIME son of the fatherland was reading the evening news after the day's work was ended. Glancing over the various headlines, his eyes fell on one which threatened to call for the services of a Sherlock Holmes or a Philo Gubb.

He read and reread, muttering the puzzling words over and over to himself. He wiped his glasses, turned up the light and looked again. But the words read exactly the same.

Some terrible thing had fallen on the front of a street car at Niagara Falls and killed a motorman. The old German's son just then stepped into the room, and was amazed to hear his father say, "Well, I'll be hanged—le-kick-le-kick-kel. What in the — is an ic-kik-ic-kik-ic-kel?"

The son took the paper and read that a large icicle, breaking from the gorge, had fallen on the passing car and had killed the motorman.—[Indianapolis News.]

* * *

Odd Viewpoint.

ONE woman in the audience had her own ideas about Julian Eltinge, the famous impersonator of feminine types.

"Wouldn't it be great fun to be married to a man like that?" she said to her husband.

"You mean because he is good looking?"

"No; you are good looking enough to suit me."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Think what a novelty it would be to be able to dress in the Paris gowns your own husband wears to work."—[Youngstown Telegram.]

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COURTSHIP AND AN APPROPRIATION BILL.

A Lesson in Unpreparedness. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

ROBERT STORY, the managing editor of the Morning Star, started up from his desk with an exclamation of surprised pleasure, and held out both hands to his visitor.

"This is indeed an unlooked-for pleasure," he said joyfully. "Since I am forbidden the house, I don't get to see you nearly often enough. It has been one week today since we have seen each other."

Marian Rathchild smiled brightly, then sobered. "It's too bad this disagreement had to come up between you and father." She hesitated, then continued. "You were pretty hard on him in this morning's issue, weren't you? I never saw him so mad in my life, and I have seen him pretty angry at times." She studied her sweetheart's face closely.

"Robert," she said, laying her slim hand on his arm. "If father comes up here this morning, and—gets abusive, you won't forget that he is my father—will you?"

Robert smiled quizzically. "Your father is not likely to come up here, if I know him. You can't understand, Marian, how deeply I regret this whole affair—" She interrupted him.

"You may think you know him, but you don't. Nobody ever quite knows father. I'm afraid you have won his undying hatred by the stand you have taken against him, and that he will never forgive you."

A harsh voice in the outer office, remonstrating with the office-boy, followed close upon her words, and with startled dismay she realized that her father was on his way in.

"Hide me, quick!" she gasped. "He'll never forgive me if he finds me here! Quick, Robert!"

"There, behind that desk!" Robert pointed to a far corner of the room and Marian disappeared in hiding, none too soon.

The door was flung open, and Senator Rathchild stamped in, apoplectic with rage and puffing with avoirdupois.

"You young scoundrel you!" he exclaimed wrathfully as soon as he could get his breath. And then Robert Story stood up under the most scathing denunciation that had ever been heaped upon him, telling himself over and over again "He is Marian's father." The Senator paused a moment, out of breath, and glared malevolently at the young editor.

"You're a hypocrite!" he blazed forth once more, taking in the whole office with one scornful glance. "A d—hypocrite and traitor to your own assertions!"

It is one thing to condemn one for one's convictions, and quite another to accuse one of being insincere and untrue to these same beliefs. Robert flushed to the roots of his dark hair and demanded an explanation.

The Senator stamped over to the huge vault and tried the door.

"Why do you lock that?" he demanded sharply. "And these?" He examined the new patent locks on the windows. "And that!" he pounded upon the back of the desk beneath which his daughter was hiding, then snatching up a bunch of keys shook them in Robert's face.

"You are well fortified with keys, as far as you personally are concerned, also with defenses," glaring at the big vault again, "yet you'd tie the nation's hands with unpreparedness and inefficiency, and gag her with her own peace banners and leave the national gates wide open for the first prowler to enter. So much for your national patriotism!"

Robert, furiously angry, yet controlled, replied:

"I'm going to fight this bill for the appropriation of national funds toward a preparedness we don't need. I am against war and the carnage and destruction it stands for, and which preparedness is likely to provoke. I am for peace!"

At the word "peace!" the Senator seemed to lose all control of himself.

"I suppose you are," he said thickly. "I suppose if a man met you on the street and slapped you on the face," he leaned suddenly forward and suited the action to the word, "you'd turn the other cheek, eh?"

Robert, stunned with surprise and anger, stared at the older man helplessly.

"Not," he finally choked, "and if you weren't father of the girl I love, I'd mop up the floor with you and then throw you out of this office! But I refuse to take your in-

sults any longer. Get out, and never come in here again!"

The Senator paused at the door. "The day will come when you will rue fighting me in this matter and if you defeat this bill, it will come soon, whether you are in league with the bunch of crooks who are backing you or not! And as for my daughter, as far as you are concerned, it makes not one iota of difference whether I am her father or not. I think I have told you before that I'll never let her marry you!" He slammed the door till the glass rattled, while Marian, thoroughly shocked, came out of concealment and sympathized with Robert.

"You behaved splendidly, dear, and I am entirely proud of you." The warm kiss she rewarded him with did not quite obliterate the sting and shame of the blow still smarting on his cheek.

"You must forgive father. He comes of old fighting stock—that makes him so fierce and unmanageable sometimes. He is the son of a soldier, and grandson of one. Forgive him, for my sake." Her soft arms crept up about his neck, but Robert remained uncomfuted.

"So am I the grandson of a soldier, and believe me, Marian, it has been bitterly hard to take all this—even from your father!"

The door was jerked open and the Senator burst in again, having forgotten his cane. He snatched it up, standing beside the door, before he became aware of Marian's presence. Then he turned the vial of his wrath upon his daughter in a scathing denunciation, and dragged her away with him, after hurling a last bitter insult at the newspaper man.

Robert sank into a chair, exhausted by the interview. He was thankful it was not too early for any of the boys to be down, and therefore he had been saved the further humiliation of having them overhear the abuse heaped upon him. And he wondered what the irascible Senator had meant by "the bunch of crooks you are in with." He resented this malignity of the men interested with himself in the peace movement which would save the nation millions of dollars in national defense for which, he believed, it had no use and for which the Senator was working so hard. His thoughts went on to Marian; he was sorry for her, torn between her love for him and her testy old parent, and he wondered moodily whether she did not in reality side with her father.

If he could have heard the conversation between them on their way home he would have been reassured. Even as she had begged leniency for her father while with her sweetheart, she now upbraided her parent for his treatment of Robert. Naturally slow to anger and inclined to timidity when it came to dealing with her father, when thoroughly roused she was afraid of nothing. By the time they reached home, the Senator was partly subdued by the scorn in his daughter's argument against his exhibition at the editorial offices. She swept on up to her rooms, while, outwardly defiant, yet inwardly stunned by the unprecedented outbreak, he entered his study.

A few moments later a commotion went up from below that presaged fresh disaster. She hurried down to find the study in dire confusion. The room had been thoroughly ransacked; papers lay strewn about; her father's desk and safe were open, contents on the floor.

In a blind rage again, the Senator was blowing up the frightened servants for negligence, while he made a hasty search and found some most valuable papers missing. This was too serious a matter for angry sputtering. He curtly dismissed the trembling servants and sank heavily into a chair.

"What has happened, father?" Marian gasped, looking bewildered upon the wild disorder of the room.

"Some valuable papers are stolen—papers that reveal government secrets and which I—I held in trust."

He wiped his damp forehead nervously. He had been careless of the confidence imposed upon him, leaving his most sacred trust unprotected in the safe in the always open-windowed, unlocked study in his roadster. He himself was driving and home, instead of in the vault down town. Marian and Robert followed in the Senator's steps. But he had not dreamed there was any car, Robert at the wheel, his motor cap

danger of theft; that anyone knew he had pulled low, disguised behind goggles and the papers and plans, nor that so active an coat pulled up about his ears.

The agency menaced the safety of his own country as this bold theft proclaimed.

"This is the work of some foreign devil," he said mechanically, his mind busy with a plan of action.

Marian said nothing, but across her face there flashed an odd expression, leaving it curiously tense. She didn't hear what further her father was saying until the name of Robert struck her consciousness, and she realized the Senator was implicating the young editor in the crime. Even that didn't rouse her to Robert's defense. Her mind was too busy with graver things, but she made use of the accusation to simulate anger and haughtily leave the study. Outside the door she paused a moment, hearing her father call up the Sneed Detective Agency, then she silently sped up the stairs to her own rooms. In three minutes she was down again, dressed for the street and heavily veiled. She got down to the garage just as the chauffeur was running in the car, and a few moments later was speeding back to town at a pace that threatened arrest.

At the Morning Star offices, she found Robert in a conference which she was not allowed to interrupt. She sat nervously tense and waiting. Ten interminable minutes passed before the inner office door opened and Robert came out. Marian started, then sat quite still and white, glad of the veil that hid her face. The man with him turned again to shake hands and glanced curiously toward Marian. She recognized him at once, with his foreign-shaped head and cold, blue eyes.

He bade Robert a prolonged farewell, and the moment he was gone Marian breathlessly related to Robert what had happened at home. He listened in amazement.

"And not three blocks from home, we met a car speeding toward us," she continued excitedly. "You know I have made a habit of studying people, otherwise I might not have noticed him. He was going very fast. When father declared it was the work of a foreigner, his face flashed before me, and I know, Robert, that that man is connected with the theft. So I came right down here to tell you and ask your advice. I know father wouldn't listen to my theory."

Robert nodded lowly. "You may be entirely right," he told her thoughtfully. She studied him closely.

"And the man I am talking about is the man who just left you," she went on hurriedly. "How well do you know him?" Robert smiled incredulously and shook his head.

"This is ridiculous. That man is an American and I am indebted to him for some of my strongest arguments against the appropriation bill. What object would he have?"

"He is not an American at heart!" Marian retorted sharply. "He may be American born, but he is in the secret service of a foreign government interested in defeating this bill, interested in keeping this country unprepared, until such time as it is ready to strike! Oh, Robert, I am as sure of it as if I knew it! Follow him, find out more about him, find where he is going and what he intends to do. It is little enough to make sure!"

His unspoken objection was cut short by an outburst that cut him to the quick.

"I believe what father said this afternoon is true," she flared at him bitterly. "You have no patriotism or you wouldn't miss this chance to do your country what might prove an invaluable service. If you don't listen to me now, I'll never speak to you as long as I live!"

Robert flushed. "What do you want me to do?"

"Follow him, and see whether he does anything to justify my suspicions."

"All right, then, I will. I feel like a fool doing it, but—to please you, Marian."

Marian snatched his motor coat from its hook and dragged him toward the door.

"Hurry—hurry—hurry," she urged excitedly, or we may be too late.

The delay had been but slight, and they reached the pavement just as the foreigner disappeared around the corner in a light roadster. He himself was driving and home, instead of in the vault down town. Marian and Robert followed in the Senator's steps. But he had not dreamed there was any car, Robert at the wheel, his motor cap

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH AMERICA.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

The Standard Weekly Magazine

Saturday.

Dec. 9, 1911.

THE LAY OF THE GOOD CALIFORNIA HEN.*

Flourishing and Nourishing Business. By Percy L. Edwards.

MOST likely, if a vote were taken, the hen would be found the most popular of domestic animals. At least she belongs to the most numerous family, like the Smiths of the humans. The hen is an important factor in the greatest little business that this country keeps any record of. In dealing with the annual crop returns and reports of farm products, government officials have the greatest difficulty in getting any accurate figures on the doings of the hen family. Enumerating the hen family of the United States is a big undertaking and anything like an ordinary crop report on the eggs produced is near akin to guessing.

There came into the West, last year, a government service demonstration car. Now this particular car was equipped with contrivances designed to help the experts, who came with the car, demonstrate to farmers and all others interested how to avoid losses in handling this great product. The claim is made by the Agricultural Department, based on the most reliable sources of information obtainable, that the annual product of the hens of this country is \$750,000,000. But, the reason for sending the car through the country was to tell the owners of the hens that \$50,000,000 of this vast amount was annually being lost.

Such figures as those above indicate forcibly the importance of the hen and her product in daily problem of our economical life. Next to our great cereals and hay crops, which annually run into billions of dollars in the case of each, comes the enormous production of eggs and poultry. And in this great showing California figures as one of the most remarkable of the American States. There is no portion of her vast domain where the cackle of the laying hen does not bring joy to the heart of the thrifty California housewife. With eggs at 60 cents a dozen the cackle of a hen means money to the owner. For the year just passed, including the poultry product, it means more than \$15,000,000 for credit of California hens.

Enormous Production and Value.

Like her other industries, the poultry and egg production of California has made rapid strides forward in the past few years. It has practically doubled since 1910, when the last attempt was made to get accurate figures on this industry, by the census enumerators. At that time 6,100,000 hens were found on farms and an estimated egg production of 41,000,000 dozen eggs. The price of eggs at the time the enumeration is made is always at the lowest mark. And yet, the estimated value of eggs produced by California hens that year was \$10,263,000.

Taking the figures for last year's production from the best sources at hand and there seems no doubt that the number of hens has increased to nearly 10,000,000 and the egg production not less than 75,000,000 dozen. It is true that these figures are largely estimates, and, perhaps, only approximate the true figures. The big increases in flocks of chickens are reported from those sections of the State where the conditions are known to be ideal. And these are usually in the alfalfa and dairy sections, where the greatest strides are made in settlement of the country. Besides, the back to the land movement has seen its largest fulfillment within the past six or seven years—at least, since the last decennial census enumeration.

Almost every back yard now contains a dozen or more laying hens. From these little beginnings, tens of thousands of them, up to the great poultry ranches with thousands of chickens and little white houses dotting the landscape like an army encamped, one may find the evidence of this growing industry all the way from San Diego to the Siskiyou snow-crowned crests, far to the north.

Advantages of Climate and Soil.

The hen takes to the California climate like the easterner who has just arrived in Los Angeles ahead of one of those transmountain blizzards which come sweeping down across the Dakota plains, periodically, tying up traffic on the railways and driving

here where the sun shines and it is warm." There is no part of the year when the hens may not be fed green stuff, a most essential food for poultry. The abundance of alfalfa, grown under these same climatic conditions, a forage crop containing the highest elements for animal consumption, at hand throughout the year, combined with the sunny skies, make the raising of poultry a most attractive occupation. But, raising poultry in California is more than an attractive occupation, it is profitable. And notwithstanding the present high prices of grains, if the poultry-raising problem is handled like any other business venture, it will still be profitable. No doubt about it. Many people go and come in the poultry business. But so they do in any other business. The right sort of people will most likely result successfully in any undertaking, especially where the conditions are the very best as they are for poultry raising in California. As a rule, it is the poultry raiser on too small acreage, insufficient for producing a part of the feed needed, especially green feed, and who does not apply plain business principles to his efforts, who is a failure.

Profitable Poultry Ranches.

Any one seeking knowledge of the poultry business as a profitable undertaking, should visit the poultry farms of Sonoma, Alameda, Fresno, Los Angeles, Orange, San Joaquin, Santa Clara and Tulare counties, indeed, there are few counties of the State where the information of the poultrymen will not easily satisfy the inquiries of the visitor. At Petaluma, along the rolling tablelands of the valley, protected by the mountains at the north, facing the sun at midday, is a colony of poultry farms, the like of which cannot be found anywhere else on the American continent. There are about 200,000 acres of these tablelands in this county ideal soil for poultry and fruit. Lower in the valley, which is about twenty miles long by eight miles wide, are several hundred thousand acres of very rich, black loam soil, where large crops of deciduous fruits are raised and dairying is extensively carried on. Combined with ideal temperature, highest reported 103 and lowest 18 degrees, this section is a wonder spot for poultrymen, a sort of Mecca towards which the eyes of all are turned. This Petaluma colony has many flocks of from 5,000 to 10,000 chickens. Looking over the rolling hillsides, at feeding time, when the hens, thousands of White Leghorns and Minorcas, are fluttering and skipping about the ground, is a sight pleasing to the eyes of any of us, let alone the poultry fancier. The hillsides are dotted with the small white houses and inclosures. Sometimes the houses look like rows of army tents they are so neat and well arranged. Some of the ranches are models of the industry. Almost as much pains taken to keep biddy clean and comfortable as is ordinarily observed in the homes of the owners. The writer regrets that space will not permit the going into details of the construction and management of one of these model chicken ranches. It must suffice to say that nothing is left undone to satisfy the fastidious taste of high-bred chickens and to induce them to show appreciation by producing up to and beyond the record egg returns. Every necessity, every comfort, is provided for them; cleanliness is a watchword.

Does all this care pay? Well, yes. It certainly does, or there are some good sports in that colony. Nearly 1,400,000 hens, or to be exact, according to official figures which poultry men declare are not reliable, 1,362,290 are enumerated as laying hens. From these hens last year were raised 1,512,600 young hens and eggs to the value of \$821,290. The total value of the product of the Petaluma colony for this year is \$3,038,500. Does it pay? If you put this query to any poultryman in the colony, he will answer, "Yes, sir. It is the best paying business in Sonoma county and Sonoma county is a good county too." And that man is right. If we assume that the total value of all farm property in this county is \$50,000,000 then the returns from the poultry industry alone is nearly 7 per cent. It is quite likely that if the more productive poultry ranches were segregated the in-

come from these would show a profit of 10 per cent.

The big picture places are not necessarily the best paying poultry ranches. There are any number of five and ten acre ranches with from 1000 to 2000 laying hens kept through the year, that return good profits to the owners. This may be seen in any of the counties of the State mentioned above and others, such as San Diego, Imperial, Contra Costa, Monterey, Kern and Kings counties, all dairy counties. These small ranches require less capital; less expense for help and are more easily handled by the owners. They are really the best propositions to handle for the ordinary poultryman. In the new section of Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley, within a few miles of Los Angeles city, which is connected by very excellent electric-car system, there are several large poultry ranches, recently established, containing the latest contrivances for breeding and egg production. One of the largest, the B. R. Holloway ranch, is equipped with a hatchery capable of 60,000 production of chicks per year. The five acre ranch is the popular size in the Van Nuys section.

The poultry association, formed in the valley about two years ago, claims 150 chicken ranches and about 100,000 laying hens in the Van Nuys district. The value of the product now amounts to \$250,000 for the year. The people of that vicinity are so enthusiastic about poultry raising and profits, that it has got into the local high school and a class is there being taught the art. And so it is in these newly peopled sections. The hen is naturally democratic in disposition. She enjoys the privileges and liberty of her environment hereabouts. She would probably vote the Democratic ticket in California, were it not for the policy that protects her from her friends while exposing her to her enemies. However, it is true that the hen is among the first arrivals in any newly established neighborhood, coming along with the cat and the dog.

Marin county is a little strip of country, with a good deal of water front, its highest point, Mt. Tamalpais, is the first part of its topography to meet the eye, looking across the Golden Gate to the northwest from the city of San Francisco. This county is the smallest political division of the State, except two. It is one of the biggest divisions measured by its egg production. Last year 1,500,000 dozen eggs and 142,000 chickens were marketed for a value of about \$450,000. There are at present on the farms of that county an estimated number of 210,000 laying hens, valued at \$105,000. This is a dairy county with milking cows to the number of 25,000. Dairying is the most important occupation, with poultry next. Topographically speaking, Marin county resembles its neighbor, Sonoma county. Rolling hills and valleys of small size predominate. The mean elevation is about 500 feet. The temperature seldom goes above 80 degs. nor falls below the freezing point. The average rainfall is above twenty inches. These conditions, together with plentiful water supply; nearness to the oyster shell beds at Tomales Point, make this section very favorable for poultry raising.

All the section lying about San Francisco Bay offers a good field for poultry production. There are several large market towns, including the city of San Francisco, in this section, which insures the highest prices. Around Los Angeles city as a center the same favorable conditions prevail as to markets and some of the suburban towns offer ideal advantages. Although within the doors of some towns of the larger dimension there is a disposition to regard biddy and her consort as disturbers of the peace, generally speaking, they are tolerated, at least, even in fastidious neighborhoods. The city of Los Angeles, it should be understood, extends its limits even to the sea and within these limits are several notable colonies of poultry. The little town of Inglewood contains many noteworthy ranches. The San Gabriel Valley is another section of Los Angeles county containing many fine poultry farms. Although the fruit-growing is the most important of farm industries in the county, the poultry and egg production ranks high among other industries. About 2,500,000 dozen eggs are annually produced

and the value of the marketable poultry and eggs is upwards of \$1,000,000.

The climate is ideal for poultry in the vicinity of Los Angeles, with a maximum temperature under 100 degs. and a minimum above freezing. The foothills are open to the currents from the ocean, which relieves the heat of summer and moderates the cold of winter months. Poultry does well under such conditions, which insures a green diet throughout the year.

San Diego county, about the size of Massachusetts, constitutes the southwestern corner of the State. The climatic conditions as well as soil conditions should make this section ideal for poultry. Temperatures range from about 90 degs. in the summer, to 38 degs. in the winter. This applies to the country open to the influence of the ocean. The western slope of San Diego county is a series of irregular plateaus. From the coast region back to the mountains of the Imperial Valley the land rises in several successive messes to a good stock-raising country. The lower valleys are practically frostless. Alfalfa is a good crop and green feed abounds the year around. The moderate temperatures are a great asset in the poultry business. Too high or too low temperatures stops egg laying and prevents that activity necessary to keep hens well. The poultry industry is growing throughout this section and the Imperial Valley to the east. It is a dairy country, which insures the growth of the poultry business.

Problems of the Poultryman.

As above stated, there is no part of California where the chances of the poultryman are not good. Some of the older counties have worked out the problem and it is here where the prospective poultry farmer may go for a study of his problem. These successful ranchers are generally willing to help you get started along right lines. A thorough understanding of the characteristic of breeds, climatic and soil conditions and the many little side lights that the experienced poultryman can show you, will be of inestimable value to you in your undertakings. Poultry associations may be found in any large colony of poultrymen, nowadays. These associations are doing for the poultry stock what associations of live stock men are doing for cattle. Better grades, better methods of handling and better profits, are the objects sought.

One of the live problems before the poultrymen of today is to prevent deterioration and loss of product and the consequent cutting of prices. "Thirty per cent. of your eggs are wasted," say government officials. "You are getting 30 per cent. less money for your eggs than you ought to be getting. You are throwing away comforts, automobiles, luxuries and opportunities every week. It is not a question of lots of money, or capital. It is a question of care and intelligence, which cost nothing."

These experts in the government service tell us the egg is full of original sin. The way to judge about this condition for the ordinary person, is to hold the egg between your eyes and a good light. The absolutely fresh egg shows a distinct pinkish glow. If this egg remains in the heat of the sun for a short time, in a day or so, reddish lines will appear forming about the embryo chick, or the yolk may go toward the top and shift about easily. Sometimes the yolk mixes easily with the white and presents a bad appearance. The final stage of badness comes when the light will not show through. It is rotten. Careful handling to prevent cracking is very necessary as this condition is the beginning of egg decay. The washing of dirty eggs injures them. For the market, eggs should have the powdery bloom on the shell, just like the bloom of fresh fruit. If the poultryman is careful in arranging the nesting places and early gathering of the eggs, there will be no dirty ones. Eggs should be gathered twice a day and always kept in a cool place.

Some years ago, it used to be said, "Wheat is cash." Today eggs circulate as cash between the thrifty housewife and the country store. The farm wagon, in by-gone days, now the automobile, starts the egg on its way to the city. At the store cash or

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

*See illustrations on page 18.

The people indoors. "Gee, it's good to be indoors." "Gee, it's good to be outdoors."

DESCUBRIMIENTO Y CONQUISTA DEL PERU

Los Conquistadores Pizarro y Almagro. Por el Dr. J. Ziegler-Uriburu.

Sábado.

1810.1

PEABODY, MAN WITHOUT PATRIOTISM.

Through Red Mist. By B. C. Hawkins.

PEABODY and his friend, Col. Cushing, were toying with their steins and listlessly watching the movies at the Odeon. A bulletin had just been flashed on the screen announcing that the invasion of Mexico in pursuit of the bandit, Villa, had been decreed. A wise management, sensing the effect of the news on the public pulse, had followed up the bulletin with a photograph showing the maneuvers of certain of our troops at a recent review, and ending with a "close-up" of a strapping color sergeant bearing an American flag. A wave of applause had swept over the house, dying out almost instantly to a desultory patter of a few persistent hands.

"Cheap patriotism!"

The voice of Peabody rose in scornful protest above the sound of clinking steins, crunching peanuts and murmuring conversation. Col. Cushing regarded him curiously.

"Why cheap?" he asked.

"Because nine out of ten of those hand-clapping maniacs would run at the first shot if we really had a war on our hands. At sight of a colored rag that you can buy for 5 cents a yard they holler their heads off and an hour later they are out on the street corner knocking the government for not lowering the tariff on prunes."

"Tell me, Peabody," the Colonel said, with a tolerant smile, "didn't you ever 'holler your head off' at sight of the flag, yourself? Don't you know what it is to see Old Glory at a psychological moment and just feel yourself going to pieces like a pack of fire-crackers?"

Peabody squared his muscular shoulders as though the Colonel's words were an accusation. He shook his head almost sadly.

"No, Cushing, I'm afraid I am a man without patriotism, cheap or otherwise. To me the flag is a piece of colored bunting, nothing more. After last Fourth of July we tore down the decorations and used them in the printing office to wipe down the presses. One of the boys registered a protest and got fired for his pains. I tried to get his point of view, but it wasn't in me."

"But surely you love your country, and you must love your flag as its symbol."

"No. I'm a hopeless case, I guess," grinned Peabody. "I'm for the individual. I don't get the mob spirit. The country to me is so much real estate, owned and governed by a bunch of Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Spaniards and Jews. There is no such thing as an American. We're not old enough yet. Of course I recognize in a sort of cold-blooded manner our place in the world, our strength and our weaknesses. And I want our country to go forward, not backward. But my interest is selfish. If this country were overrun by a foreign foe I should suffer a certain property loss, and should undoubtedly lose my job on the Enquirer and the \$500 a month it brings me. As for the flag, as a symbol, I don't get the idea at all. Five yards of flag or five yards of cheese-cloth, it's all the same to me!"

Col. Cushing laughed in disbelief as he signalled the hovering waiter to refill the steins.

"This from you!" he jeered. "This from Donald Peabody, the correspondent and artist whose war sketches are the talk of the whole nation. Why, less than a week ago I heard your chief brag that on canvas you could make a ten-man skirmish look like the battle of Bunker Hill!"

"But don't forget that the material for those same sketches was gathered mostly by telephone. The nearest I ever got to a real battle was seven miles. I went up in a captive war balloon and took my notes at a safe distance."

"Well, if things break right you'll get closer than seven miles to a battle in Mexico. Conditions will be different there from what they are in Europe. If we get any fighting at all it will be close-in work, hitting in the clinches and no holds barred."

Cushing was colonel of the —th California Cavalry and had already received his orders to leave the Presidio for the border on the following morning. Peabody, after much profanity on the part of his chief, had reluctantly consented to prevail on the colonel, an old time schoolmate and friend, to permit him to accompany his squadron as artist and correspondent for the Enquirer.

"Well, I guess we've about argued the

matter out. I think I'll turn in," yawned Peabody. "There's a long journey ahead of us and I want to get a good night's sleep."

The two friends parted at the door, the colonel taking a jitney to his quarters at the Presidio, while Peabody had but to walk across the street to his apartments.

"Don't waste any more time on me, old man," advised Peabody, as the colonel piled precariously into the vehicle. "I'm not worth it. You'll never make a patriot out of yours truly!"

Things were "different" in Mexico. After three weeks of agony, spent in endless crawling over a desolate country, broiling by day under a desert sun, freezing at night under thin, dew-drenched blankets, living on half rations, thirsty, hungry, and under an almost constant dribble of fire from sniping bandits, the men had fallen into a spirit of indifference that was extremely demoralizing. Peabody had at last come to look upon his flag as a symbol—a symbol representing the cause of his present woeful condition.

"Look at it!" he stormed one day to Col. Cushing, when the colors chanced to pass their way. "Look at Old Glory, that brought us to Mexico, and then look at my sore feet! Look at this three-weeks' growth of beard on my face! And look at this hole in my thumb where that dirty sniper plugged me! Old Glory! Say, if you weren't an officer in our Uncle Sam's army I'd sure say a few things."

"And if you weren't Don Peabody I'd send you back to the States on the next grub wagon! Shout all the tommyrot you want at me but don't let the men hear you. Things are bad enough as they are."

A note of impatience was apparent in the colonel's voice and thereafter Peabody kept his opinions more to himself.

A few days after this conversation the troopers fell in with a detachment of bandits and vented a considerable portion of their pent-up emotions through the muzzles of their rifles, making a batting average of ten greasers to one of themselves. Hilarity prevailed in camp after the set-to.

"Well, what did you think of it?" asked the colonel of Peabody at his first leisure moment, after conditions had gone back to normal.

"What I saw was very interesting," growled Peabody. "If the rock I was behind had been made of glass I might be able to express a more intelligent opinion."

After which he went to his tent and penned a glowing account of the battle that was to stir the souls of a million readers in distant California.

One day the expedition came to a little dried-up village on a milky stream in an alkali plain. There had been a half-dozen one-story cottages, a dirty rooming-house, a general store and a wine shop. An old peon and a weeping senora met the troopers with a bloody tale of massacre and pillage by marauding bandits. Of the townspeople they alone had survived, the others being either killed or taken captive. Twelve hours back it had happened. The murderers might yet be overtaken.

The troopers pressed forward in hot pursuit. At the general store a mighty cheer went up from the men. Frayed and weather-beaten, but still defiant, a faded American flag flapped from a shaky standard over the doorway.

The old couple explained the mystery in broken English.

"Si, an Americano, Señor Thompson, he run the store. He no hide, he fight, kill three, four Mexican hombres. They throw him in the agua cistern!"

Furnished with extra horses the two Mexicans rode away with the troopers. Peabody lingered behind to make a sketch of the village and of the dilapidated flag over the store. As he sketched rapidly he mentally outlined the story he would weave around the murdered storekeeper. He would have him killed while defending the flag from insult—a sort of masculine Barbara Frietchie.

"Good copy!" he grunted to himself. "The Enquirer's readers will eat it up."

"The poor boob," he added as he pictured the last stand of the dead storekeeper. "I'll

truth, at that. If the greasers got away, fire as they stormed the building. The fifth, an undersized half-breed, Peabody met at the door and strangling like a rat with his bare hands.

Peabody stalked across to the store. One of the bandits, developing a spark of life, unlimbered a fusillade of wild shots. With mechanical precision Peabody finished him off with his last cartridge.

Methodically he raised the flag on its standard and lashed it firmly in place. Then he went across the street to the outbuilding, led out his horse, mounted it and started on a brisk gallop in pursuit of the vanished squadron of cavalry.

As he rode, Peabody was whistling. He was whistling "The Star Spangled Banner."

Fast Ships of Other Days.

In these times one is apt to smile when mention is made of fast sailing ships of other days; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that no mean records were achieved by the famous American clippers of the last century, many of which were even faster than the majority of steamers today. Today even there are sailing-ships that, with anything like a fair breeze, can outrun nine out of ten ocean tramps.

During the period between 1850 and the Civil War the Flying Cloud made some neat records in the trans-Atlantic trade, and these stood till they were surpassed by the famous Guion liner Alaska in 1852. The Flying Cloud made one day's run of 433 knots and another of 427 knots, equal to about twenty-one land miles an hour.

During the period between 1840 and 1860 there were packet-ships that beat the mail-steamer across the ocean eighty-six times. Dickens crossed in the old Britannia, a steamship, but returned by the packet George Washington, which beat the liner home by twenty-nine hours.

A small packet boat, the Fidelio, of about 500 tons, accomplished the Atlantic trip in thirteen days and seven hours; and the Dreadnought, whose owners boasted that she had never been beaten in a race, averaged on one trip sixteen knots an hour.

There was a British ship, the Thermopylae, that made a really wonderful record from Melbourne to London—sixty days—an average of twelve knots an hour for the voyage. She came home afterward from China in ninety-one days. The performance of this ship showed a speed greater than most freighters of today.

It is a fact that with a fair wind the big five and six-masted schooners of today develop a speed that frequently enables their crews to have the pleasure, coming up the coast with cargo, of sailing pleasantly past some Norwegian or British tramp steamer plugging along on its most economical coal consumption at a rate of six or eight knots an hour.

Thimbles.

The thimble is a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington in 1695.

Its name was derived from the words "thumb" and "bell." Originally it was called "thumbell," then "thumble," and finally "thimble." It is recorded that thimbles were first worn on the thumb; but one can scarcely conceive how they could be of much service so used.

In other days thimbles were made of brass and iron only, but now they are shown in gold, silver, steel, horn, ivory and even glass.

There is a thimble owned by the Queen of Siam that is shaped like a lotus-bud, the royal flower. It is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds, and is held to be the most costly article of its kind in the world.

In Naples very pretty thimbles composed of lava from Mt. Vesuvius are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than as articles of real utility, being, by reason of the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken.

Easily Answered.

[Idea:] Lecturer (at temperance meeting:) We must do something to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks. What can we do?

Voice of drunkard from back of room: Give it away, mister.

19

[Saturday]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH AMERICA.

A Look at Guatemala. By Mrs. P. O. Macqueen.

FTER all the United States isn't quite red, white and blue silk ones. They were startling. Though what this individual with two beer bottles, one in each hand and a glass carefully balanced on the top of one, wanted of me was more than I could understand. He did not move, neither did I. Strong alcoholic fumes warned me that he was not entirely normal, so I whispered, in order that my neighbors might not hear, "You are in the wrong room," as this seemed the solution. He solemnly turned about and tip-toed from the room. Never a word of comment nor apology. I afterward found his room did adjoin ours and my guess as to his mistake was correct. This incident made me wish there were locks on the doors. Later on that same night my fat friend had a second opportunity to see my patriotic pajamas as a fire broke out in the kitchen and we all ran out regardless of our apparel. The building would have gone up like tinder but for the prompt action of the cook, who discovered the flames and had them well under way before help came.

We became acquainted with an interesting Spanish family from Guatemala City and when they learned we were intending to visit there, they insisted on our coming direct to their home. This, of course, was not to be thought of. We learned afterward that the "Señor" was the Rockefeller of his country. Imagine one of our own magnates taking a foreigner on his face value in this way! It was refreshing and restored one's faith in human nature in general.

Our first stop was at Belize, British Honduras, where we put off in a "lighter" for a few hours' visit. We were entertained at Belize by the American Consul and his Spanish wife and sent back to our boat in much better style than we left it. I felt so proud of our jaunty little launch with the red, white and blue flying that I hoped all our fellow-passengers would be on deck to see us arrive. Most of them were. We didn't see half a dozen white people in Belize, though there were more than that in the town. We did meet an interesting old sea captain, who told us any number of jokes, all of which were preceded with the remark, "We are all old married people, so you'll forgive an old man his jokes," which didn't add much to my comfort, although the jokes were as a rule harmless.

When Puerto Barrios, our landing place, came into sight, the greatest scramble to collect baggage began. Everyone seemed possessed to have his or her luggage immediately in front of where the gang plank would be placed, all of which didn't tend to increase the deck steward's good nature. I inquired what caused the rush and was told they were anxious to reach the hotel. As soon as we docked a regular marathon took place. Men and boys, with their coats over their arms, ran madly toward a rambling building about three blocks away, leaving their bags and bundles on the wharf. I soon found why. The hotel accommodated about seventy-five people at best and there were twice that number desiring rooms. To make matters worse, there is but one hotel and between boats I imagine practically no business is done, which makes any optimistic person witnessing this scene and contemplating starting another hostelry, back down. To sit up all night fighting mosquitoes doesn't appeal to many, and that is what would have to be done if a bed and mosquito bar were not available.

We were not entirely unprepared for the type of hotel we found; but when napkins—in holders—looking as if they had been in use for a fortnight or so, were found at our place at table, we did ask for others. The second helping was so questionable that we used our handkerchiefs. On retiring we found distinct head prints on our pillow slips, where a perspiring person, in all probability not a white one at that, had rested; but one mustn't be too particular. We called the manager. He was apologetic and voluble. "A poor laundress," he explained with many gestures and smiles. "They are soiled," we told him. "No, no! Merely badly ironed," he insisted. We gave up and slept on steamer rugs, though it was very hot and the rug didn't help cool us off.

The rooms were without windows, being ventilated and lighted by large double doors, which you left open, save when dressing. My husband had gone for water and I was brushing my hair preparatory to retiring. To get away from the mosquitoes I had climbed on the bed under the bar. I thought I heard someone enter the room, but thinking it was my husband I did not look up. Finally the silence became oppressive, looking up I beheld an enormous fat man standing at my bedside (my husband is very thin) gazing at me in a fascinated manner. No, it was not my fatal beauty that attracted him, but my pajamas. I hold no malice; they were patriotic. In a humorous moment my other half had presented me with a pair of

A snake winding up the mountainside.

Darkness had overtaken us before we reached Guatemala City, the capital of Guatemala, so we were forced to wait until our return trip to get a view of the famous bridge over which we passed to reach the city. The track of this mountain-climbing railroad is a thirty-nine-inch gauge, and the trains, though long, have the appearance of toys. Just as we were collecting our scattered belongings, and I was arguing in favor of taking several delicious grapefruits with us (we had gotten twelve for one peso—5 cents of our money,) the train slowed down, and a policeman came into our car. He recorded our nationality, name and destination; only, but it left me with the unpleasant sensation of being under suspicion. My husband had thoughtlessly asked a fellow traveler his opinion of the reigning President of Guatemala, and had received a very short reply to the effect that Guatemalans did not discuss their politics with strangers or in fact at all. His wife had called her baby to her side after this incident—I had been playing with the child—and on the whole I felt like a spy.

Guatemala City is beautiful, yes, and romantic, too. In the center of the city, which has a population of about 150,000, is the Parque Central, where an excellent band dispenses music to rich and poor alike, several nights a week. They are a music-loving people and furthermore love only good music. No ragtime or light music is heard, the lowest enjoying the best in the art.

We were whirled in a white automobile to the Gran Hotel, advertised as the best in Central America. Here we engaged a room, a great big room, it was, with a bed large enough for Brigham Young and all his wives. It was comfortably furnished. The charge was \$2 per day, including "coffee," which answers to breakfast with the American of the United States. This meal consisted of an orange, rolls and coffee.

The Catholic religion prevails and we enjoyed wandering about looking at the well-kept churches. Carmen, a church no longer in use, is situated on a high hill overlooking the city and stretching out all around are mountains and still more mountains. It made us ambitious. "Let's go to Antigua," said my husband, "and climb a mountain," I added, and it was settled.

It was early in October, the morning was bright and clear (that fact wasn't unusual, however, as we stayed in Guatemala for three weeks and every morning was equally bright and clear, not a drop of rain) when we left our hotel in a two-seated, covered wagon drawn by four sturdy mules—sleigh bells gallantly ringing. A few hours later and we were in a veritable garden of Eden. The mules were hard-working animals, too, for, after pulling us through deep-lava sand up rocky hills to a height of 7000 feet at San Rafael, then down again over even worse roads, they landed us in Antigua with as brisk a flourish of stubby tails and as brave a shake of stubborn heads as when they dashed gallantly away six hours earlier.

Our driver! How you would enjoy him. He was a Guatemalteco with but one long discolored tooth remaining. He cracked an enormous whip, whistled earsplittingly through the one tooth, emitted a blood-curdling yell and we were on our way. We were grateful for our covered wagon as we jolted over the cobble streets, for it held us in; otherwise I fear we would have been left behind. We bounced about like rubber balls. The road later on was filled with huge boulders and deep holes, rivaling each other in number. Endless steep embankments on one side and deep gorges on the other held us spellbound. At times the road was fairly good; at least there was plenty of splendid material misplaced. The rougher it became the more cheerfully and loudly our driver whistled, glancing quizzically at us over his shoulder, frankly exposing his tooth, and urging his patient mules onward at desperate speed. He was to receive 300 pesos for the trip—a fortune in itself—and was, I imagine, anxious to receive payment.

Shortly after starting we had our second interview with the police. Again my husband's name and destination were taken. Not a look in my direction, except when I sang out "adios" (an addition, by the way, to my vocabulary) when the grave young official politely saluted. It is apparent women are not looked upon as suspicious characters

by the police. Can it be they are ignored?

We had learned to sway with our carriage and were hopeful of a safe journey, until we noted that the toothless one was actually stopping at each "cantina" en route, and they were plentiful for a sparsely settled country. Deliberately looping the reins over the front seat he would slowly alight. Each return wafted a stronger odor and his agility was not reassuring.

Friendly natives greeted us in the villages en route to San Rafael, a miniature inn about midway between old and new Guatemala. Mixco, an Indian fort many years ago, but now boasting nothing more warlike than a church and "pilla" or public laundry, was celebrating some saint's day, and we were greeted by a group of white-clad, flower-decked children.

San Rafael Inn is of only one story, constructed like most of the buildings throughout this country, of plaster and adobe. It is tinted a delicate pink and has a low, slanting sienna-colored roof, which blends perfectly into its nook at the foot of the mountain, or one might as honestly say—clings to its place at the top of the ravine. Several deep steps lead into a garden filled with a riot of roses, violets, iris, heliotrope and a wee fountain. At the back are more flowers, some unfamiliar. There is a little rivulet here and a forest thickly studded with fragrant pines. Across the shady road is a thrifty fruit and vegetable garden, clinging tenaciously to the side of the mountain.

The "diligence" preceded us, bearing several passengers. Two of these were our companions at breakfast. They were desperate looking men. One had a score of scars, was cross-eyed and had three fingers missing. They conversed eagerly with us in Spanish. I secretly rejoiced that my husband seemed to be having difficulty understanding them. I used my hands with surprising results, however, even if I did not understand their apparently happy speech. Breakfast was served at a small table near the bar, where "mine host" regaled us with stories of a wife in far-away Switzerland, his fallen fortunes and a splendidly illustrated book on Central America. He spoke in German. Everywhere we found other languages. English wasn't popular.

After leaving Guatemala we passed literally hundreds of Indians, men, women and children, all carrying heavy burdens. The men held theirs by a single strap across the forehead. The women brought their pauposes along, either fastened securely on Mother's back or carried in an apron forming a pocket in front, from which the tiny head projected in an inquiring fashion. The women bore their share of the produce balanced on their heads and carried in baskets in either hand. All trotted steadily along, mile after mile, with an occasional halt for rest. Guatemala gradually became a white-specked plateau below us, while guiding us onward were the three stately volcanoes, Agua, Fuego and Acatenango, their peaks showing above the clouds. On a down grade, over a more than ordinary steep and winding section of the road, our driver produced an enormous knife, which actually made us quake, and proceeded to cut down a small tree, a portion of which he bound to the hind wheel as a brake.

At first glance Antigua seems like a sleepy village. The streets are narrow and cobbled—grass grown, too. We arrived early in the afternoon and our landlady, surrounded by her children, met us at the old-fashioned archway leading into the patio. Think of it, we were guests of a city born in 1542. Even our hotel could count its birthdays in hundreds. The original Antigua or old Guatemala was abandoned 372 years ago. The desertion was laid to a water eruption from Agua; but later investigation points to a cloudburst. Little remains of this unfortunate city. The present Antigua, known as the City of St. James the Gentleman, has a population of 16,000.

Again in 1776 more eruptions occurred and a new Captain-General from Spain is said to have become frightened or pretended to be and obtained permission from Spain to remove the capital to its present location, Guatemala City, in the lovely valley of Las Vacas. The new city, with all its beauty, does not compare with the old, which is now filled with ruins caused by the destruction by the priests who used gun-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

*See illustrations on page 17.

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DESCUBRIMIENTO Y CONQUISTA DEL PERU.

Los Conquistadores Pizarro y Almagro. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu.

TRES hombres de excepcional temple, llamados Pizarro, Almagro y Luque, se unieron para continuar la exploración del mar del Sur descubierto por el inmortal Vasco Núñez de Balboa. Se acercaba el momento histórico del descubrimiento del Perú (1524) y la conquista y destrucción del imperio de los incas.

Pizarro era natural de Trujillo y de humilde extracción; soldado, valeroso y dotado de firmísimo carácter, había actuado en las guerras de Italia, y se había amasado en América en la escuela de los Ojeda y los Balboa. De Almagro, poco se sabe, hasta que en unión de Pizarro, se decidió a tomar parte activa en la conquista del Perú.

Hernando de Luque era clérigo, desempeñando entonces el Curato de Panamá, e influyente en la colonia por su virtud y conocimiento de las cosas.

Todos debían contribuir con su encasa fortuna al equipo de la expedición, dividiéndose las ganancias por partes iguales.

Habiendo obtenido el permiso del Gobernador Pedrarias Dávila (del Darién), salió Pizarro en uno de los viejos bergantines de Balboa, con rumbo al sur, en Noviembre de 1524.

Pizarro, a quien debía seguir Almagro en otro bergantín con recursos, tomó tierra dos leguas adentro del río Virdi. Llegaron náufragos y sufrieron penitencias sin cuenta en tan desierta comarca (que con razón denominaron "Puerto del Hambre") hasta la llegada de Almagro, mes y medio después.

La selvática naturaleza, por una parte, y la tenaz resistencia de los naturales, por la otra, diezmaron las reducidas huestes de Pizarro, y después de acampar en "Pueblo Quemado," cundió de tal manera el descontento, que decidieron buscar recursos en Panamá, donde los impulsaron a abandonar la empresa.

Pizarro, sin embargo, se conservó firme: cuando en el campamento de la isla del Gallo, los españoles, desnudos y hambrientos, pugnaban por reembarcarse, desenvainó su daga y trazando una línea en el suelo, invitó a pasarse a todos los que amaran la gloria y el honor.

Trece hombres la pasaron, siguiendo a su caudillo y fueron los que habían de cubrirse de gloria descubriendo y conquistando más tarde el imperio de los Incas.

Abandonados por sus compañeros en la isla del "Gallo," pasaron a la de "Gorgona," donde estuvieron siete meses, hasta que, viéndole un pequeño buque desde Panamá en su busca, se embarcaron en él con rumbo al sur, descubriendo la ciudad de "Tumbes" en el imperio Incásico, desde donde, después de explorar la tierra y hacer amistad con el curaca y sus indios, comprendiendo la importancia del imperio, volvieron a Panamá a buscar recursos para seguir su conquista.

Allí se decidió que Pizarro marchara a España a obtener el apoyo de los reyes, lo que hizo, consiguiendo que el emperador Carlos V ordenara el armamento de una expedición. Recogió a sus hermanos Hernando y Gonzalo; ayudado por Hernán

Cortés, alistó el número de soldados pactado con la Corona y salió con rumbo a Panamá, de Sevilla, en Enero de 1530.

Llegó Pizarro a Panamá con 200 hombres, de donde hizo rumbo hacia Tumbes, donde desembarcó y fundó una ciudad a 30 leguas, que llamó "San Miguel." Dejándola guardada, emprendió la marcha al interior.

A la llegada de los españoles, el soberano del Perú, "Huayna-Capac," acababa de morir, dividiendo su imperio entre sus hijos Huáscar y Atahualpa: el primero heredó el Cuzco, y el segundo Quito. Atahualpa, sin embargo más ambicioso que su hermano, le usurpó el Cuzco, derrotando a Huáscar y haciéndolo prisionero en "Gahara."

El Inca se encontraba en Cajamarca, cuando llegaron los soldados españoles. Allí recibió al embajador de Pizarro, el soldado Hernando de Góto, diciendo permitiría la visita del conquistador.

No se ocultaba a Pizarro la escasez de sus tropas, comparadas con las numerosas del Inca, pero no era hombre de retroceder, y entró en Cajamarca. Allí comunicó a Atahualpa que debía someterse al rey de España; resistió el Inca con desprecio la indicación, y a una señal convenida los españoles hicieron fuego de arcabuz, y después de encarnizada lucha, tomaron prisionero al Inca. Dos mil indios murieron en tan luctuosa como heroica jornada.

Ofreció Atahualpa rico rescate, prometiendo llenar de precioso metal, hasta cierta altura, el aposento de su prisión. Aceptó Pizarro y repartió entre los soldados el célebre rescate del Inca, que ascendía a muchos millones de pesos, en oro y plata. Atahualpa, entretanto, sabedor que Huáscar conspiraba contra él, le mandó asesinar en su prisión. "Los blancos vengarán mi muerte," dijo Huáscar al respirar, y en efecto, Pizarro, por este y otros crímenes que, en las leyes penales de la época, merecían pena de muerte, procesó a Atahualpa, lo condenó a muerte y fué ejecutado la noche del 29 de Agosto de 1533. Con él terminó el poderoso pero energido imperio de los Incas.

Pizarro coronó emperador a "Tupac-Inca," que se reconoció vasallo del rey de España, y salió en seguida a conquistar el Cuzco, atravesando los Andes y llegando hasta Jaúja, donde fundó una colonia.

En el transcurso de esta marcha murió Tupac-Inca, según se cree, envenenado por Chalcuchima, a quien los españoles condenaron a muerte.

Pizarro, entonces, marchó hacia el Cuzco, donde fué espléndidamente recibido por Manco-Capac. Los indios de Quito (Ecuador) no aceptaron tal emperador y se alzaron en armas, bajo el mando de Rumiñahui, quien promovió innumerables trastornos, exterminó a todos los príncipes de la familia real y se proclamó emperador. Tal fué su tiranía, que los indios buscaron apoyo en San Miguel de Piura, donde Benalcázar gobernaba a los españoles. Marchó Benalcázar al frente de 280 soldados para auxiliar a los quitoenses, encontrando a Rumiñahui en Tocaja. Libróse allí sangrienta batalla, cuya victoria quedó indecisa, y ya perdía Benalcázar la esperanza de reducirlo cuando

Dijimos que Pizarro se había apoderado del Cuzco, coronando emperador a Manco-Capac. Los indios de Quito (Ecuador) no aceptaron tal emperador y se alzaron en armas, bajo el mando de Rumiñahui, quien promovió innumerables trastornos, exterminó a todos los príncipes de la familia real y se proclamó emperador. Tal fué su tiranía, que los indios buscaron apoyo en San Miguel de Piura, donde Benalcázar gobernaba a los españoles. Marchó Benalcázar al frente de 280 soldados para auxiliar a los quitoenses, encontrando a Rumiñahui en Tocaja. Libróse allí sangrienta batalla, cuya victoria quedó indecisa, y ya perdía Benalcázar la esperanza de reducirlo cuando

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just as the honey-bees had built it. If the comb had contained honey the water had dissolved that, for the cells were empty.

Petrified human remains are not uncommon. In some of the cemeteries in sections where limestone prevails in abundance bodies have been lifted to move them to other cemeteries, and they were found to be turned to stone.

The Eyes of Night Prowlers.

Many creatures are noctambulists. Some have eyes specially adapted to the conditions of the night, among them cats, night-birds, and night-butterflies. In the eyes of night animals the ends of the optic nerve are divided into about 120,000,000 cylindrical fibers and 60,000 conical fibers. According to von Kries, the conical fibers perceive bright colors and the cylindrical fibers perceive dark colors. Many animals see clearly in the dark because in their eyes cylindrical and conical fibers are uniformly intermingled.

The horse follows the road, however dark the night; the owl sees dark things better than it sees light things; therefore, it is probable that the cylindrical fibers of its optic nerve are either more numerous or

more powerful than the conical fibers.

adelante hablaremos, auxilió a los españoles; pero fué grande su sorpresa cuando Hernando Pizarro, entendiendo que el Cuzco entraba en la parte que a su hermano Francisco correspondía por la demarcación de la Corona, le negó la entrada en la ciudad.

Francisco Pizarro se hallaba en Lima arbitrando hombres para luchar contra Manco-Capac, y Almagro sitió nuevamente al Cuzco, derrotando a Hernando Pizarro, y apoderándose de la ciudad. Pizarro envió a Alvarado contra Almagro, quien fué derrotado en Abancay. Francisco, al saberlo, envió a su hermano Gonzalo contra Almagro, quien fué derrotado en la batalla de las Salinas (Abril de 1538).

Almagro fué procesado y murió en el patíbulo, pero ésto no concluyó la guerra civil entre los conquistadores, pues el hijo de Almagro, Diego, promovió una conspiración, y el 16 de Junio de 1541 asesinaron los almagristas traidoramente al gran Pizarro, quien sorprendido en su propia casa y acorralado a puñaladas, hizo una cruz en el suelo con su propia sangre y, besándola, expiró.

Diego de Almagro se adueñó del Cuzco; mas temerosa la corte española de tanta discordia, mandó a aplacarla al licenciado Vaca de Castro, quien derrotó al hijo de Almagro en las "Chupas," mandándolo a capricho.

Carlos V erigió al Perú, entonces, en virreinato y mandó como virrey a Blanco Núñez de Vela, cuya ligereza y petulancia promovió el desaliento entre los colonos del Perú, que se levantaron en abierta insurrección contra la corona, nombrando su jefe a Gonzalo Pizarro. Desconceptuado el virrey, ofreció batalla a Gonzalo de Pizarro, siendo completamente derrotado por este conquistador en Añaquito (1546).

Alarmada la corte por la noticia de esta batalla y viendo peligrar su soberanía en el Perú, envió al licenciado La Gasca, brillante y desinteresada figura que con su igual diplomacia, sin armas ni arrestos militares, y en virtud de su habilidad política, logró reunir ingentes fuerzas y derrotar a Pizarro, en Xaquixaguana, condenándolo al suplicio, dando glorioso y firme término a la conquista del Perú, y constituyendo definitivamente el virreinato.

Dijimos que Pizarro se había apoderado del Cuzco, coronando emperador a Manco-Capac. Los indios de Quito (Ecuador) no aceptaron tal emperador y se alzaron en armas, bajo el mando de Rumiñahui, quien promovió innumerables trastornos, exterminó a todos los príncipes de la familia real y se proclamó emperador. Tal fué su tiranía, que los indios buscaron apoyo en San Miguel de Piura, donde Benalcázar gobernaba a los españoles. Marchó Benalcázar al frente de 280 soldados para auxiliar a los quitoenses, encontrando a Rumiñahui en Tocaja. Libróse allí sangrienta batalla, cuya victoria quedó indecisa, y ya perdía Benalcázar la esperanza de reducirlo cuando

Sabedor allí de lo que ocurría en el Cuzco con los Pizarro, apresuró su marcha por Tarapacá hasta Tacna, donde avanzó por la costa hasta Arequipa, habiendo regresado allí sus víveres y vestidos para aprovisionar sus tropas a la campaña contra los Pizarro en el Cuzco, donde llegó poco tiempo después, encontrando, como sabemos, trágico fin después de la batalla de las Salinas.

emblema de la ruina de Quito, y desalentados dejaron libre campo a los españoles, quienes entraron triunfantes en Quito, que el guerrero inca incendió antes de abandonar.

Benalcázar establecióse en la ciudad, dándole el nombre de San Francisco de Quito, en honor de su jefe Francisco Pizarro.

Don Pedro de Alvarado, que gobernaba en Guatemala, ansioso de gloria y riquezas, se puso al frente de una expedición y fué a pasar a Quito. Al saber su llegada, Pizarro comisionó a Almagro para que, en compañía de Benalcázar, alejaran al de Guatema-

la. No vinieron a las manos los de Pizarro, porque lograron apartar a Alvarado, comprándole por diez mil pesos el resto de sus tropas. Dejó Pizarro a su hermano Juan en el Cuzco, con ánimo de marchar a Quito, cuando se encontró con Alvarado y Almagro en el valle de Rimac.

Entregó a Alvarado la suma estipulada y fundó allí mismo una ciudad a la que dió el nombre de "Los Reyes," en memoria de la fundación, llamándose después Lima (de Rimac). Las ventajas de su posición cerca del mar y no lejos del Cuzco y Quito, movieron a Pizarro a destinaria para capital del virreinato (1535).

Carlos V dividió el imperio incásico en dos porciones: la Norte, a Nueva Castilla, que otorgó a Pizarro, y la Sur, a Nuevo Toledo, que concedió a Almagro. Vimos las sangrientas luchas que dicha demarcación dio lugar. Pizarro, antes de las mismas y sin duda para evitarlas, indujo a Almagro a partir para Chile.

Salí este del Cuzco en 1535 con 400 españoles y unos 1000 auxiliares indios, encabezados por Paulo Topa. Detuvo una semana en Móina y continuó su marcha a Paria, 130 leguas del Cuzco. Recorrió, al rededor del lago Aullagas, ganado y maíz, atravesando después las asperas serranías de las Chibchas.

En Octubre llegó a "Tupiza" (hoy Bolivia) continuando su viaje hasta "Chicana" (en la provincia actual de Salta, República Argentina) atravesó el campo del "Arenal," trasnortó la sierra de "Gulumpaya," escalonando los Andes por San Francisco y deteniéndose en Loa, al otro lado de la Cordillera, desde donde despachó a Alvarado hacia el sur, en exploración. Convencido luego, por Alvarado y por experiencia propia, de la aridez del país chileno, dejó el Aconcagua para volver al Cuzco. Atravesó el largo desierto de Atacama, llegando a fines de Octubre al pueblo de Atacama y confines del Callao.

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Tattersall's.

The most famous horse market in the world is Tattersall's in London. A romantic history attaches to this establishment.

In 1776 a certain Richard Tattersall, a wool-comber of Yorkshire, who had lost his fortune during the Jacobite rebellion, obtained a ninety-nine years' lease of a tract of ground in London and thereon built an establishment for the sale of horses and hunt-hounds.

Tattersall was on friendly terms with the Prince Regent, Lord Bolingbroke, and others, whose patronage greatly aided the enterprise. Such, indeed, was the friendship between the Prince and Tattersall that the bust of George on top of the fountain in the sale-yard was so placed at the Prince's own request.

In due time a huge slice of luck came Tattersall's way. Lord Bolingbroke ran heavily into debt and by way of settlement passed on to Tattersall his famous racer, Highflyer, which became the father of three Derby winners. The progeny of this horse

in eighteen years are said to have won races to the value of no less than £170,000. Tattersall built himself a palatial country residence near Ely, calling it "Highflyer Hall."

Tattersall's came to be the headquarters for the laying of turf wagers. Immense sums were won and lost there. The Marquis of Hastings lost more than £100,000 on one race alone; and, it is said, not infrequently similar amounts changed hands on "settling days" at "Old Tatt's" or "The Corner," as the place was sometimes called.

All classes of society mingled at Tattersall's. Dukes and stable boys were brothers in the excited crowd, prepared to wager on anything and everything. This state of things led to such a scandal that upon the expiration of the lease the firm was refused a renewal. In its new establishment no betting was permitted.

At the modern Tattersall's some enormous prices for racers are sometimes obtained. Flying Fox is said to have been sold to a Frenchman for 37,500 guineas and Ormonde to an American for 30,000 guineas. Here also Sceptre as a yearling was sold for 10,000 guineas, La Fleche for 12,600 guineas, and Blair Athol for only 100 guineas less.

It seems that petrified objects are found in a great many sections of the world, most of them in sections where limestone is prevalent.

Petrified wood is quite common. Bits of wood, pieces of bark, and small twigs are the more common, but in some places whole logs are found, and these are so well petrified as to show the bark as perfectly as when the tree was growing. Different kinds of wood petrify. It depends more on the amount of lime than on the quality of timber.

In Arizona whole forests have been turned into stone and some wonderful specimens are to be found there. The petrified trees are sometimes cut up and converted into various articles of value.

Petrified moss is found in many places. It is very beautiful. Petrified grasses, leaves of trees, and petrified nuts and fruits have been discovered in some places. Petrified reptiles and small animals have also been found.

Cobs from which the grains of corn have been removed make rather curious petrifications. One of the most curious found is that of a piece of honeycomb turned into solid stone, but showing every honey cell perfectly shaped and equally distributed

just as the honey-bees had built it. If the comb had contained honey the water had dissolved that, for the cells were empty.

Petrified human remains are not uncommon.

In some of the cemeteries in sections where limestone prevails in abundance bodies have been lifted to move them to other cemeteries, and they were found to be turned to stone.

The Eyes of Night Prowlers.

Many creatures are noctambulists. Some have eyes specially adapted to the conditions of the night, among them cats, night-birds, and night-butterflies. In the eyes of night animals the ends of the optic nerve are divided into about 120,000,000 cylindrical fibers and 60,000 conical fibers. According to von Kries, the conical fibers perceive bright colors and the cylindrical fibers perceive dark colors. Many animals see clearly in the dark because in their eyes cylindrical and conical fibers are uniformly intermingled.

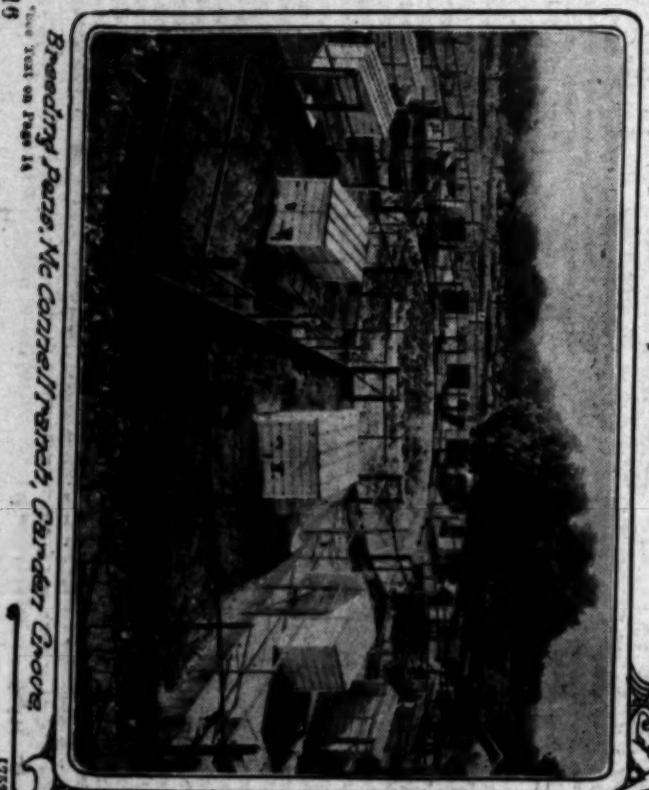
The horse follows the road, however dark the night; the owl sees dark things better than it sees light things; therefore, it is probable that the cylindrical fibers of its optic nerve are either more numerous or

more powerful than the conical fibers.

[754]

SED
LISTS

NEW
EDERS.



*W. McConnell, Jr., Grandon Grove
"One just on page 14*



Legal Notice for White Leghorners.



The precious product.



Standard-Bred Black Minorca Hen-the producer



One of Our Sources of Wealth and its Operation.

DEPORT

GITATION IN PARIS.

*Call for Rapid and Radical
Reorganisation of Things
is Introduced.*

THE ALLEGED CASE AND A. W.
AMER, Dec. 9, 10:30 A.M.—A
coalition headed by forty-
five groups of the Chamber
of Deputies in Paris today decided to
vote against the proposals of the
Minister of the Interior to restrict
the lighting of places of
entertainment, to close playhouses on
a additional day, and to impose a
cultural tax of 20 per cent. on
receipts.

SPECIAL LEVY.
A special personal war contribution has been added to the taxes by the Appropriations Committee in a bill now being debated in the French Chamber of Deputies. It is graduated on the principle as is the income tax, from 1 per cent. of the taxable personal assets between £1,000 and £2,000 to 100 per cent. of the taxable assets of incomes exceeding £10,000.

...each person liable to
will pay a fine or penalty
of \$1.12 each year. This
is every person of eighteen
years of age and upwards
is to be paid from Jan.
1917, until December 31 of
year after the conclusion of
All men of the front are



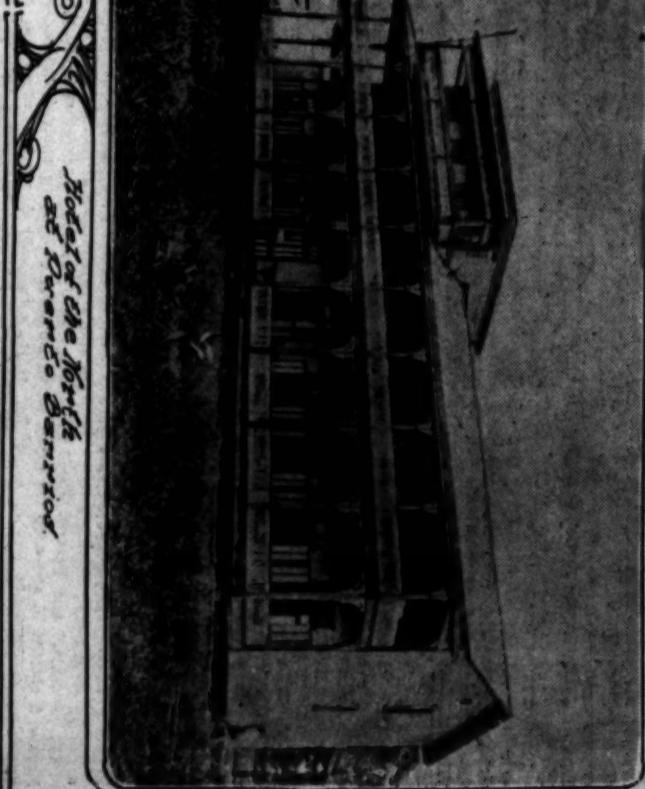
See text on Page 15.



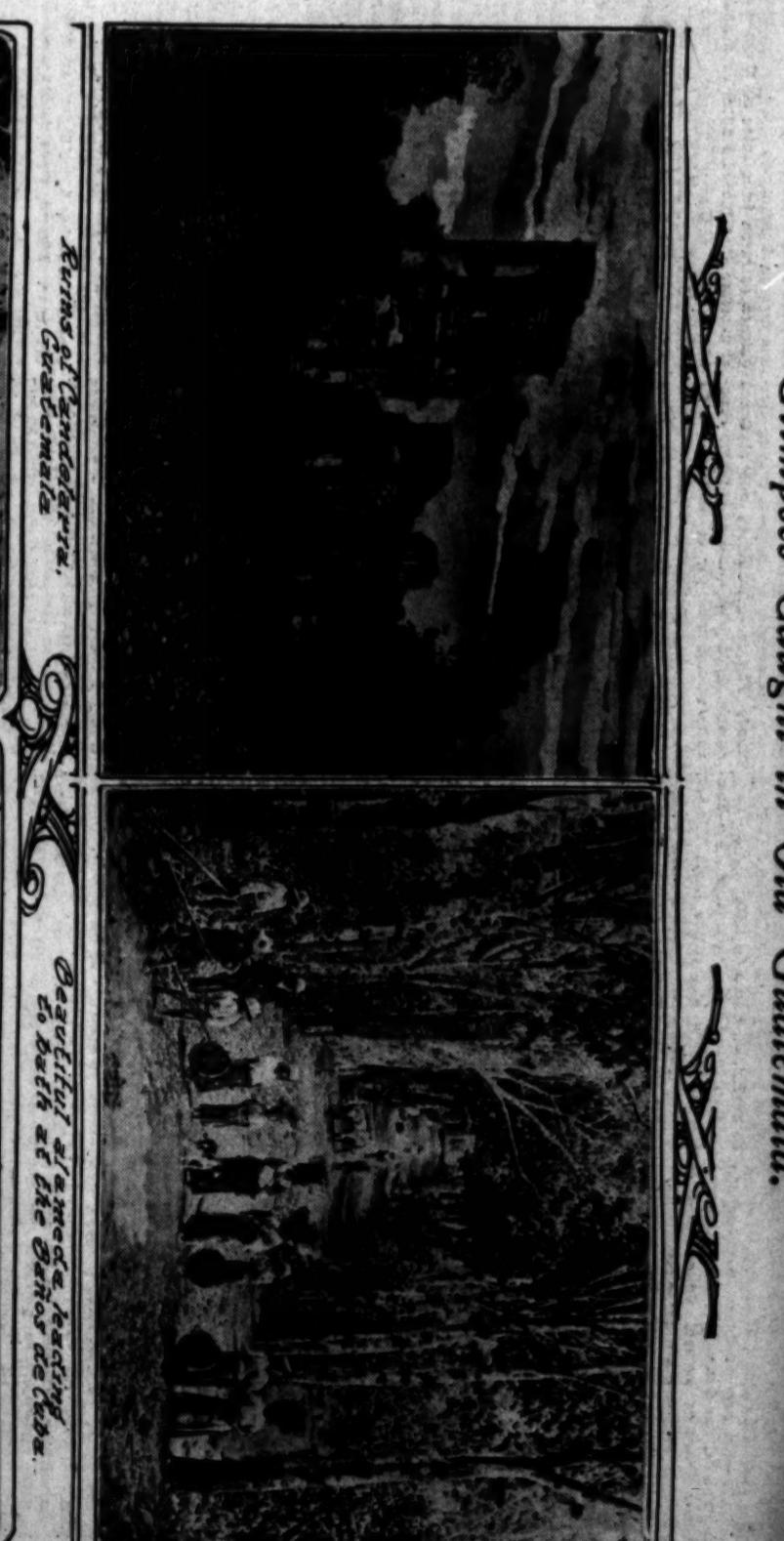
Woburn, Massachusetts, 1860
So many libraries in New England.



A happy family. Father probably gone to market.



*Noteas of the North
of Perito Moreno*



20 Días se estén Juntos de Cada